SEPTEMBER 1972
PREMIER ISSUE

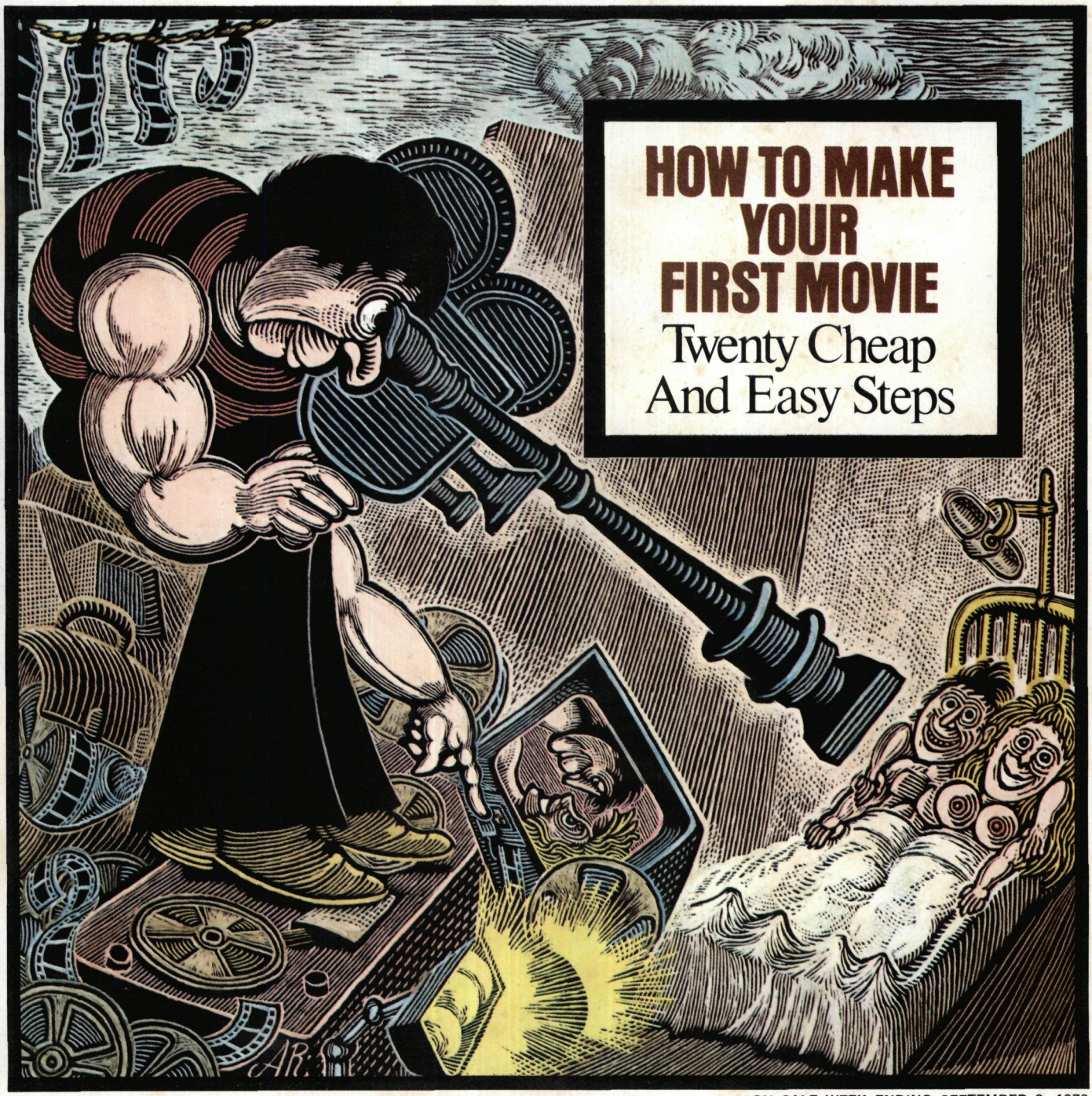
Saturday Review

ONE DOLLAR

THE ARTS

Leontyne Price: What Keeps Her From Singing at the Met?

An Architectural Lesson from San Francisco



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Saturday Review of the Arts

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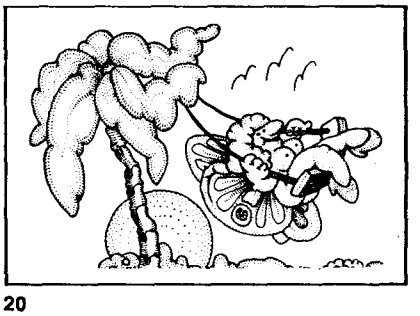

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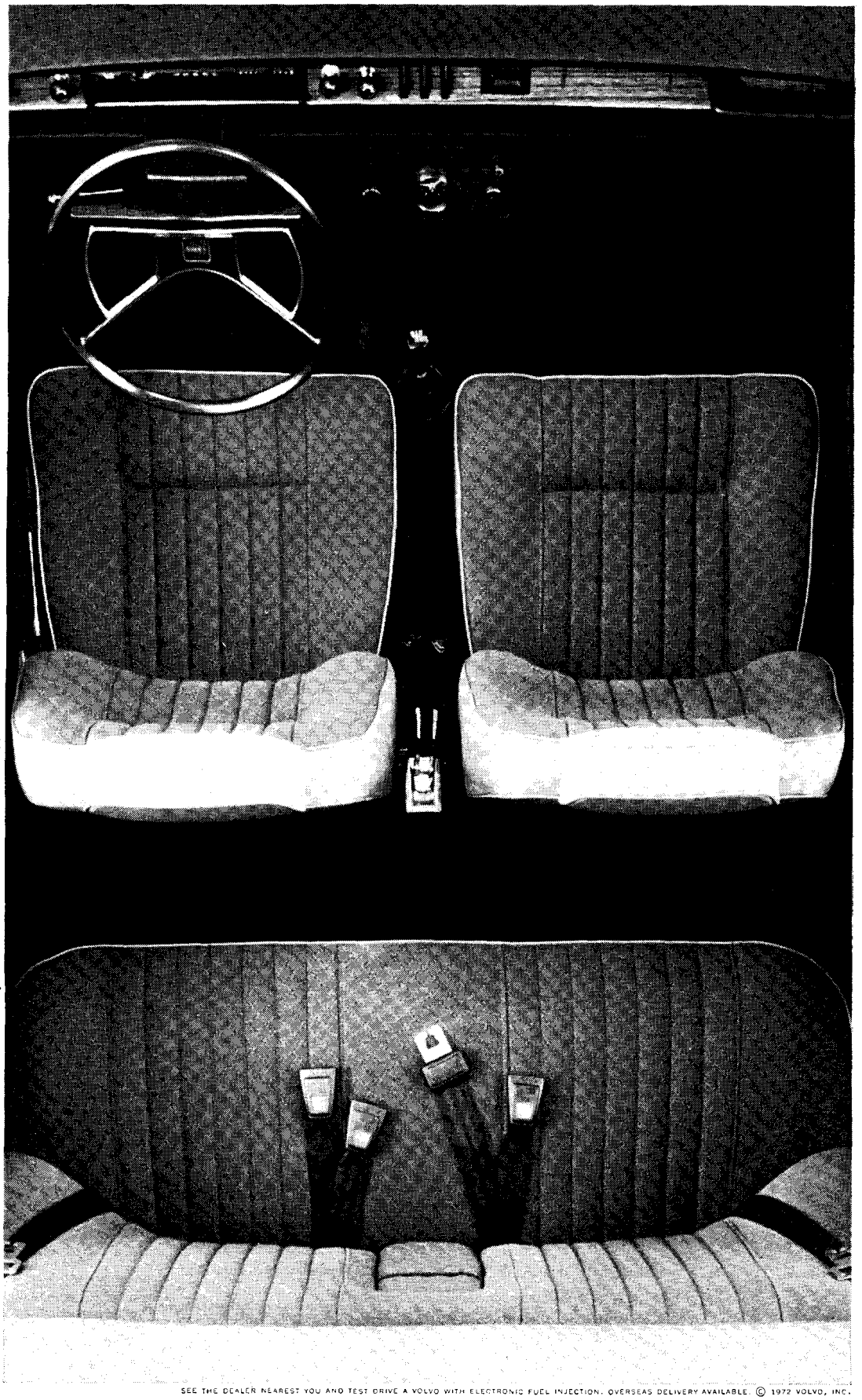

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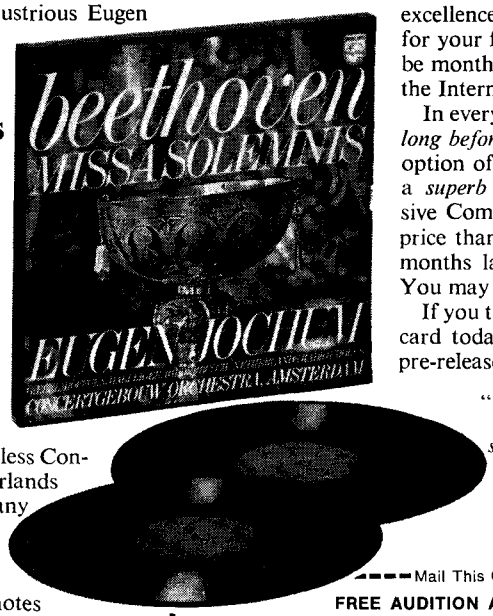

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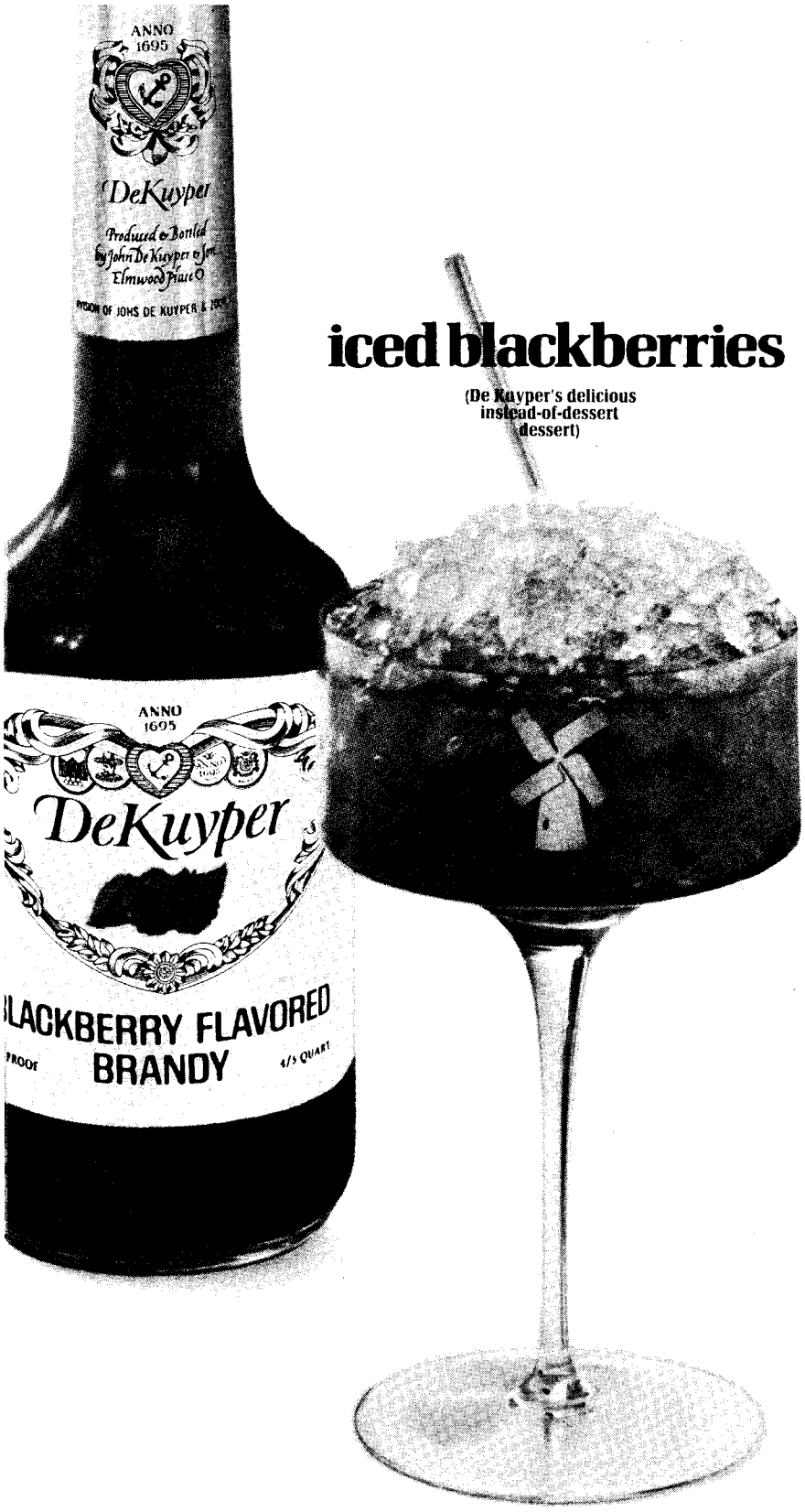

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We drove by the Edgewood Elementary and Junior High School, a conglomeration of shabby buildings with broken windows and peeling paint. The grounds were overgrown with weeds, the fences torn away. "You ought to go inside," Genaro said, "It's even worse. And *hot*? I don't blame the teachers for not staying."

"This shows you why we had to have the walkout," Demetrio said. "People told us it was very indecent what we were doing—marching and demonstrating and everything. You know, a lot of our people are ashamed of the way we have to live. They want to hide it. But we know now that's not the answer. You got to bring it out in the open if you want to get anything done. But everything we do here is nonviolent. We don't burn or nothing like that. We just focus the problem. We have police escorts. We have permits."

"We're opening up to you now," Genaro said. "The Chicano has really been taken advantage of by some of the gringos down here. We've always been kept down. Till we got organized, a Mexican couldn't even hold a manager's position in a supermarket, even if just Chicanos traded there."

"Tell him about those two supermarkets," Demetrio said, grinning.

Genaro rolled his eyes. "Man oh man. It's almost too much to believe. There's these two identical supermarkets, see. One on the rich north side of town and one on this side. They're part of a chain. The one on this side didn't have no package boys, no nothing, but Demetrio and me compared the prices in both stores, and the prices on the rich north side was actually lower. Can you believe that? We called the managers and said we wanted to talk, but they wouldn't have nothing to do with us. So then we got a camera and took pictures of a package boy carrying out this tiny little bag for an elderly Anglo lady on the north side. Then we got pictures at the other store of an ancient old Mexican woman with *only one arm* staggering out with a huge sack of groceries. We sent copies to the managers, and you should have seen them jump. They came running over to Demetrio's house, giving out candy to the kids in the neighborhood, everything. They was really scared."

"They got our prices lowered, and now we've got package boys, too," Demetrio said.

We drove around a while longer, talking and looking at the various schools. With the exception of one fairly new high school, they all had the run-

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down look of abandoned or condemned buildings. Demetrio pointed out a signal light, a drainage ditch, one shopping center—all improvements the neighborhood organizations had worked for. As we drove up and down the dismal back streets of the neighborhood, the two men described how some of the migrants boarded up their houses while they were gone and others rented theirs out. I heard about how bad the gang fights and killings had been in the area until the War on Poverty program came along and helped to solve the problem by setting up youth organizations.

Finally, we had seen all there was to see, the beer was gone, and we returned to Demetrio's house and said goodbye. He and Genaro got out. Then Demetrio came around to my window. "Listen," he said, "I know I told you before, but I want to say it again. It ain't just me doing this. It's all the people of Edgewood. And don't forget Mr. Gochman, our lawyer. He don't have to do this. He's doing it because he cares."

I told him I wouldn't forget, and we shook hands. He was about to go through the gate with BAD DOG on it when it occurred to me I hadn't asked what he did for a living. I asked him, and he said, "I'm a sheet-metal worker. At Kelly Air Force Base. But I wish you wouldn't make too much of that. You see, I'm one of the few that have done okay. I learned a trade in the service. Most of my people aren't so fortunate. I'm one of the lucky ones." □

The Trouble with Oscar

BY IRVING KOLODIN

NEW YORK, N.Y.—Of the many words I have seen printed about Oscar Levant, who died in Beverly Hills in mid-August, all too few were devoted to the central fact about him. That was, simply, his quality as a musician. He was an uncommonly good pianist, a more than talented composer, and a possibly excellent conductor. There was little about the symphonic literature he didn't know, and his library was the equal of most critics' in its range of historical and biographical works about performers, composers, and works.

My first relationship with him was, predictably, as critic and performer. It was in deep Depression days, a summer or two after I had begun to work on the music staff of a New York newspaper. Aaron Copland had organized what would today be called a mini-festival of American music. It was performed in Yaddo, the Spencer Trask mansion on the fringes of Saratoga, then, as now, a retreat for writers, composers, and artists.

Irving Kolodin is our regular music critic.

Oscar's name was dimly familiar to me in the context of the theater and radio. He performed a sonatina of his own. It was jazzy and concise, two qualities that commended it for favor among the more pretentious, less candid works that were being introduced. I was complimentary in what I wrote about it in the *Herald-Tribune*. This was a count in my favor when we met some months later at a music publisher's. Our acquaintance blossomed when we discovered a mutual interest in baseball.

I also discovered that he had come from Pittsburgh to New York to study with a famous pedagogue, Sigismond Stojowski. Either money had run out, or Oscar was disappointed by his rate of progress. Whichever the case, Oscar had put his multiplicity of talents to other uses. He performed in pit orchestras, with Paul Whiteman's band, and in night clubs. He wrote music for Tin Pan Alley and for Broadway shows, played a wise-cracking pianist in *Burlesque*, became a devotee and then an intimate of George and Ira Gershwin. But practicing the piano was not high on the list of his priorities.

That mattered little until Oscar's reputation as a delicatessen wit (Lindy's) and a musician of parts earned him an opportunity as a panelist on the then-emerging radio program *Information Please*. The *ambiance* was ideal for his quick tongue, apparently instant recall of all the considerable music he knew, and unexpected familiarity with a wide range of contemporary literature. His competitive instinct and restless impulse to excel did the rest.

George Gershwin's death in 1937 gave new luster to Oscar's credentials as a performer of the *Rhapsody in Blue* and Concerto in F. He had been a distraught, helpless bystander at the hospital in which his idol died. He fulfilled his responsibility not only with deep conviction but with a high sense of obligation. He began to practice again; still, every performance that I attended in New York was preceded by jitters, intense nervous agitation, and, more often than not, a threat of cancellation. Then the limousine or cab would arrive, and he would go off to Lewisohn Stadium or to Carnegie Hall and play.

Oscar's radio fame, some spillover into pictures, and the audience he had built up by his Gershwin performances (and recordings) provided wider and wider circles of involvement. The need for an indoor as well as an outdoor repertory for the symphony orchestras that

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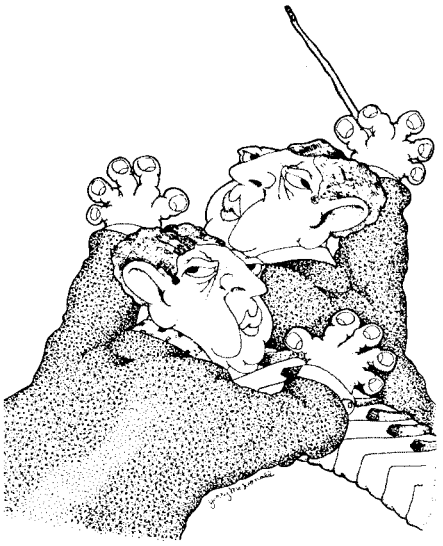

Oscar Levant—"an uncommonly good pianist, a more than talented composer, and a possibly excellent conductor."

relished his box-office appeal required him to shed the "What—Gershwin again?" tag that had been hung upon him. He practiced more and more. He set new goals for himself. Some of them were realistic. He never performed any of the Beethoven or Mozart concertos in public, though he knew all of Beethoven's and many of Mozart's. Tchaikovsky, Grieg, Khachaturian, Honegger, Saint-Saëns—these were composers with a sufficiently broad popular appeal for the audiences he attracted.

They were also composers whose music required more exacting standards of execution than Gershwin's. Mothlike, Oscar was attracted to the brightest of them. The only coequals he recognized among contemporary artists were Horowitz and Rubinstein. In addition to being outstanding, they did, of course, receive the highest fees. (One could never separate these values in judging Oscar's motivation.) A laughing remonstrance that no one—himself included—could resume the thread of a performing career after fifteen years and hope to match the standard attained by men who had done little else over decades did not draw a witty response. In this endeavor Oscar was deadly serious.

He was popular with college audiences and frequently performed his recitals ("With Comments," they were billed) in gyms or field houses seating thousands. On one occasion he announced a tour that took in Ohio State, Purdue, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Tulane. His listener responded: "Oscar, you're playing a tougher schedule than Notre Dame." Before departing for a winter swing through the coal country of Pennsylvania, he decided he needed a warm outer coat. I accompanied him to Abercrombie's, where he reviewed a list displayed beside the elevator. "That's it," he exclaimed, pointing to an entry for floor five, "that's what I need for this tour—'Roughwear.'" On his return he described an audience that had clustered around the open stage in one gym. "This one kid kept yelling, 'Play something lighter,'" marveled Oscar. "My God, I had just finished playing Lecuona's *Malagueña*. Is there anything lighter?"

If physically taxing, these ventures were pianistically within his capacity. But the opportunities for performing bigger works for larger audiences at symphony-orchestra concerts increased the pressure. He performed with Toscanini, Ormandy, Monteux, Reiner, Rodzinsky, Mitropoulos, Dorati, Bernstein, and almost every other prominent conductor on the American scene.

If he made an occasional mistake, I don't suppose those conductors were surprised. Oscar Levant had been hired to be Oscar Levant—which he frequently was—to bring flair and fire to works such as Anton Rubinstein's *D-minor* Concerto (before it became a staple of the Romantic Revival). But Oscar fretted over mistakes. He didn't like being put down by critics with rabbit-sharp ears and much less knowledge of music than he had. He didn't want to be an uncommonly good pianist. He wanted to excel, as Horowitz and Rubinstein excelled.

Eventually, of course, it got to him. Nervous strain increased dependence on sleeping pills, which increased daytime consumption of coffee, which, in turn, made it more difficult for him to sleep. A series of overlapping circumstances in 1952, including a tour on which he agreed to perform seven different concertos and a run-in with James Petrillo, czar of the American Federation of Musicians, culminated in a heart attack. He pushed on, after a six weeks' interval, to make a film and attempt to resume concertizing. His strength gave out, and he broke away from a scheduled tour to go home. The result was a string of cancellations and suspension from the union. Petrillo demanded, as the price of forgiveness, that Levant personally appear before him. Oscar appeared. He considered the whole experience—including a following press conference—a humiliation.

There followed a long battle with drugs, further depressions, more drugs, and a pattern of decline impossible for one who saw it to recapitulate. By this time he was living in the house in Beverly Hills where he died. Oscar was dying, gradually but unmistakably, for years before August 14, 1972. Whenever I went to Los Angeles, I would pay him a visit. Once I came at 10 p.m. As I rose to go an hour-and-a-half later, he exclaimed angrily, "You call that a visit!" I always went with trepidation, not knowing quite what to expect. I always left with an awareness that his mind—however disserved by memory lapses and sheer frustration at his lessened physical capacity to articulate—retained its sharp edge, its trenchant wit.

The house was in the 900 block of North Roxbury Drive. It was not until recently that I understood why he had chosen to live there. 1019 North Roxbury Drive was the address of the house in which George Gershwin spent some of the happiest days of his life.

Oscar gave up writing popular tunes because he couldn't come close to Gershwin's. He stopped writing serious music because his studies with Arnold Schoenberg left him aware of his own limitations. He finally found his niche by excelling at what came easiest—being funny. No need to practice, to rehearse, to memorize. Just do it.

On the last day of his life Oscar rose as usual, went downstairs, had breakfast, and practiced the piano. That figured. The piano could have been his best friend; instead, it had become his worst enemy. □

Coming Up Next on Channel C: You!

BY THOMAS MEEHAN

NEW YORK, N.Y. — Since most of us have neither the talent nor the charismatic charm of Merv Griffin, Monty Hall, Totie Fields, Dean Martin, the Golddiggers, or Roger Mudd, we naturally assume that we're never going to be on TV. It is, we know, a one-way street down which celebrities send and we, the public, only receive. Right? Wrong. For the fact is that, as a result of a ruling made recently by the Federal Communications Commission, everybody in the country now has both the legal right and the opportunity to go on TV whenever

Thomas Meehan, a frequent contributor to UP Front, now shares the weekly film column with Arthur Knight. He is presently writing a book on the great age of radio.

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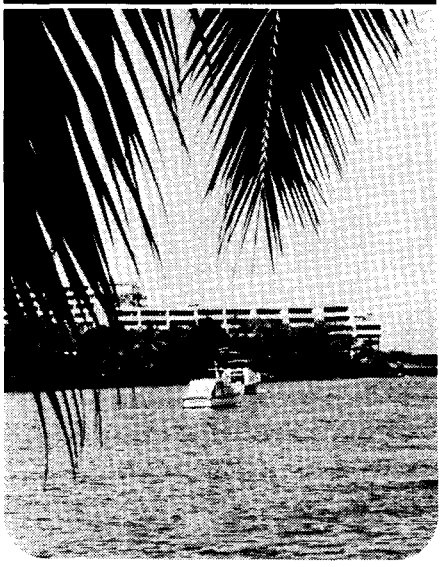

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he wants to. And to do or to say anything that he pleases, short of coming on either libelous or obscene. So you can tap-dance, play the kazoo, or tell Swedish-dialect stories, and, by order of the FCC, as well as under public statute in such cities as New York, if you can get somebody to tape your performance, your show will have to go on the airwaves.

There has to be some sort of catch to all of this, you say, and, to a degree, I'm afraid, you're right. The catch is that the right of public access to television is limited only to certain channels of Community Antenna Television (CATV)—or cable TV, as it's popularly known—and at the moment only a small fraction of 1 per cent of America's TV sets are wired into CATV. In other words, you can't storm into the offices of the National Broadcasting Company here and demand to be put on prime-time TV opposite *All in the Family*. On the other hand, you *can* barge into the New York offices of either the Sterling Manhattan Cable Television Company or the Tele-PrompTer Manhattan Cable TV Company, which together provide cable-TV service to some 100,000 Manhattan subscribers, hand them a video tape of yourself that you want to be telecast, and find that they are legally required to put it on. And at absolutely no expense to you, either, other than whatever it cost you to make the video tape.

Whether anyone at home will actually watch your tape is another matter, of course, but, nonetheless, there it is—do-it-yourself, public-access TV is a reality in New York City, where some 150 hours of it is being telecast each week. And when CATV reaches tens of millions of American homes, as those in the cable-TV industry confidently expect will be the case within the next several years, public access is certain to become a significant part of the TV scene in the United States. Think of it: Millions chuckling away at your Swedish-dialect jokes!

The radio and TV airwaves, as everyone has probably long since forgotten, legally belong to the American people, not merely to William S. Paley or Robert Sarnoff. Yet, while the FCC has paid lip service to this fact for decades, it has at the same time routinely licensed private companies, such as CBS, NBC, and ABC, to make hundreds of millions of dollars in profits from selling advertising time on the public airwaves. It's as if a public park in your town had been turned over, rent-free, to a crowd of Barnumlike entrepreneurs in order that they might stage admission-free tent shows in the park—and make vast fortunes for themselves by stopping the shows every couple of minutes to let paying hucksters deliver sales spiels for Preparation H, Alka-Seltzer, 7-Up, and bathroom tissue. But it's your park, in which you should be able to do just about anything that you want to, just as they're your airwaves.

For years, however, as the commercial TV-and-radio industry exerted enormous lobbying pressure on the FCC, Congress, and the White House, the chances of the average citizen's getting to use his airwaves—even after the Public Broadcasting Service had been set up by the government in 1969—was roughly zero times infinity. So a couple of years ago, when CATV began to become a reality in a few scattered communities around the country, a bloc of civil-liberties groups put pressure on the FCC to force the cable-TV companies to make at least some of their channels available at no cost to the public.

And they succeeded, although for a rather paradoxical reason, namely, because Dean Burch, the Goldwaterite whom President Nixon appointed chairman of the FCC in 1969, strongly backed public access, apparently on orders from the White House. Why? Because, as Vice President Agnew has made clear in his speeches, the Nixon administration is convinced that the commercial-TV networks are run by effete eastern liberals who slant the news in favor of Democrats. Consequently, the administration believes, even the slightest lessening of the networks' domination of TV, in the form of something like public access, will benefit the Republican party. (A number of network executives see this policy switch in a rather different light: The administration, they feel, is plotting to destroy the power of the networks by fragmenting TV into scores of channels, just as radio is fragmented into scores of stations.) At any event, in February the FCC ruled that all cable-TV companies in the top 100 markets of the United States (or virtually the entire country) must provide at least one public-access channel within the next five years for the free use of the community at large. And more, too, if there isn't time on the public-access channel for all of those citizens who want to appear on it. As a matter of fact, a cable-TV company in a city like Chicago or Los Angeles might eventually be carrying a couple dozen channels of public-access programing, a feat that will be technologically possible because a single cable-TV system will soon be able to send out as many as eighty channels of television.

Even before the FCC had made its ruling, this city, the first in America to have a significant number of at-home TV sets wired into CATV, had passed a law requiring all cable-TV companies to provide at least two public-access chan-

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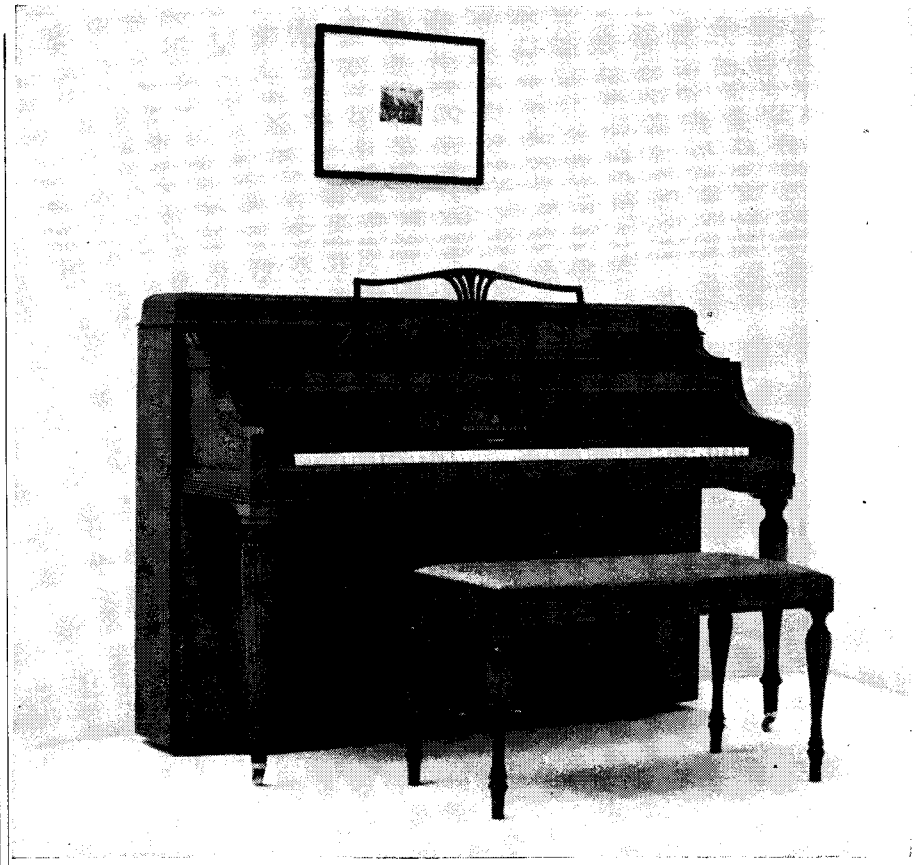
nels. And by August 1973 to up the number to four, by which time the pair of CATV companies that have been franchised by New York—Sterling and TelePrompTer—must also be transmitting over twenty-four channels.

Public-access programing began in New York on July 1, 1971, over Channels C and D of Sterling and TelePrompTer—and at once ran into a snag. For a series of complicated reasons that have mainly to do with libel lawyers and money, public-access programs must be telecast on video tape rather than live, and most of the tapes that were brought around to Sterling and TelePrompTer looked at though they'd been shot in a blizzard. The trouble was that the programs had been recorded on half-inch video tape rather than on two-inch tape, a difference that is roughly equivalent to that between 8 mm. and 35 mm. movie film. Those who'd made the programs had used half-inch tape for an obvious reason: economics. An hour of half-inch tape costs about $30, but an hour of two-inch tape, which is the type used by the commercial networks, costs nearly $300. Moreover, half-inch tape can be used on a Sony home-video recorder, which costs around $1,500, whereas two-inch tape requires one of the $25,000 Ampex recorders that the networks use. After months of experiment, engineers at Sterling and TelePrompTer solved the problem of how to transmit half-inch tape so that at home it looks more or less like a real TV picture. But, to say the least, public-access programing got off to a frustratingly slow start.

Another problem that initially faced public access was that practically nobody knew that it existed. Sterling and TelePrompTer, which were at first unhappy about public access (they've since realized that it actually attracts viewers to CATV), did not deign to let the public in on the secret. A number of organizations subsequently set themselves up to educate New Yorkers about public access.

The best known of these groups is Open Channel, an independent, nonprofit corporation that was founded in July 1971 by Theodora Sklover, a comely thirty-three-year-old brunette who was formerly a teacher of communications in the New York public schools and at the Bank Street College of Education. The mission of Open Channel, as Ms. Sklover describes it, is twofold: to inform the private citizen of his right to go on public-access TV and to assist him in making his video tapes.

Having so far survived on about $175,000 worth of grants from a variety of foundations—much of which it has spent on TV-recording equipment and



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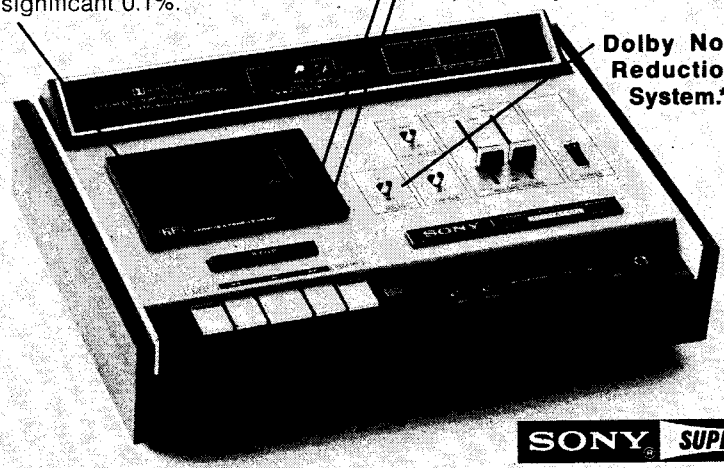

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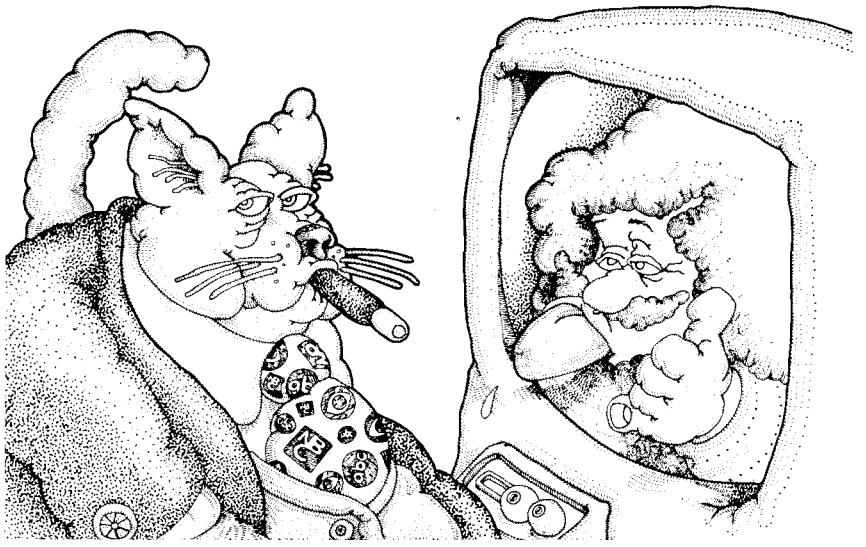

video tape—Open Channel has lately been overwhelmed with requests from individuals and groups throughout the country who want help in making tapes for public access. Open Channel has, from the start, limited itself to lending a hand only to nonprofit organizations —such as the Boy Scouts, the Puerto Rican Dance Theater, CORE, and the United States Bicycle Polo Association —rather than to every Uncle Charlie who wants to go on Channel C to yodel or to argue that God is dead. To augment its ten-person staff, Open Channel has recruited a corps of some 200 TV professionals (cameramen, tape editors, directors, and so forth), who work without pay in their spare time to help groups like, say, the West Harlem Community Organization make a half-hour film on local housing conditions.

To date, Open Channel has assisted in the production of sixty-five programs, all of which have been shown at least once on Channels C and D. Open Channel has also done a good deal of public-relations hustling for the new medium and has run training sessions in its West 42nd Street offices in the uses of video-tape equipment. The training sessions, which are scheduled biweekly, are open to TV professionals who want to be retrained for public access, as well as to groups that Open Channel has agreed to help make a tape. Meanwhile, Sterling and TelePrompTer have opened camera-equipped studios for making public-access tapes to anyone who cares to walk in. The tapes go out over the air on a first-come, first-served basis at any time that the CATV companies care to schedule them.

So far, most of those who've made use of the public-access channels have been neither community-action organizations nor Uncle Charlies but so-called guerrilla-TV groups — i.e., bands of youthful members of the counterculture who have seized upon public access as a medium for getting videotaped esthetic experiments onto the air and for lobbying in favor of changes such as the legalization of marijuana. In 1969, when Sony put the first relatively inexpensive home video recorder on the market, scores of guerrilla-TV groups sprang up all over the nation. Today they're turning out hundreds of hours of programs for public access on half-inch tape. In New York these groups work mostly out of SoHo lofts and East Village pads. The best known of them are Global Village, Raindance, and Videofreex. Global Village, for example, has made half-inch Sony tapes for public access of such New York events as a Gay Liberation march held on Christopher Street, a Witch-In in Central Park, a New Year's celebration in Chinatown, and a demonstration by a crowd calling themselves the Street Transvestites Action Revolutionaries. At the same time a more formal guerrilla-TV group, the Alternate Media Center, which is part of New York University, has been operating since the middle of 1971 on a $275,000 foundation grant and has produced tapes for public access of everything from a three-day local school meeting to a profile of a Lions Club. Like Open Channel, the Alternate Media Center has also done a good deal of work in educating New Yorkers about public access and teaching students and others how to make video tapes.

"Everybody in the country now has both the legal right and the opportunity to go on TV whenever he wants to."

All in all, when you switch on Channel C or D in New York these days, you're apt to see just about anything: a Videofreex tape titled "How to Do Silk Screen by Hand," a Raindance tape made in Vietnam on a day in the life of an American GI in combat, a People's Video Theater tape on venereal disease, or a tape made by a California group called the Ant Farm that shows "a candid video view of San Francisco Mayor Alioto as he picks lint off his suit." Also, since the FCC's "equal-time" rule for politicians doesn't apply to public access, you're likely to see quite a bit of minority-party politicking on Channels C and D. Plus tapes specifically made for such groups as Spanish-speaking New Yorkers, the elderly, and the deaf. "Commercial television does much to reinforce our awareness of threats to our well-being, or reasons to despair; it very rarely validates or intensifies our awareness of the joy in rilla-TV group by way of introducing a program recently shown on Channel C: a half-hour tape of a rippling brook flowing through a serene countryside. ing through a serene countryside.

By now enough video tapes are being made for public access pretty much to fill up the time on New York's four channels. The next step is to alert Manhattan's 100,000 cable-TV subscribers to the fact that the tapes are on—and even, perhaps, to lure them into tuning to these shows instead of to *Mannix* or Mets games. Cable TV has no ratings system, of course, and so nobody, including Theodora Sklover, has the slightest idea of how many viewers are watching the public-access channels. Most observers agree, however, that the number is depressingly small—in some cases, probably not many more than those who made the tape. At the moment, then, those who are turning out tapes for public access are talking mainly to themselves, like actors doing a performance of *Hamlet* on the stage in an empty theater. Still, as more and more viewers find out about public access and get their TV sets hooked into CATV, the theater is bound gradually to fill up, and the audience for public access is potentially enormous. In short, for public-access TV, to use Mort Sahl's phrase, "the future lies ahead." □

Garbage

BY KATIE KELLY

NEW YORK, N.Y.—New Yorkers are a provincial lot. They wear their city's accomplishments like blue ribbons. To anyone who will listen they boast of leading the world in everything from Mafia murders to porno moviehouses. They can also boast that their city produces more garbage than any other city in the world. In fact, it produces more than many countries.

In its 1970–71 garbage season—a boffo season if there ever was one—New York City produced an average of 28,900 tons per day, as against a mere

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4,800 tons per day for Los Angeles and a paltry 2,000 tons per day for San Francisco. But it is not only in quantity that New York excels. Fully 20 per cent of the city's garbage consists of quality paper: canceled checks, rough drafts of Broadway hits, executive memos, IBM punch cards, and so on. On Mondays alone seven million pounds of the Sunday *New York Times* are donated to New York garbage cans.

Then there's the packaging. According to the city's flamboyant environmental protection administrator, Jerome Kretchmer, in the rest of the country packaging accounts for under 20 per cent of the total garbage; in New York, for 40 per cent. Much of this whopping total consists of flip tops, snack paks, variety packs, plastic cases, bottles, tin cans, and other containers. Another big chunk is aluminum. If the aluminum that New Yorkers throw out every day were converted into Reynolds Wrap, it would make a sheet more than 7,500 miles long—roughly the distance from New York to Samoa.

The remaining 40 per cent of Fun City's garbage consists of such mundane leavings as egg shells, coffee grounds, wilted lettuce leaves, and pot scrapings, together with such odds and ends as textile scraps, tires, wood, glass, plastics, etc. (The 73,000 cars abandoned on New York City streets last year constitute a separate class of garbage. Though some find their way to the dump, most of these wrecks are bought up by scrap dealers.)

If New York produces more garbage than any other city in the world, it stands to reason that the cost of getting rid of it must be correspondingly prodigious. It is. Last year the bill for pick-up, processing, and delivery came to $176,246,604. Though one would expect innovation from the undisputed leader in the field of garbage, New York is forced to dispose of its trash in ways familiar to every small town in the country: It burns the stuff in incinerators—about 30 per cent of New York City garbage is incinerated—and/or buries it in landfills.

The largest of the city's seven incinerators, the Brooklyn incinerator is a yellow-brick building with high walls, few windows, and two 200-foot-tall smoke stacks, one of which is equipped with an electrostatic precipitator to reduce pollution. (Although a cut above the average in cleanliness, New York's incinerator stacks still spew thousands of pounds of soot over the city every day.) Garbage trucks parade up to the Brooklyn plant, dumping their loads into a pit capable of holding 12,500 tons of garbage. A crane moves back and forth over this pit, periodically clanking down to gouge out a one-ton bite. The crane then drops the garbage onto conveyor belts, which in turn feed it into the incinerator ovens.

Measuring thirty by seven by two hundred feet, each of the Brooklyn incinerator's four ovens is capable of burning up ten tons of garbage an hour at temperatures averaging 1,600° to 1,800° F. The towering stacks create such an upward draft that, upon looking into one of the iron grates, I felt as if, if I didn't hold on, I would be sucked into that fiery furnace.

After the garbage has been burned, the cooled residue is dumped onto barges, which are towed off by tugboats to one of five landfill sites around the city. The largest of these is the 3,000-acre Fresh Kills site on Staten Island.

Fresh Kills, which daily receives about 11,000 tons of garbage, is a strange place. Much of this former swampland resembles the ash heaps of *The Great Gatsby*. Vast, forlorn, endless. A vision of death. In the foreground, a discarded funeral wreath. A doll with outstretched arms. A man's black sock. A nylon stocking. And, beyond, refrigerators, toilets, bathtubs, stoves.

Yet Fresh Kills is also—in places and in its own way—unexpectedly beautiful. Thousands of gulls wheel in the air. Banking sharply, they dip down one by one to settle in for a good feast. In areas where the garbage is fresh, there is an overpowering stench, but where it is older, its blanket of earth is covered with grass, bushes, shrubs, trees. Summertime in Fresh Kills is a time of flowers and birdsong. A volunteer vegetable garden flourishes in the landfill. Here, in the world's largest compost heap, the seeds and sprouts of kitchen scraps thrive. Come fall, offices all around New York's City Hall are decorated with gourds and pumpkins harvested at Fresh Kills. In the fall, too, quail and pheasants scurry through Fresh Kills' underbrush, creating a problem for the Department of Sanitation: Hunters try to poach on this municipal game preserve.

"Fresh Kills turns me on," Jerome Kretchmer said a few days after my visit to the site. Recently, he went on, he had taken his seven-year-old daughter's class out to Fresh Kills for a field trip. Even the sight of the barges heading off for the landfill sites excited him: "You can stand on the shore on Monday morning and watch the barges going out. And you know what went on in New York

Katie Kelly is writing a book on garbage for Saturday Review Press.

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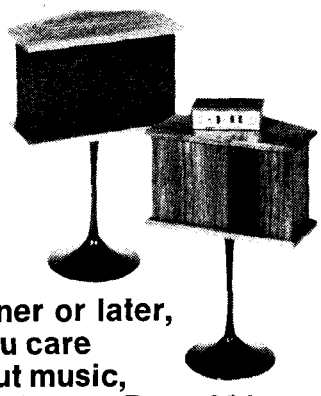

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City over the weekend. There are fetuses and dead cats. Packages, boxes, cartons from fancy stores, dress scraps. Wow, man! Whatever went on in the city is going out to Fresh Kills. You can see it all. What we used. What we wasted."

Opened in 1948, Fresh Kills is already almost full to the brim, for New York City, like every other city in this country, has more garbage than it can cope with. The city is, in fact, due to run out of landfill space—preferably swampland or a sandpit or gulley—in 1985. The solution: Pile it higher. But even here there are limits. As one city official put it: "We have to leave some room between the sea gulls and the planes."

"It sure has changed out here," one worker, who has been at Fresh Kills for years, told me. "Why, there used to be fresh natural springs over there." He gestured out over the hundreds of acres of garbage. Natural crab beds once flourished in the area. Now they, too, are gone, buried under tons of garbage.

Katie Kelly's article points out how much garbage New York produces—and how time is running out for the nation's largest city to deal with this problem. Recently SR's *Up Front editors asked environmental protection administrator Jerome Kretchmer what he proposed to do about the garbage crisis and why the city was not recycling more of its colossal amount of trash. Mr. Kretchmer's reply follows:*

In the past year the Environmental Protection Administration has sifted through more than a hundred plans for new methods of garbage disposal. Out of these, we've come up with several that we think are worth pursuing. Among them are:

- A procedure for feeding municipal refuse into a Con Edison plant, where it will be burned as fuel. Most metals and glass would be separated out at the site, and the remaining refuse would be burned at high temperatures to generate steam.
- Transporting construction waste outside the city to locations where the waste is needed for landfill—for example, in strip-mined areas. At present we must dispose of 7,000 tons of construction waste a day, clean waste that could be transported without creating health problems.
- A vacuum-tube disposal system for large building complexes, in which the garbage would go directly to a nearby plant to be burned as steam-generating fuel.
- High temperature incinerators, which would generate steam.
- Pyrolysis, a clean, low-oxygen "baking" process, which could also generate steam. Metal recovery would be possible also in the last three procedures.

"Wow, man! Whatever went on in the city is going out to Fresh Kills." Fresh Kills, New York's largest dump, receives 11,000 tons of garbage daily.

All of these systems use garbage efficiently—as land-reclaiming fill, as energy, or in the recovery of the basic materials themselves.

We're often asked why we don't simply recycle the city's garbage—separate the different metals, glass, and paper, and sell them. The answer is that the economics of recycling are still so poor that we can't afford to. Recycling tends to be labor-intensive; it requires more workers and is therefore unavoidably expensive. More importantly, the market for reclaimed materials is limited and prices tend to be very low. In different boroughs of the city we have started several experiments with news-

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paper recycling. Residents leave their bundled papers out on certain days, and we collect them and sell them to a paper-processing plant. At the moment it would be cheaper if we simply threw the newspapers away.

We are pursuing the projects, however, in the hope that, as time goes on, we can increase the amount of paper we collect and recycle, and cut down the labor costs. We are also starting a project to collect and sell the newspapers from a group of municipal office buildings in the City Hall area. In this project a private dealer will pick up the newsprint; we must guarantee him seven tons a week, however, in order for it to be worth his effort.

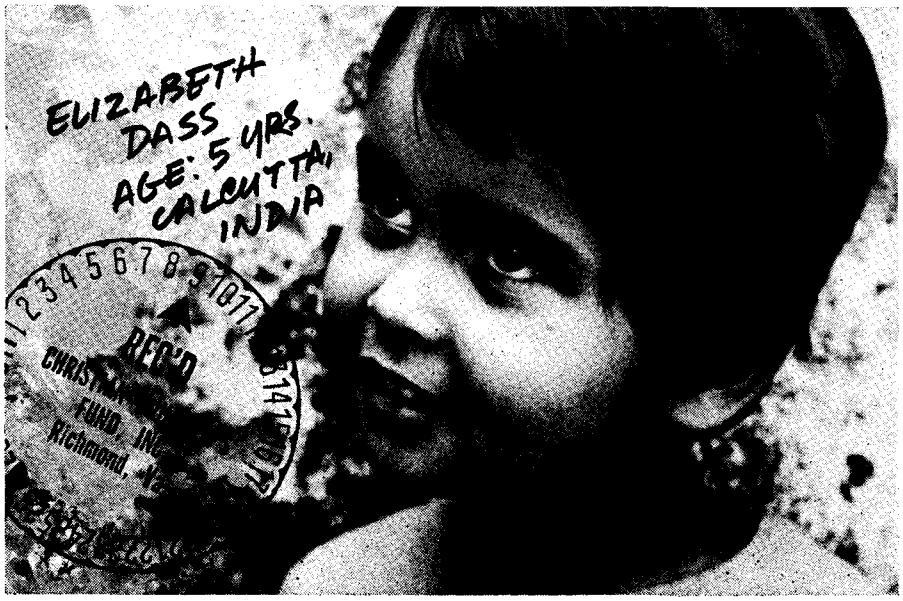
Volunteer recycling projects are plagued by the same economic difficulties. The Environmental Action Coalition, which runs the most extensive volunteer recycling program in the city, must rely on grants and donations to keep operating. The prices they get for their materials don't begin to cover operating costs despite the large amount of free volunteer labor.

We are exploring a plant that would separate garbage into its various components, primarily by mechanical means. However, the process is extremely costly at this point, and, as previously mentioned, the market for most of the materials is very limited. We could wind up, as one engineer put it, with "the most expensive separated landfill in the world."

No one has come up with the perfect disposal technology. Our plan is to test several of the most promising methods simultaneously, watch them for a few years, and then expand the one that works best.

All of these efforts should be seen in a larger context. There is no regional solid-waste planning, nor are there sufficient federal funds for research into new solid-waste technologies. Last year the entire federal budget for solid-waste research and development was $8 million, less than half the cost of a single medium-sized incinerator. And recycling efforts, whether voluntary or city-sponsored, must operate in the face of a national economic system that makes it cheaper to produce disposables—instant garbage—than lasting goods and more profitable to exploit increasingly scarce resources than to recover valuable used materials.

We will meet our responsibilities in the city, but the problem is a national one. Only the federal government has the power to subsidize recycling, spur more effective technologies, and reduce the incredible amount of waste now inundating our cities. □



Because her story is typical of needy children around the world, we invite you to read our overseas caseworker's report on little Elizabeth (her name is changed to protect her future) . . .

Name: Elizabeth Dass **Date of birth:** April 12, 1964 **Native place:** Calcutta

Health: Frail, thin, walks with difficulty, protein deprived.

Characteristics: Gentle, quiet, cooperative, speaks clearly and is of good mind. Will be able to learn once health and strength are restored.

Investigation report: Elizabeth's father used to be street cleaner, died from typhus. Her mother is very weak from recent illness (smallpox). Only work available to this woman is in a match factory where she earns two rupees a day (26¢) when she is strong enough to get there and work.

Home conditions: One room bustee (hovel) occupied by several other persons besides Elizabeth and her mother. House is so small cooking is done on the footpath. Bathing is done at a public tap down the road. Persons living with them in this house are not of good repute, and the mother fears for Elizabeth.

Remarks: Elizabeth will certainly become ill, perhaps will take up thieving, maybe even more terrible ways of living if she is not removed from present home conditions. Her mother is willing for her to go to CCF Nazareth Home and weeps with joy at the hope of her little daughter becoming safe from the wretched life they now have.

Strongest recommendation that Elizabeth be admitted at once.

Could you turn away a child like Elizabeth and still sleep well at night? I know it would break your heart . . . and Elizabeth is but *one* example of thousands of youngsters who desperately need help.

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Letters

Women and Film

Every now and then I wish I lived in New York. I felt like that after reading Marjorie Rosen's article "Women, Their Film, and Their Festival" [*SR*, Aug. 12] on the first international women's film festival.

There *is* a female perception, sensibility, and, as a film viewer starving for that perception, I have often thought that the film industry really is conspiring against women. Not that *all* films (or books) need have that perspective, but I've often wondered how a *Minnie and Moskowitz*, for example, would have been done by a woman—or why so few films really speak to me.

Living in Chicago, one would never know there *are* women film-makers!

Joan Lichterman
The Christian Ministry
Chicago, Ill.

Picking Bones With the Stones

Terry Southern had better check his sources. The satire on Kipling he mentions in his piece "The Rolling Stones' U.S. Tour: Riding the Lapping Tongue" [*SR*, Aug. 12] is not by Perelman but appears in Max Beerbohm's *A Christmas Garland*, published in 1912.

Russel B. Nye
East Lansing, Mich.

Please tell Terry Southern "boss" went out with "fab."

Lee Modder
Milwaukee, Wis.

Greasepaint on Market Street

Jack Fincher's revealing article on San Francisco street mime ["Mime in the Streets," *SR*, Aug. 12]—which he calls "the purest kind of theater"—fascinated me.

The fine art of mime, ignored to a large extent nowadays, seems to be put to one of its most interesting uses on the anonymous avenues of a large metropolis.

A gifted improviser, Robert Shields has some concrete views about his unusual form of theater, which, in this age of dour faces, I find refreshing. Couple these with his delightful mannerisms and one cannot imagine that he is mimicking everyday existence as it is. Astounding subtlety, indeed!

Shields captures the zest with which we all should be imbued. He can feel life at its root; his profession allows him to share this sensitivity with the man on the street. It serves its purpose if we will just sit back and laugh at ourselves once in a while. Street mime is a valuable mechanism for reformation: The actor mirrors us as we are, in order to illustrate the oddity of the melancholic appearance. Thank you, Messrs. Fincher and Shields, for a breath of fresh air via greasepaint.

T. P. Sandi
Newburgh, N. Y.

McGovern's Gift?

I have just read Larry DuBois's article "McGovern Prophecy" [*SR*, Aug. 12] telling how Senator McGovern "prophesied" the exact manner in which he would win the Democratic nomination. Did the senator's gift of prophecy also lead him to foresee how he would make a fool of himself by choosing a running mate without more than a minimum of investigation and be licked to a frazzle—which he surely will—before his campaign got under way? For your information, and his, I haven't met a soul in this part of Virginia who is for McGovern. Even former Governors Mills Godwin and William Tuck, both Democrats, are working for Nixon.

Plum D. Walsh
Vinton, Va.

Eagleton's Secret

The editorial by Ronald P. Kriss "An Unforgivable Omission" [*SR*, Aug. 12] makes a number of points with which I agree. Yet I must disagree on one vital matter.

Certainly many citizens have suffered from severe depression at some time in their lives and have been able, after recovery, to function satisfactorily in various fields of endeavor. But only a heartbeat (or a bullet) stands between the Vice President and the presidency. In the case of a person with a psychiatric history like that of Senator Eagleton there would always be, in my opinion, a lingering doubt about the possibility of recurrence. This possibility does not disqualify him, I think, if we could be sure that he would remain Vice President; but it assumes a crucial importance when we realize that the Vice President might suddenly become the Chief Executive of our nation in these stressful times.

Claude C. Bowman
Temple University
Philadelphia, Pa.

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Northern Ireland

I read with interest the editorial by Ronald P. Kriss "An Inexcusable Atrocity" [*SR*, Aug. 12]. I wish to add that the unified Ireland that is the objective of the terrorists may prove to be another communist republic.

Their attitude is openly Marxist, and IRA recruits are given a course of political indoctrination. By continual murderous attacks they hope to destroy the present economy. Fortunately, the government of the present republic appears to be awakening to the danger. Ireland will never be unified by force.

Herbert W. Collard
Portland, Ore.

Your editorial does not really consider the past in an appraisal of what is happening in Northern Ireland today. The Irish people have endured intolerable sufferings and injustices at the hands of the British government and of the Protestant ascendancy in Ireland. The IRA became active again in Northern Ireland to defend the minority Catholic community so that it would not, once more, be open to the murderous invasions of the police and "B" Special Constabulary. This is exactly what happened on August 14, 1969, when they terrorized these people, spraying the Catholic area with machine-gun fire and permitting the burning of houses and businesses by Protestant mobs. It was because of this, and because of the previous attacks on civil rights marchers, that the numbers of the IRA were augmented and gained the support of the minority community.

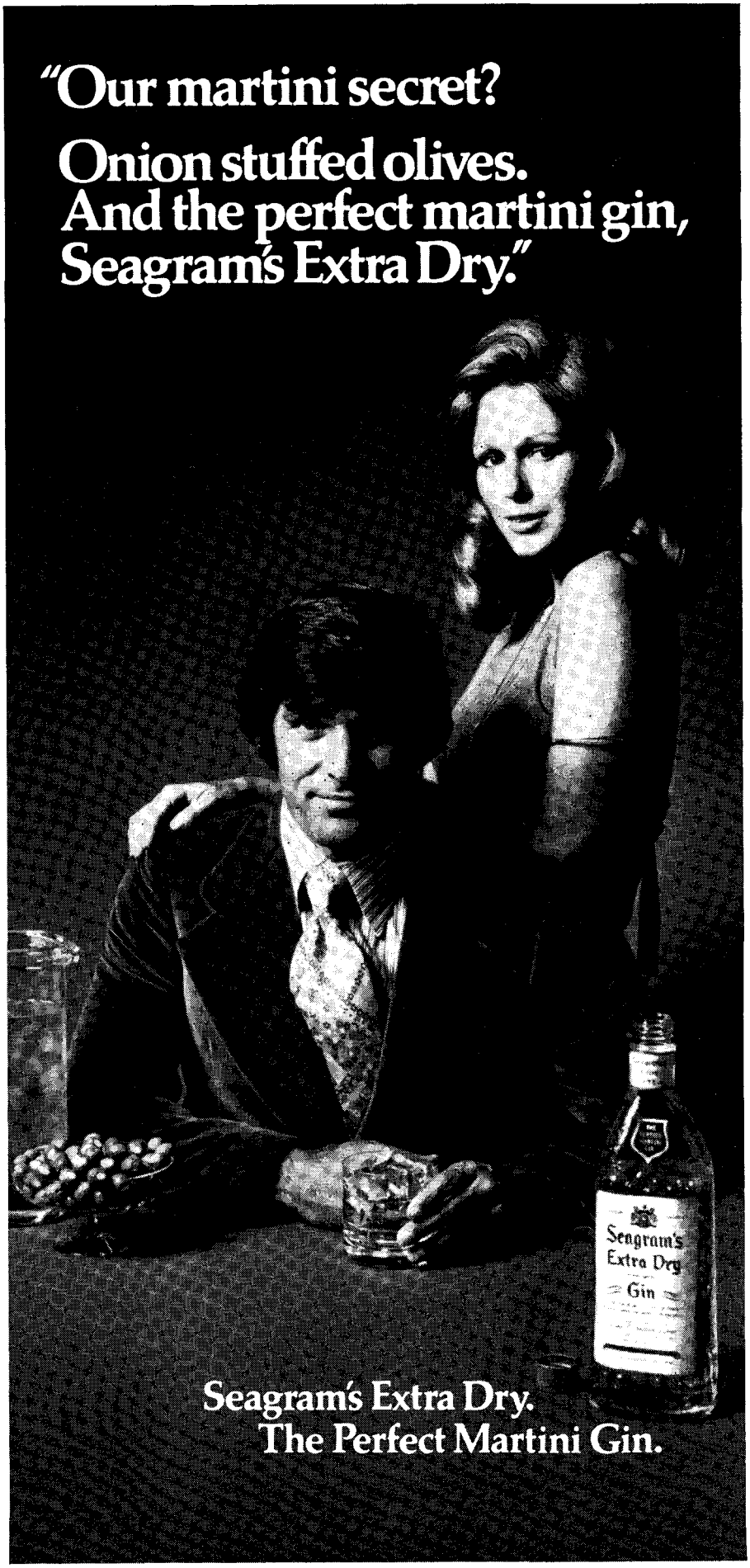
Unfortunately, the bombs continue because the government of Northern Ireland has done nothing to effect substantive change. It is only by disorder, or the threat of disorder, that the British government will move to ameliorate the condition of the Catholic minority. They are fighting back, and will continue to fight, until there is equality of opportunity for them in their own country.

J. F. Branigan
New York, N. Y.

Schlemozzle Serenade

In "Donkey Serenade" [*SR*, Aug. 12] Wilfrid Sheed makes a gross error through his senseless use of the word "schlemozzle." Relying not on my memory alone (that is, my memory of grandparents' and parents' conversations in English, Yiddish, and Yinglish) but also on Leo Rosten's *The Joys of Yiddish*, I present the following old joke as explanation: "The schlemozzle is the guy who the schlemiel spills the soup on." Mr. Sheed may mean "schtik" or "tzimmes" or even "spiel," but *not* "schlemozzle."

Frima Botnick Braswell
Storrs, Conn.



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Editorial

We Are All Artists

The view from here is one of the most exciting in America. Since we started appearing in our present form earlier this year, we have been seeing more and more of the joyful energy of our readers' engagement with all the arts. Not content to look, they will paint, or dance, or build; not content to read, they will write to us. What we see is a tide of discussion and creativity that has been spilling into *Saturday Review/The Arts* with increasing force.

Questions rise naturally from the turbulence. What is art? What isn't? Who decides? How can this magazine speak to readers who might agree on nothing but their love for what we call the arts? There could be no moment more appropriate than this for speaking of such matters, since we have come to a turning point in the life of *SR/Arts*.

With this issue, we are increasing the space devoted to the arts by 50 per cent to thirty-six pages (the number of pages for *SR* Up Front and *SR* Reviews will be held constant at twenty-four). From now on, part of *Saturday Review*'s audience will choose to receive only the expanded *SR/Arts*, so this is our premier issue as a monthly. One further change: I am writing in San Francisco, *SR*'s new home town. We transported our editorial headquarters across the country to California to give our readers a fresh view of a world that has been seen, as far as the national press is concerned, almost entirely through New York eyes. That fresh view includes our desire to bring "art" out of its preserves, to acknowledge that the most elegant expressions of humanness are accessible to all persons—not just to a corps of specialists. I would be astonished if passionate readers did not challenge us to debate the questions we are raising.

An example: We published in our July issue an article about convict photographers at Sing Sing, and almost immediately ABC decided to produce a television show on their achievements. On the other hand, one of our readers, Irving Orenstein of Philadelphia, wrote to protest that the story should have been entitled "Photography as Basket Weaving," because it "relegated photography to the role of therapy—not an unimportant role, surely, but one that is altogether irrelevant to a magazine devoted to 'art.'" In reply to Mr. Orenstein, I said I wouldn't mind if we never agreed on a definition of "art," especially if it carried the elitist connotation he gave it. In addition, I remarked with some interest that he focused his attention not on the quality of the convicts' pictures but on our assertion that such people were capable of "art." Unlike Mr. Orenstein, I do not believe that art can be separated from the normal flow of life. The notion that an artist is special, somehow different from the rest of us, is relatively new. As far as I'm concerned, that notion has already existed too long as an excuse for isolating wholeness, deep feeling, learning, and ecstatic experience from the "rest" of life.

He answered, "I had not intended to define 'art,' but surely you will agree with me that art cannot be unintentional, and that art is, among other things, distilled consciousness. . . . If this belief makes me 'elitist,' then so be it. I do indeed believe that Man the Artist is Man Elite. So now we come to Sing Sing prison, and a little experiment. . . . Convicts are given cameras and allowed —encouraged—to express themselves through picture-taking. Is the main purpose to create art? Or is the main purpose to help the prisoners become better people? . . . If the main purpose was not to create art but something else, then art, being arrived at only by direct route, and with the most concentrated consciousness, could not possibly have resulted. . . ."

He concluded, "Whether I stand utterly alone or represent, in my views, a significant number of other readers is a judgment you will have to make." We agreed by telephone that we could gauge that only if I replied to him here, instead of by letter; in this short space I'll offer some opening remarks to a general debate that will, I hope, continue in these pages for years to come.

I can go along with Mr. Orenstein's concept of distilled consciousness, since discipline and focused awareness do contribute to the act of creation. I cannot agree, however, that intention is the primary measure of "art." Artists in the West did not even take on their alienated identity until the fifteenth century; the doctrine of art for art's sake emerged fully only in the nineteenth century; in any event, the "intention" argument skips right past much of what mankind has created.

Was it van Gogh's "main purpose" to "create art" or to express somehow —with paints most often, but with a knife once, and a pistol finally—his view of a world in which he did not fit? Consider the "intentions" of some other names we know: Tolstoy wrote *Resurrection* and Dostoevski wrote *The Brothers Karamazov* to change Russian society—for reform, not art. Mozart wrote *Eine kleine Nachtmusik* and twenty-nine *Divertimenti* to help aristocrats while away an evening (entertainment); Bach composed the *Mass in B Minor* to glorify God (religion) and felt so little reverence for the manuscripts he produced that he wrapped sandwiches in them; Cellini's salt cellar was a bit of conspicuous consumption; Holbein's portrait of Anne of Cleves was, to put it grossly, designed to assure Henry VIII that his mail-order bride was quality merchandise.

And before any of these, man the hunter was practicing not art but magic when he painted the animals he wanted to kill. What of the Bushman who painted on a rock wall the figure that Laurens van der Post describes in *The Lost World of the Kalahari*? "In the focus of the painting, scarlet against the gold of the stone, was an enormous eland bull standing sideways, his massive body charged with masculine power and his noble head looking as if he had only that moment been disturbed in his grazing. . . . He was painted as only a Bushman, who had a deep identification with the eland, could have painted him. . . ." Was it the Bushman's "main purpose" to "create art"? No. No matter how durably beautiful his painting, he was speaking to the gods of the place, to the animals themselves. He was no specialist, this artist, but a person for whom a picture was as much a part of life as his toes. If he was like other creators from the days before "art" became specialized, the important thing to him was not the finished work but the act of making it.

If that attitude is reflected in the arts today, it is because people are reaching out for a sense of wholeness. We are now surrounded not only by men and women who practice formal art but by those who find or create beauty and meaning in unfamiliar ways. We cannot regard the one without seeing the other; we cannot exclude any creative effort from the community of the arts because every such effort helps to tell us who we are.

John Poppy

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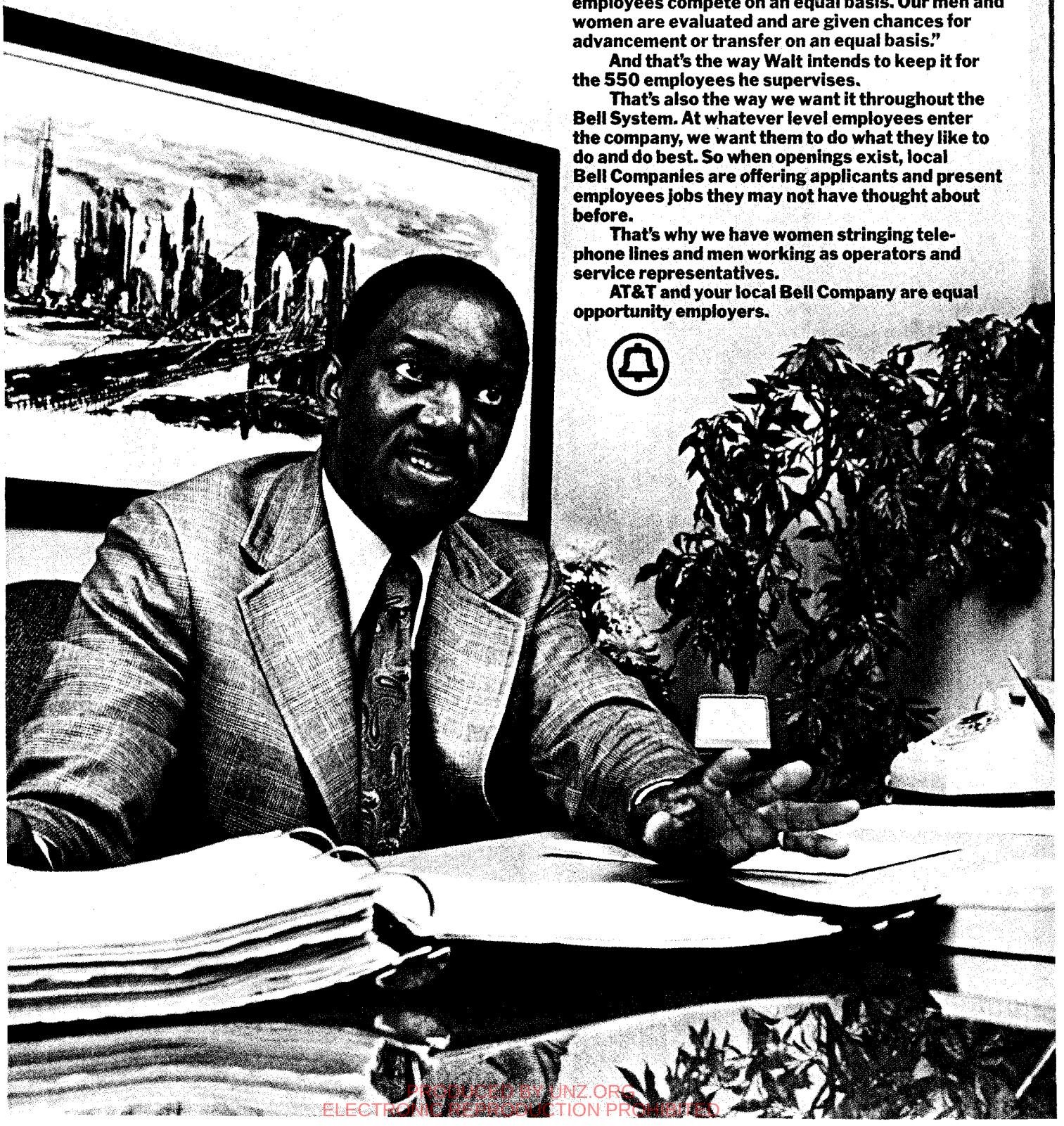

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Saturday Review of
THE ARTS

Leontyne Price: I Love Opera, but...

In the prime of her career, an enormously popular singer has virtually disappeared from the stage of the Metropolitan Opera. Here, for the first time, she reveals her reasons.

BY IRVING KOLODIN

On September 19 the Metropolitan Opera opens its first non-Bing season in twenty-two years. That it will also open without Göran Gentele, Bing's successor who died in an auto crash on July 18, has hardly yet been absorbed in all its implications. In Gentele's place Schuyler Chapin, as acting general manager, is bearing burdens big enough for several shoulders.

Not the least of them is the growing public awareness that this is destined to be another season minus Leontyne Price (see box, page 32). This being in no way inevitable for an enormously popular singer very much in her prime, I took the opportunity of her late summer presence in New York (en route to a new RCA recording of *Tosca* in London) to seek her out and, if possible, determine why, with almost Coolidgelike aloofness, an opera singer chooses not to sing opera.

The appointed locale was the house she has long owned and sometimes occupied on Vandam Street, a narrow thoroughfare on the southern fringe of New York's Greenwich Village. A ring of the bell in midafternoon brought a great swishing of bolts, clanking of chains, and rustling of door knobs on the inside (what a distance from Porgy's "I got no lock on my door" in the Gershwins' *Porgy and Bess*, in

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which Miss Price as Bess made her earliest prominent appearances in 1953). When the door finally swung open, it revealed no intermediary, but the singer herself—receptive, hospitable, cheerful.

Her mood was an encouraging sign. It is well known among the opera-minded that for many months her time when not performing has been spent in her native Laurel, Mississippi, where her mother has been ailing.

My first question, to this point, brought the reassuring response that Mrs. Price, who had broken a hip in January and suffered the postsurgical problems natural for any individual of eighty, was mending well. To another question, about some of her future plans, Miss Price launched into a dissertation that with hardly any prompting covered, in depth and with total frankness, practically every question I had come to ask.

"Yes," she said, "I am doing very little opera next season and none of it in America. I am going soon to Hamburg, where I love to sing because they have one of the damned nicest opera theaters anyplace. I do two *Aïda*s and two *Forza*s. That will also enable me to visit my younger brother, who is a colonel in the army. He is stationed in Aschaffenburg, Germany (near Frankfurt). I will also enjoy being with his children, which is the nearest I think I shall ever come to procreating. Then to Paris for a recital in a new series they are launching at the Opéra. And, later in the fall, back here for recitals and some appearances with orchestra." None of the latter, incidentally, are in New York, though one, she granted, was "nearby."

"Recitals were really what I started out to do in my career," she went on. "And I love doing them. When I got caught up in opera, Lady Luck was very good to me"—she reached around for a wood-topped table in the quietly stylish living room and rapped on it. "I had ten very crowded years at the Met, with two openings; the 1961 *Fanciulla*, which almost didn't come off because of the threat of a cancellation, and, of course, Barber's *Antony and Cleopatra*, which opened the new Met in Lincoln Center."

She paused for a moment. "That 1966 opening, I think, was the most grueling experience of my life. It really left me almost traumatized for two-and-a-half years. I think I have really begun to get over it only in the last year-and-a-half or so. So much was hanging on it. A new house, a premiere of a new work. I felt that if I caught a cold and couldn't perform, it would be world-wide news. So much to do, so much to think about, so much to cope with in so short a time. It got to the point where it wasn't a matter of how well one performed, but just being able to perform. For one thing, I don't think that Franco Zeffirelli—talented man that he is, having adapted the text from Shakespeare, designed the scenery and costumes, and directed the action—understood the importance, for America, of this historic event.

> "Now, I feel I have recaptured the joy of singing, the feeling that courses through your body when you know the tone is right."

"Maybe that was a kind of turning point," she said, half to herself. "For the next season or two I kept on doing opera and other things, and sometimes it seemed I just didn't know where I was. Pressures all the time. Let's face it, the black thing isn't news anymore. It is accepted that we have a place, like any other minority. It's recognized now, but it wasn't always that way."

"You mean," I said, "that after Marian Anderson made her Met debut, much too late, in 1955, the door was open?" Miss Price, who was then preparing to make her television debut in a production of *Tosca* by the NBC-TV Opera, could hardly know it, but six years later she would be the first of her race to make a star's career from scratch. "Were there special pressures that got to you, in that particular context?"

"You mean because of being black?" she queried, candidly. "As of then, and for some time to come, yes. I had to get used to the idea of being a token black. [Meeting with U Thant at the U.N., dates at the White House, plaques here, awards there.] That carried with it, I felt, the absolute necessity for being at my best always or at least trying to be at my best. It was like an athlete who has so many times at bat. You feel you have to connect every time. Then came the problem after *Fanciulla del West*."

Miss Price was referring to the interruption of her career for some months in early 1962. She spent the time in Rome, which she liked so much that she rented an apartment and spent many months during the Sixties in it. "Some people said I 'lost my voice.' Well, I just don't believe that if something like that goes away, it ever comes back. It was just fatigue and overwork. [Also, perhaps, the human weakness of being talked into doing a role not good for her vocally, and which she hasn't done since.] After I rested, I was fine.

"But, let's face it. I'm forty-five and not ashamed of it. I made my Met debut more than a dozen years ago, and I put in a lot of hard years, there and around the world. I feel the time has come to protect what I've got in here"—pointing to her throat—"and I'm not so greedy as to pile up everything I can get this year or next. I'd rather do what I can do *comfortably* for some years to come, set a goal each year of what I want to earn, which engagements give me the best balance of the kind of singing I want to do, and keep going that way for however long I can. Poor as I was when I started, I realize now I've gotten to the point where I know I will have a roof over my head, clothes to wear, and food to eat on what I have earned. Isn't that really what life is all about, anyway?"

But what about the people who have made an idol of her? Aren't they entitled to some consideration?

"I must say I never thought of myself in those terms," she answered. "When somebody sent me a clipping of an article you wrote along those lines a few years ago [it was spring '69, when it became known that the Met would see little of her for a year-and-a-half], I was surprised. Not that I am without ego. In fact, I will confess that to be accepted by an audience, to feel that you have made it with them again, is the most satisfying, fulfilling, unsurpassable experience I can think of—including being with a man. But those people will certainly be hearing me again. Right now, I feel it is the time, as the young people say, 'to get my head together.' Do you realize I know practically every Hilton hotel in this country, and what the room service is like in every one of them? But it was not until the last couple of years that I really lived in this house in New York, got reacquainted with friends I hadn't seen in years, could go out for dinner without watching my weight or the clock, or being on edge because I had a performance the next day.

"Now," she cautioned, alarmed at the possibility of being misunderstood, "I don't believe any singer is what might be termed 'normal'—anybody normal couldn't be a singer—but there are certain things in life you have to have, because without them you are so uptight and tense that all the joy is gone from performing. Why, a few years ago I couldn't have sat here talking with a critic, let alone talked about myself. I even used to assume that conductors knew more than I did. Now, I feel I have recaptured the joy of singing, the feeling that courses through your body

Leontyne Price at the Met
1961-1969 .....**118 performances**
1969-1970 .....**2 (*Aïda*)**
1970-1971 .....**0**
1971-1972 .....**4 (*Forza*, plus Bing gala)**
1972-1973 .....**0**

At right, "the Ethiopia bit."

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Miss Price as Cleopatra with (left to right) Franco Zeffirelli, Rudolf Bing, Samuel Barber, and Thomas Schippers—"the most grueling experience in my life."

when you know the tone is right and your whole being vibrates with it.

"And," she went on "in the whole ten years at the Met with Mr. Bing, do you realize I had only two new productions? According to what I have heard about other singers, I got along well enough with him. But all I got in new productions was one *Trovatore* and the opening *Antony and Cleopatra* by Sam Barber. I love *Aïda*, but I got fed up with what I call the Ethiopia bit. On the other hand, I also love *Forza*—I keep saying, 'Have pants, will travel'—but not many theaters want to do it."

"How about new roles," I queried, "such as Gluck's *Alceste*?"

Miss Price responded with a definite, negative shake of the head. "Not for me," she answered. "I don't get it with my antennae. But Mozart's Countess in *Figaro*, that's something else."

"It's second on my list of possibilities," I remarked.

"That gets my antennae," she agreed. "Beautiful music and a character I respond to. But most of all, I would like to do two Strauss roles: the Marschallin [in *Der Rosenkavalier*] and the Kaiserin [in *Die Frau ohne Schatten*]."

"Not too much orchestra between you and the audience?" I challenged.

"No, I don't think so. I have done Strauss's *Four Last Songs* and enjoyed that experience very much. I don't have the cutting edge to my voice to think of doing Salome or Elektra, but these other roles don't require it. As a matter of fact, all this talk about being out of opera so long has other reasons. When it came to 1972–73, the season now beginning, which Bing was planning many months ago, everybody knew there would be a new director for that season, eventually. I didn't want to be committed to working under conditions that couldn't be anticipated, so I held off. And eventually Gentele frankly said that he couldn't offer me anything but old roles in this first season anyway. But I will do the Ethiopian bit—an act of *Aïda*—for a benefit 'gala' in February '73, and he did, before that frightful accident, come up with a role I really love, for a new production in spring '74."

"That being . . . "?

"Donna Anna, in a new *Don Giovanni*, with Sherrill Milnes as the Don, Günther Rennert directing, and Karl Böhm conducting."

"How about Elisabetta in *Don Carlo*?" I queried. "That's a Verdi role you haven't done."

Another negative shake, if not quite so positive. "That's really Eboli's opera, isn't it?"

"Quite true. She does have the trump card of 'O don fatale' in the big scene in Act IV."

"All the way through," emphasized Miss Price. "But you will probably hear me singing it one of these years. I really love opera. I love it when it is at its best, with costumes, scenery, lighting, orchestra, dancing—it's the greatest of art forms. And when you have a performer like Maria Callas, it really can come alive. I learned a lot from her, both from her performances and when we finally met, about three years ago in Paris. For years her presence in the opera really gave everybody a lift, I feel. She made me want to go out and get on my toes to do a better performance. When we met and talked, she had a lot of things to say about what it means to have a career, and also *how* to have a career, that impressed me."

An hour and a quarter had passed, and the moment had come to give Miss Price time to prepare for her next appointment uptown. "That's all right," she said, with a gesture meaning don't go. "All I need is five minutes."

"Then I want to ask one more question, which you can answer or not, as you prefer. Was there any reason why you didn't take part in the Founding Artists' Series of benefit recitals at the Kennedy Center last fall?"

"Do you mean the ones for which George London was issuing invitations? I told him I had an engagement on the date he suggested. All my dates are on the books at Columbia Artists. Anybody can check it out."

"The way I got it—*not* from Mr. London—was that you had other reasons, perhaps political, for not accepting."

"Then the way you got it was a lie. I don't discuss my politics with anyone. That's my own business, and I keep it to myself. It's just like becoming involved with other public matters. Some people criticize me for not being 'militant,' or not being 'involved,' or whatever. Being black and accomplished, as I am proud to say I am, gets you invited to be with a lot of people who wouldn't pay you any attention otherwise. I don't go to cocktail parties or society meetings, where you 'get the word' and are supposed to take it back to the 'lowly ones' who look up to you. What I do for my own people, to whom I might be a token black, I do in my own way, on my own level."

"Please tell me what you mean by 'a token black.' It's a phrase that doesn't come quite clear to me."

"I mean," she responded, "one who is the token of what other people can do, or to whom they look for an example. I've been that for years, and I accept it as a responsibility in my own way."

"In other words," I suggested, "as a symbol?"

"Right."

"Then the whole Kennedy Center thing was misrepresented?"

"I never heard of it before, and I don't know who could have said it. Certainly I never had anything against any of the Kennedys. In fact, I would just like to say that John F. Kennedy was the greatest President in my lifetime. He said more that made sense than anybody else in the White House."

On the way out, with a reverse clanking of knobs, locks, and chains, Miss Price watched for a moment as I walked toward Varick Street and a cab. As I heard her calling: "How are you today?" I turned to see who she was greeting. "Fine," came the answer from a fatherly looking man on the loading dock of a business building across Vandam Street.

A music lover, or an opera devotee? Perhaps. But he obviously appreciated a good neighbor when he saw one. □

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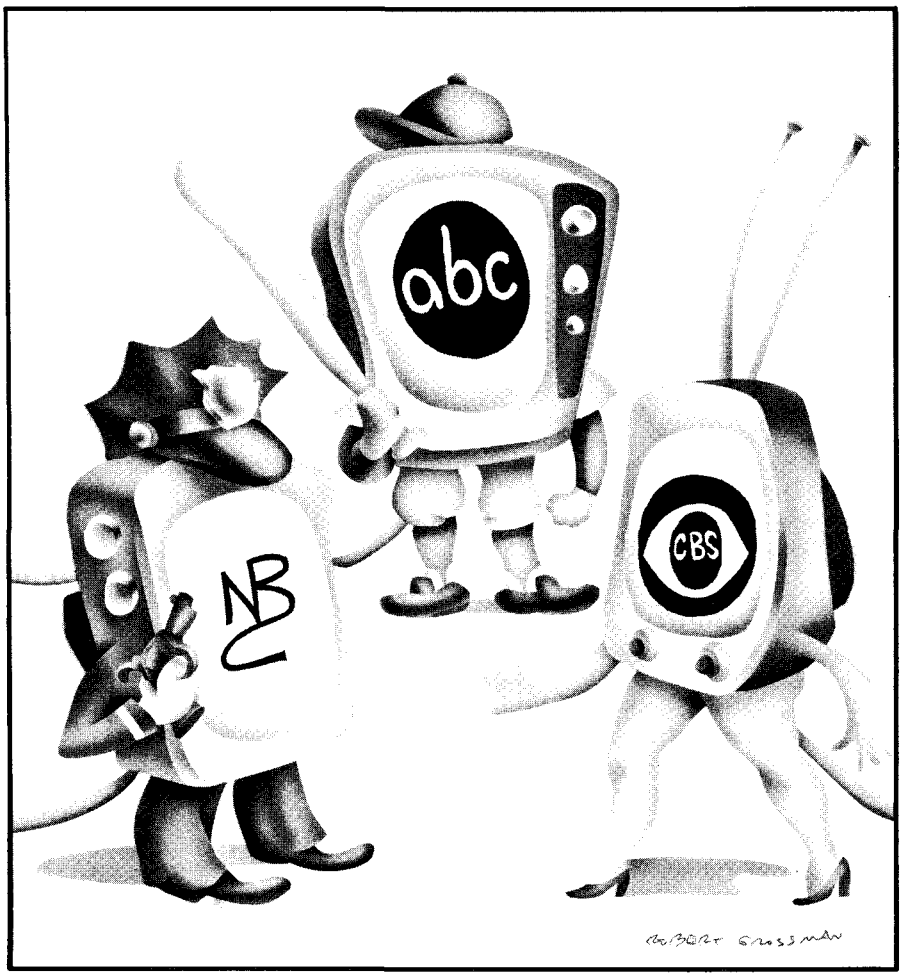
TV'S SEPTEMBER SONG

Publicity men are singing their hearts out over the new season. But, alas, it's the same old tune.

BY GARY DEEB



Something interesting happened to a television hero during premiere week last year. His hair didn't stay in place. Not only was Bill Conrad's receding hairline messed up but his face was smudged with dirt and he was sweating. When a pair of rodeo murderers stalked him with a shotgun, blasted holes in his windshield, and forced him to abandon his car on a sleepy country highway, Conrad didn't devise an ingenious method of disarming them. He just ran like hell.

So, for at least a few minutes during the first episode of *Cannon* on CBS, an audience saw the only realistic depiction of violence presented during last year's season. By the end of that episode, however, Conrad was bear hugging one of his adversaries to death and polishing off the other by pulling a beam that brought down half a barn on him. The real face of violence, ugly and frightening, had receded, and TV's standard portrayal of brutality as glamorous, exciting, sometimes "artistic," had once again taken its place.

This story is revealing in two respects. First, what may appear to be innovations in television programing almost never are. All advance publicity in the form of press releases, news conferences, and other "managed" fervor notwithstanding, television's "exciting new" gimmicks inevitably turn out to be illusion. Far from valuing innovation for art's sake (or for the viewer's), the three major commercial networks this season, as in all past ones, are playing to their basic strengths: CBS to its situation comedies and variety shows; NBC to its slick adventure melodramas (carried this season to a ludicrous extreme); and ABC to its TV movies and sports.

Second, despite the tremendous public pressure to delete or at least decrease violence on the screen, the networks are substituting new forms of violence for old. Shootings, stabbings, and fistfights, long the staples of television violence, are to be replaced with crazy-quilt auto chases that end in shattering collisions, earthquakes, explosions, floods, and fires of all shapes and sizes. And the frantic, driving, annoying sound-track music already out of hand on such shows as *Hawaii Five-O* will be faster, louder, and more annoying than ever before—a standing monument to the television axiom that viewers must be jolted to attention.

CBS promises far more sophistication in programing than its competitors do this year. Now this does not mean CBS is in any sense more "selfless" than its rivals or any more responsive to general demands for more quality programing. With their spectacularly successful *All in the Family*, however, CBS programing bosses are in the unique position of making good financial arguments for continuing sophisticated comedy to the network's top executives. ABC has come up with nothing even faintly resembling adult comedy, and NBC is sticking with *Sanford and Son* as its token contribution to semirealistic humor.

All summer CBS has, in effect, been offering the last rites for low-brow television comedy. Network executives have used such words as "adult," "controversial," "bold," "imaginative"; they're saying the coming season will be a major turning point for American television. But, while this talk is about 80 per cent public relations and 20 per cent wishful thinking, perhaps the network really is about to stop treating its viewers with contempt when it comes to comedy. To argue that the decision is self-interested, possible only because it will make money, does not change the fact.

The new CBS show with the best chance of raising controversy is *M*A*S*H**, an adaptation of the movie and the book of the same name.

Gary Deeb, the TV critic and daily columnist for the *Buffalo Evening News*, is a regular contributor to *Variety*.

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Of the major networks, only CBS has tried to reduce the amount of TV violence. NBC and ABC still deny that it was ever a problem.

"We're going to be as bawdy as we can," the show's head writer, Larry Gelbart, told me. "I think we're going to offend a lot of people, and I'd be very disappointed if we didn't because it would mean we played it safe." Such talk a couple of years ago would have ensured Gelbart's swift removal from the show, as well as a series of CBS corporate maneuvers designed to corral the program's exuberance. The memos would have started flying, writers would have been cautioned and/or fired, and the product would have become palatable only to "the little old lady in Iowa" about whom network executives usually have so much to say. But Gelbart is still in charge of the antiwar, antiauthoritarian vehicle, and the stars (Alan Alda, Wayne Rogers, McLean Stevenson, and Loretta Swit) are still high on the near-unanimous acclaim they got from those of us who watched the pilot.

Not all the stops are out, however, even on this program. The *M*A*S*H** bosses have deleted the operating room gore that dominated much of the screen version and have significantly altered the characters of Hawkeye and Trapper John. In the film both doctors were arrogant and somewhat thoughtless about the suffering around them. In this version, however, the characters are drawn so as to buff the gleaming image of TV doctors as dedicated and serious-minded professionals. Still, the dialogue is daring, and the suggestion of sex is never far away. In all it is a fast-moving, smartly photographed show that could be a success.

Another "new wave" situation comedy on CBS this fall will be *Maude*, a direct outgrowth of *All in the Family*. Beatrice Arthur, a fine stage actress who was all but unknown to TV's mass audience until her appearance last season in two *Family* episodes, plays the title role. It was her impact on those two shows as Archie's opposite, the knee-jerk liberal, that convinced CBS president, Bob Wood, and his programing head, Fred Silverman, to give her a series of her own.

But the CBS show that stands almost no chance of failure from the standpoint of ratings is *Bridget Loves Bernie*, described by one critic as "a nauseating combination of *Abie's Wild Irish Rose* and *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner*." It's a Jewish boy-marries-Catholic girl plot with David Birney and Meredith Baxter in the leads. The show's prospect for success depends less on its content than on its position in the schedule; it follows *All in the Family*, and thus is the recipient of the largest weekly lead-in audience in televsion history. And both competing networks are in the middle of sixty-minute shows when *Bridget* goes on the air. The show's hokey ethnic gags, however, are likely to offend many people. Example: When Bridget brings Bernie home to meet her devoutly Catholic Irish parents, she cautions her mother not to mention Bernie's religion. Mother says not to worry. Minutes later, as you knew it had to happen, she's asking, "Now, Bernie, would you like one or two lumps of sugar in your Jewish?" The writers will have to tread carefully around such antique lines or it will be *All in the Family's* ratings rather than earned affection that keep the show alive.

In addition to furthering the "sophistication" of their programing, CBS has taken definite steps to eliminate certain kinds of violence from its schedule. "All the violent 'teasers' that traditionally opened the action shows on our network are being eliminated," Wood announced this summer. "We've told the producers that we don't want to eliminate violence to the point where it becomes unreal. We've told them that a violent act in the true spirit of moving the story is obviously permissible. . . . We're just not going to permit violence that will leave us open to justifiable criticism."

Wood didn't mention them by name, but the CBS shows affected by the network policy are *Cannon, Hawaii Five-O, Gunsmoke, Mission: Impossible*, and *Mannix*, the last probably the most gratuitously violent piece of nonsense currently on television. Ivan Goff, producer of *Mannix*, is upset enough to use an incomprehensible analogy. "It's lousy," he rants. "We have been fighting this battle for five years. It's like the battle of the freeways; if you don't fight, you don't survive." Nevertheless, CBS has not only begun to restrain those shows now surviving solely on their violence quotient, but has also refused to add any new law-and-order crime shows to its season's schedule.

In sharp contrast is NBC, whose executives not only deny that violence has ever been emphasized on their network, but also have added a plethora of new crime shows to their list, so many that one newspaper critic told NBC's executive vice president, Herb Schlosser, that he hadn't seen so many detectives "since I got off the police beat." Schlosser smiled weakly.

But NBC, like the others, is only playing to its strongest suit. It has recently fared well with slick sixty- or ninety-minute adventure shows, and this year, it hopes, will be no exception. The NBC line-up of new sleuths includes George Peppard as a Polish-American bounty hunter (*Banacek*), James Farentino as a private eye who charges a $1-million fee (*Cool Million*), Richard Widmark as a New York police detective (*Madigan*), Hugh O'Brian, Doug McClure, and Tony Franciosa as globe-trotting, technologically oriented insurance investigators (*Search*), Robert Forster as a 1930s era LA cop (*Banyon*), and Richard Boone as an early twentieth-century Western lawman (*Hec Ramsey*). The press-release descriptions of the new crime busters are at once revealing and hilarious. Peppard "has seen most of the world, done his share of brawling and loving, and is capable of handling most situations." Forster is "tough, cynical, relentless, and incorruptible. He's a bad man to cross, but a good man to know. . . ." Farentino is "as much in demand for parties and weekends as for professional assignments . . . emotionally involved with every man, woman, and adventure he meets."

By the time you recover from the public relations hyperbole, you have realized that NBC is trying to push its new detective shows away from the purely right-versus-wrong formula and into the development of personalities, a lesson learned from the success of *Columbo*, last season's hit with Peter Falk. Instead of merely letting Columbo's appeal rest on his virtue, the producers highlighted his eccentricities—a sloppy, seemingly befuddled detective who ended up solving the crime with well-camouflaged intelligence. Columbo was a hero with serious, everyday flaws. He never saw his wife. He had a diction problem. He slouched around in a gravy-stained trench coat and a rumpled suit, always pursued by a trail of cigar ashes. In short, he was easy to like. The new NBC heroes follow in Columbo's footsteps in so far as they are personalities rather than simple, nondescript forces for good, but they differ in one very important way: None of them is likable. The new NBC crime stoppers seem to be a bunch of self-centered, lady-killing louts, very much in the James Bond tradition. It will be interesting to see if the American audience will embrace them. Last year's season was somewhat rough on NBC's ratings, and, if the viewing millions get fed up with NBC's new crime shows, they could hurt that network quite badly.

ABC hasn't put quite so many eggs in one basket. This season ABC will premiere about a fifty-fifty split between detective shows and comedy or variety series. Known for their success with

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"pulp fiction" shows, particularly those appealing to young people, ABC has renewed such series as *The Mod Squad*, *The Brady Bunch*, *The Partridge Family*, and *Room 222* and has added a detective show for young people called *The Rookies*, a sort of *Mod Squad* in uniform. They've also started a rotating series of three shows called *The Men*, which deals with worldwide crime; Laurence Luckinbill stars in *The Delphi Bureau*, Robert Conrad in *Assignment: Vienna*, and James Wainwright in *Jigsaw*. Probably the most action-oriented of the new ABC shows will be *The Streets of San Francisco*, with Karl Malden and Michael Douglas as a pair of Bay City police investigators. It is produced by Quinn Martin, known by many as the father of TV violence and producer of *The FBI*, the eight-year-old ABC weekly that has become the most effective weapon in the FBI's impressive propaganda arsenal. Still, ABC seems unflustered about the antiviolence movement; they've passed on to their producers the responsibility for restraining violence, and they, like NBC, don't seem yet to believe it was ever a real problem.

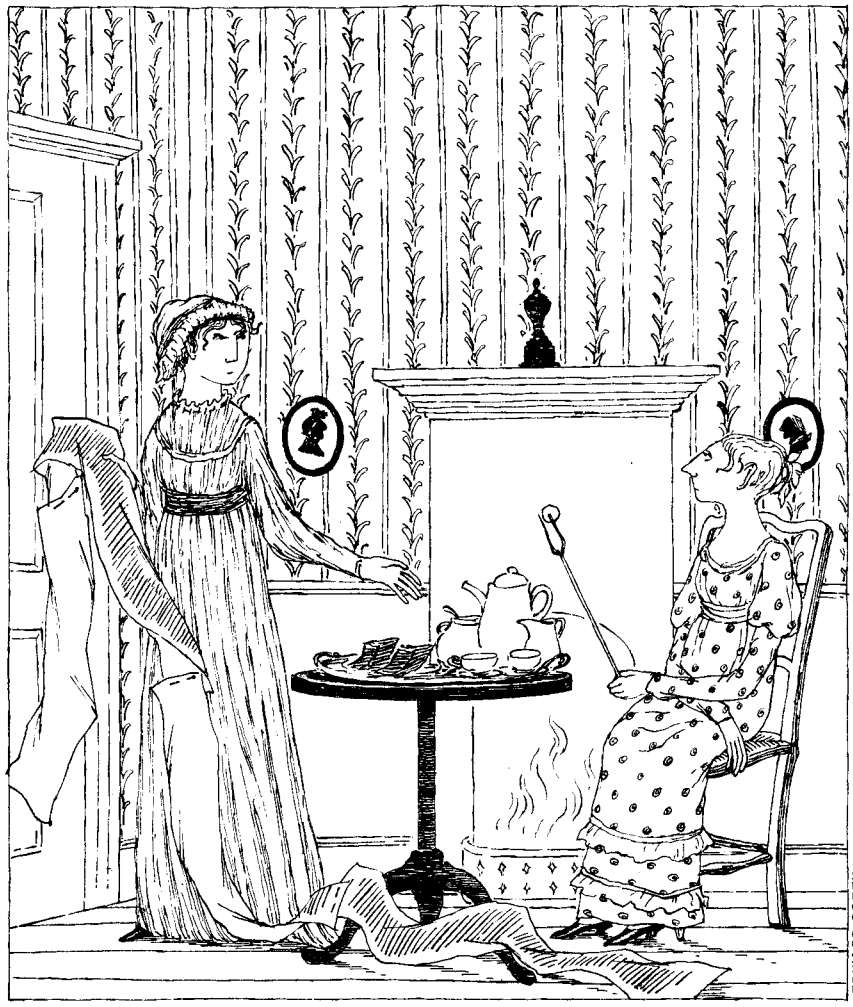
ABC won't be breaking any new ground with their comedy and variety shows this season. The network has always been weak in varieties; they just haven't the stars that the other networks, particularly NBC, have. So they, like the others, will be playing old familiars in prime time—the sixty- and ninety-minute TV movies and sports. These will decide the success of the season for ABC.

In short, there is really no "exciting new" show of substance on commercial television this year, at least not in the prime-time regular programing slots. There will be occasional cultural specials such as Joseph Papp's productions for CBS. But those, executives say with chagrin, will lose money as they always have.

What can we really expect? Television, though not particularly limited in its technology, is limited in that it will not take commercial risks. A finely wrought, undemeaning program must be proven a financial boon before it will be allowed on the air; yet there is no way to prove that a program will make money until it is aired. It is a vicious circle, particularly vicious since it involves so many millions of people in so intimate a way.

Many say that television is a reflection of America's real mentality. I'd prefer not to hold that dire view. It seems to me more reflective of the peculiar psychology of crowds, in which people often act as a wavelike mass rather than as erect and responsible individuals. At least that's a somewhat more generous point of view. We can't really be that stupid, can we? □

INSTANT LIVES BY HOWARD MOSS



JANE AUSTEN

"Jane, your hair is awfully dry tonight," said Jane Austen's sister, as she toasted a marshmallow over the grate. Evening like an overturned fish bowl was falling over Sussex. The fire rose up in the mantle, like a gentleman. As malleable as she was limber, Malaprop, the maid, entered with the tea tray, curtsied, the tray carefully balanced in her hands, and paused. "Rise up," said Jane, tossing aside a galley of *Sense and Sensibility*. Outside, it was 1811.

"Another clever novel, Miss?" asked Malaprop. She eyed the dowdy pastries with a sickened eye. How *could* they?

"Cleverer by far than Cook," said Jane, with asperity. She detested pastry, even when it was first-rate, an encomium that could hardly be applied to the *mille feuilles*, whose layers sagged one against the other, like a ruined house played by wet wind. The inanity of custard!

"If you got more royalties—" her sister started up to say, and then bit her lip. "Not that I'm complaining," she added. "I'm in no position to complain."

"You have gauged your position precisely," Jane replied to her sister. "Though the accuracy of your assessment hardly acts as a restraining force."

"You're so wordy, Jane," said her sister. "No wonder you have trouble with men."

Smugness aside, the derogation the remark conveyed was not lost, of course, on Jane.

"Cassandra, dear," she said. "Why don't *you* polish off these mephitic sweetmeats—it would only make your figure the more bizarre. I have a deadline to meet, you know." And with that, Jane swept out of the room, the galleys trailing behind her like a bridal train devised by a *couturier* impaled upon typography.

But, in Life, there would be no bridal train for Jane Austen. □

Howard Moss, poetry editor of *The New Yorker*, won this year's National Book Award for his *Selected Poems*.

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AN INTERVIEW BY DIANE MIDDLEBROOK

David Henderson's Holy Mission

A poet talks about breaking the isolation of superwhite and superblack artists, and moving on to "the multiculture."

The early Sixties, for many Americans, was the period of the Beat Generation. Thinking back on its writers, most Americans remember the names of white men who gathered, however briefly, in San Francisco: Jack Kerouac, Allen Ginsberg, William Burroughs, Rexroth, Ferlinghetti. But at the same time on the Lower East Side of Manhattan, a large, diverse group of bohemian blacks was at work rediscovering their ancestors and writing the texts of black consciousness: Le Roi Jones (Imamu Baraka), Bob Kaufman, Ted Joans, David Henderson. . . .

Diane Middlebrook, who is an assistant professor of English at Stanford University, is finishing a book about Walt Whitman and Wallace Stevens.

Today the literature of the Beat Movement and of black America are staples of university curriculums, and the frontiers are elsewhere—at least for David Henderson. He now lives in Berkeley, California. The baby daughter with her head on his shoulder and the apartment cluttered with music, books, and manuscripts in various stages of completion are the visible emblems of David Henderson's unsecluded futurism. The future is a theme, and even more, an energy, both in David Henderson's poems and in what he has to say informally about the role of black poetry in American culture.

Diane Middlebrook: Since all your poetry is so distinctively urban, why did you call your first book "Felix of the Silent Forest"?
David Henderson: Well, Felix is a black cat, the God of Mirth, a happy-go-lucky fellow—right? A mythical character who runs across the horizon at the full of the moon. I wanted a name out of our contemporary mythologies, on the understanding that they incarnate types from the older mythologies. "Felix" has the same meaning as *"felicidad,"*—happiness; and I was thinking of the relationship of a black cat, or a god of mirth, to a forest like the ones around Big Sur. The trees are very high, and the light filters down from a tremendous height. You can just see a shaft of light coming down. The birds sing way up in the tops of the trees. The book is about living in darkness, living in a dark city, living in blackness, or living in a particular kind of intensity. New York is very vertical. The forest is a natural environment, but buildings make a natural environment, too, because there are people inside them and because people built them. And, of course, Felix is a persona.

In one of the poems in "De Mayor of Harlem" you wrote, "from harlem to lower east side/the space/of a nation"; do you consider New York City another country, a separate nation? Yes. Manhattan Island just kind of dangles out there in the Atlantic, looking as if it could sail itself right out into the Hudson River and go back to Europe—or Africa. I often used to fantasize, looking across the Hudson, that I was seeing where America proper began; the whole mass is America, and Manhattan is separate. But what I meant in that

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line is that old America's karma is right there in New York City; George Washington was inaugurated on Wall Street, and some of the biggest battles for America were fought in Harlem. A lot of black people were in those wars, by the way—the battle of Harlem Heights was dedicated to the black soldiers who died right where Columbia University is now. In *Felix* I wrote mainly about Harlem, but I wondered, "Am I in the wrong slum?" In *De Mayor* the question is resolved: Harlem to Lower East Side—space of a nation. I make my poems out of two worlds: black nationalist Harlem and the multicultural Lower East Side—the East Village, a mixed bohemia.

A striking feature of your imagery is the clarity of the cityscape—it's as full of real places and workers as, say, Whitman's. And the cities are his cities, too: Manhattan and New Orleans. So I'm surprised to be meeting up with you in Berkeley. Berkeley is like the Lower East Side, except the buildings aren't so dilapidated, and the place isn't so crowded. But the people are as beautiful as in New York. There's a beautiful Third World thing happening here that involves Asians, Chicanos, blacks, South Americans. That takes the weight off blacks being Jesus, too. Back East, black people constantly have to take the lead to achieve any social progress. Here the work is more spread around.

And anyway, I really relate to peninsulas. Like the peninsula of New York, all the way down to Washington and up to Boston—the whole symbolic territory. And the peninsula of New Orleans, with the shores of Lake Pontchartrain and the shores of the Mississippi and the Gulf of Mexico, which was the gateway to America for a lot of people: for the French and the Spanish and the blacks of Haiti and Santo Domingo. Now, the West Coast peninsula stretches all the way from the Bay Area to LA, and gives you a lot to go through.

In Berkeley are you associated with the university? I was. I came out here to teach in the English department at Cal; then I taught in the black studies department; and then I quit, which I had intended to do after leaving the English department. It's no place for me. As far as I'm concerned, the universities are as conservative as the arms of government that make foreign policy, as the economic people who make fiscal policy, and as the people who cause eco-catastrophe. And the reason I feel that way is that there's a tremendous adherence at Cal, especially in the English department, to the idea of the universality of the white mind, as if the white mind knows all there is to know and all the approaches to gathering what it's necessary to know. I used to think that, since the university is used for social progress among the more affluent people in America, the resources of the university could also be used for social progress among the black and Third World people of America. I took a good look because I considered myself to be in the role of an Argus, gaining experience for the people and reporting back. I found that the university is just too much a part of the social fabric of the country. It denies black people their ethnicity in approaching wisdom their own way; it denies ethnicity to all people who are not in the ruling class. And the kind of oath taking the university requires is akin to the oath taking that's necessary to be a member of the Judaeo–Christian church—or to get a bank loan. I got out of the university because my own nourishment and dedication to poetry suffered there. It's important for me to be where I can feel the totality of life, feel the beauty, and be part of the multiculture. The Bay Area has that. There's Latin music, there's rhythm and blues, there's bluegrass, there's jazz—Third World communications!

Is it possible to describe "jazz poetry" as a distinct type of black poetry? Jazz for black people is a philosophy of life. It has rhythm, verve, sensuality—as opposed to symphonic music, which is static, Victorian. Jazz is more human, more earthy, than symphonic music, even in the titles of the songs—more anthropomorphic, as university people would say. People are in jazz. Jazz poetry is the language of the man of the moment; it's improvised, it's street language—the language people use with each other. You know, the African "talking drums"—the basis of jazz—were one of the world's first mass communications systems. People understood the meaning through the timbre of the drums, the duration of drumming, the rhythms played; they related to those rhythms in a unified way. Response to rhythms became part of the cell-consciousness of black people. They even transmitted their history through the dance—not writing it down, but placing it in the cell-consciousness. It's possible for a black person to receive through the DNA dance the intuition of who he is, and of what is possible. And jazz language has now become the language of the youth culture in our own country. The whole youth culture thing is an affirmation of the multiculture: everybody using everybody else's stuff. Roszak and all those dudes who are talking about counterculture as being all white are full of shit. Of course, Roszak wrote a beautiful book about technocracy, but he doesn't have his stuff together about the culture he says is counter. The youth culture is multicultural, cross-pollinating. But most white scholars and artists don't know anything about the multiculture because they've only been exposed to white-mind propaganda in colleges and other ruling-class tax shelters. Yet right here in the Bay Area you can see the tremendous mergings of cultures among the youth. Latin musicians play rock and soul, whites can duplicate Motown standards, blacks trip between rock and Afro-Cuban, with jazz and blues forming the bedrock holding all the different elements together. It's a realm of its own, the realm where people from various cultures get together and have a very nice time. It's a realm beyond race consciousness—I think it's a higher form of consciousness, of spirituality.

What do you think the political implications of this new spirituality might be? In my opinion, two of the so-called great "liberal" causes of the day—ecology and population control—are actually weird semantics for conservative approaches to the problems of worldwide hunger and a runaway American military-industrial complex. For instance, the Sierra Club doesn't deal with the real ecological problems of justice for the Indians of America—protection of their land, citizenship, rights to life and liberty. The same for Chicanos, Asians, blacks, and poor whites. What amazes me about the general ecological argument is that the white mind actually believes it can control and even destroy nature—from wildlife to people's lives. Ecology cannot simply be a concern for preserving parks and wildlife. Because ecology is a love of people, the highest form of nature. Similarly, the Rockefeller Commission's weird statistics on population control seem to me to be attempts to control the lives of blacks and the Third World population. I cannot sympathize with the superrich wanting to keep their fortunes by balancing the world's books in their own favor.

I've been told that you are currently putting together an anthology of black avant-garde—as opposed to black nationalist—poetry. What is the distinction? Nationalism is the awareness of a basic unity among all black folk. Blacks came to America from many tribes and from many different regions of Africa, and those blood ties are important. But in America blacks achieved a cultural unity they didn't have in Africa, and descendants of all tribes can recognize this unity. But I hold that black consciousness shouldn't end there. Nationalism is the

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base, the roots; black avant-gardism is the flower, so to speak. Although nationalism is a nineteenth-century concept, it has been necessary for blacks to develop it in order to counter the rampant nationalism of the white mind. I grew up in Harlem as a black nationalist. In the *Umbra* workshop on the Lower East Side in the early Sixties, we established a basic ideal of black consciousness—though no one person's ideal dominated. But I don't think we should stop with nationalism. There is such a powerful spectrum in black art and thought that I don't think it should be tied down by racial ideology and politics. The avant-garde element in black art is an outgrowth of nationalism and involves poets as different as Cecil Brown, Ted Joans, Calvin Hernton, Quincy Troupe, Lennox Raphael, Steve Cannon, Ishmael Reed, Al Young, Mike Harper, N. H. Pritchard, Clarence Major, Larry Neal, Imamu Baraka—Joe Overstreet, the late William White, or Bob Thompson in painting, Ornette Coleman, Archie Shepp, and Sun-Ra in the new jazz, and many others. We're talking here about a diversity: a reliance on intuitions and personal mythologies, as opposed to scriptures and ideologies.

Black avant-garde art seeks a wider audience, then, than black nationalist art? The whole reason I did this anthology was a belief that both superwhite and superblack artists and intellectuals are too isolated. Take the universities. The English department at Cal makes everybody learn the minuet; cultural racism blinds them to what students need to read and know in order to work in the contemporary world. Or take the opposition to the Vietnam War. American liberals like Noam Chomsky make pious pronouncements; Allen Ginsberg and Robert Lowell make such pious pronouncements. But black people here are starved, maimed, and killed all the time, physically and culturally, and the white artists and intellectuals don't have anything to say—aren't even informed. Instead of just pulling out of Vietnam, why not have the troops go and liberate South Africa and fight a war that is morally justified? Many black nationalists hate Whitey so much that they are unable to do anything concrete for their people. I believe black artists can display a sense of unity, of participation in the multiculture, that can serve as an example to others in the community.

Black is universal. I include in this category Puerto Ricans like the poets Victor Hernandez Cruz, Felipe Luciano, and Pedro Petri; and Third World poets such as Roberto Vargas and Fernando Alegria; and white people who've chosen to be "black" in this sense—throughout my life I've known white people who pay homage to the Transatlantic Black Spirit and its music. All who believe in the multiculture.

I wrote in "Pentacostal Sunday: A Song of Power":

(it aint the father
it aint the son
its the holy ghost
yall)

The father and the son are the East and the West, or what has been known so far. Now we have emerging a third element: the Third World, the Third Eye. And that element is the holy ghost. It's living right now in the people's culture. I know I'm part of it: a *Griot*, the traditional African storyteller. And it's my purpose to bring the ancient spirit into this contemporary world. □

THE MEXICO CITY SUBWAY INAUGURAL (CIRCA 1969)

For Bertha Zapata

something did not tell me
tabletas in the toilet
thru the streets of maize
goes green grass gold everyway
sun god in the afternoon
runs with traffic I do not know
sulfate in the blood
driving the muscles of the head
thru fields of maize
the fall of rains
on the highway grass

in the católico hotel
who could isabel tell
of the conquistadores?

muy macho on the screen
tvs face each other
both ends of the fluorescent room
white with ripe fruit
at midnight
we watch the boy and the girl
at both ends of the periphery . . .
he wins the girl

the aztecan cable car
claps thru the hot mist
going toward yet another zocalo
old mexico on the tracks

the indian woman
brown and low
whose language got caught
in some divination
whose profits read the cards
and make the lottery
about a certain cargo coming
from
coming
from far away
coming . . .
los indios woman
whose people walk in a solar daze
comic books instead of aztecan script
porky pig even mickey mouse (the god
of mirth)
to eat between a pat of dead corn
the conquistador owns
the chicken shop
talkin bad about gringoes

los indios girl in the middle of the
streets
blocking voluminous traffic child in
arms
begging for money amid blaring
horns/ glass & plastic
begging
in the midst of the old city of the hemisphere
a glass of water
Por Favor

along the edge of the land and another
states of concern
spider web an arena
what is the common populace
the minds of the air
the sound waves and the voices in the
streets
would we look for scattered blood
behind the trains of policia?

and then people float by
piled upon a trolley car
sticking out and hanging on
they make you laugh
as they mingle with the objects on your
café table
dos équis the traffic like a movie
myriad faces
you would never see that way
again

i did not speak to you at first
for when i saw you riding toward me
in the distance
i saw a bright band hovering about
your head
it looked like a halo
and i was afraid

Mexico City/ Agosto/ 1969

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HARLEM ANTHROPOLOGY

For the late Zora Neale Hurston

harlem you got some big legs!
some would call you a mystery
of dark peoples
living lost in time /absent
some say
you would go with anyone
for a good time
(thats what othello said)
some say you are a violent
motherfucker
like to cut with razors
like to splash with lye
some
anthropologist say
that the razor scars so often found
on harlem citizens
are reminiscent of their tribal heritage
where decorative marks on the body
were signs of beauty

From *De Mayor of Harlem*, Copyright © 1970, 1969, 1967, 1965 by David Henderson. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc.

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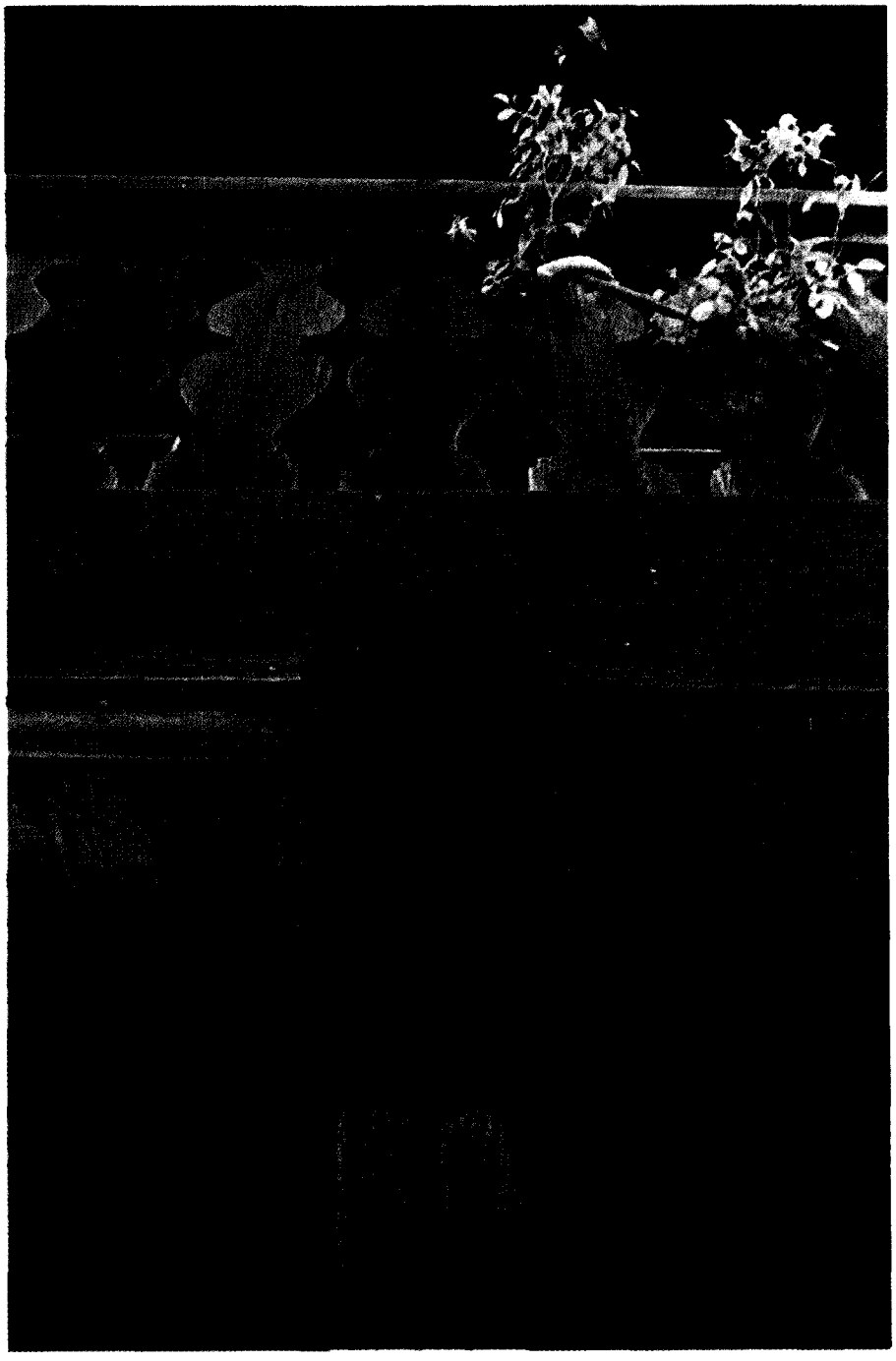
San Francisco's Shingle-Style Architects:

FITTING A HOUSE TO THE LAND

Practical visionaries around San Francisco Bay designed buildings almost 100 years ago that could serve as blueprints for tomorrow—if they are not destroyed today.

BY LESLIE MANDELSON FREUDENHEIM AND ELISABETH SUSSMAN



"A house of natural materials repeats the color of the rocks . . . absorbs the light . . . hides among the greens and browns of the background and is finished for all time." Is this a modern environmentalist describing the ideal house of the future? Or perhaps an expression of Frank Lloyd Wright's theory of "organic architecture," which held that a building should appear to be part of the landscape?

Neither. It's the philosophy of Bernard Maybeck, one of a band of men and women who developed a unique style of architecture in San Francisco almost a century ago—a style that anticipated the concern of today's architects for clean lines, forms that are functional rather than decorative, and respect for the environment.

The San Francisco Bay Region, and especially the Berkeley Hills, has long owed much of its charm to the indigenous architecture, which might be called the "simple shingle style." But the prototype of this style, a house built in 1878, was recently demolished to make way for a high-rise apartment building, and the future of many other shingle-style structures is uncertain.

In today's cities preservation is more a platitude than a practice. Everyone thinks it would be nice to save old neighborhoods, but historic houses and churches are seldom preserved once they have outlived their "usefulness." The remaining examples of shingle-style architecture in the Bay Region could serve as three-dimensional blueprints for the dwellings of tomorrow

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Leslie Mandelson Freudenheim and Elisabeth Sussman recently completed a book on the Bay Region shingle style, which Peregrine will publish next spring. They also organized and wrote the text for a show of photographs by Ambur Hiken, "The Roots of the Bay Region Shingle Style," which will tour the United States late this winter or in early spring under the auspices of SITES, the Smithsonian Institution Traveling Exhibition Service.

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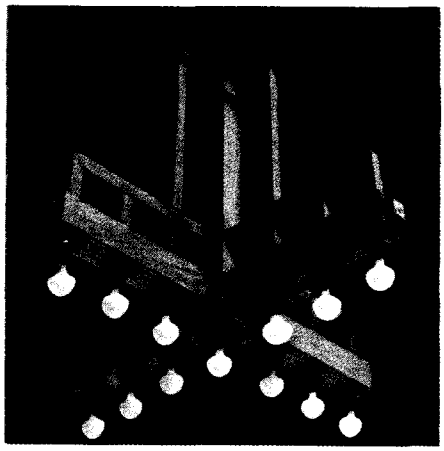
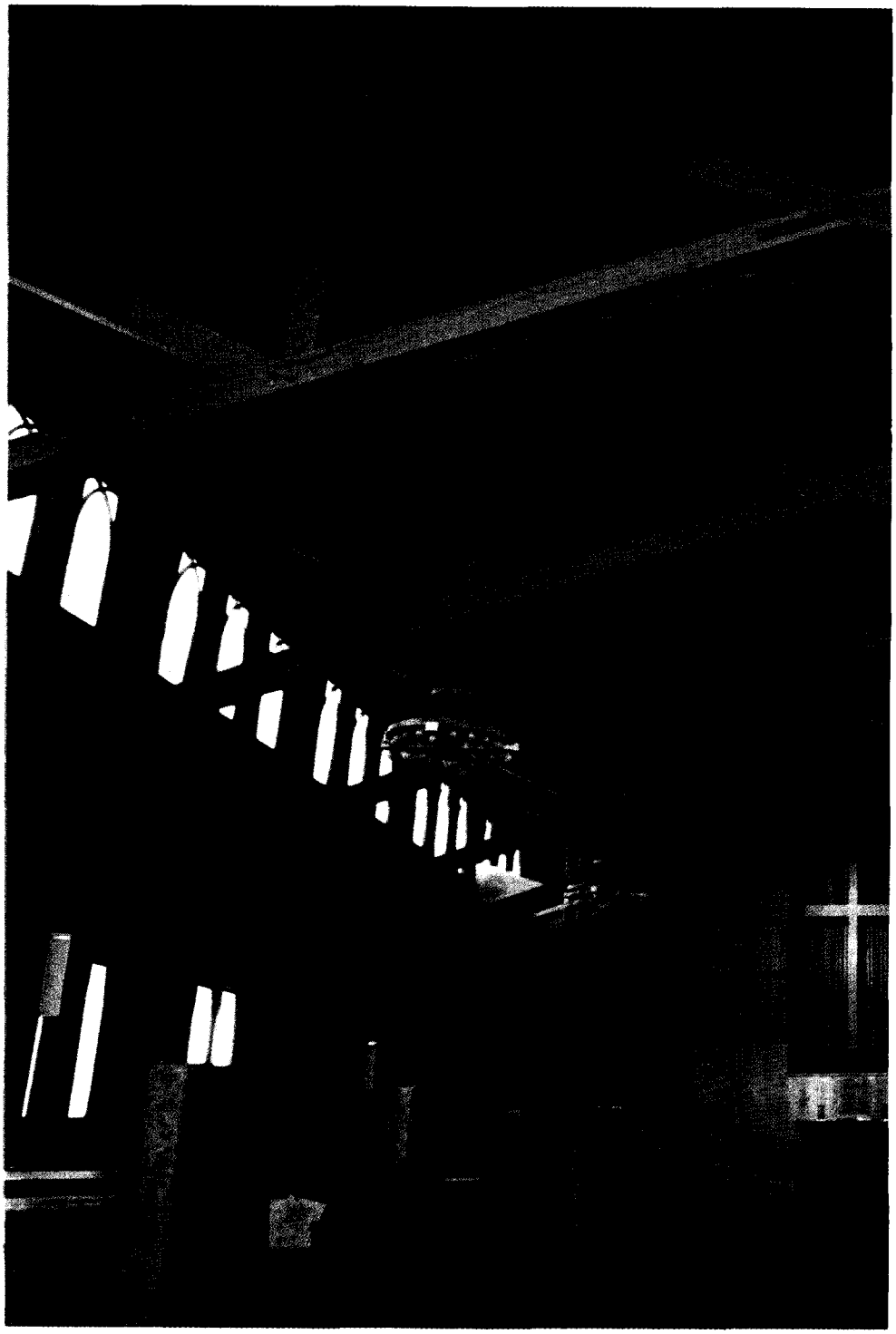
—housing simple in design, human in scale, respectful of function, and sympathetic to natural settings—if they can be preserved.

Amid the confusion and vulgarity of American architecture after the Civil War, Maybeck demonstrated a remarkable originality and integrity of vision. He and a handful of other newcomers to the West felt that California offered a chance to break ties with the past and to devise an architecture that harmonized with their new, casual lifestyle and with the beautiful building materials at hand. As a consequence, Maybeck built houses of refreshing, uncluttered design clothed with shingles of cedar and redwood from the large forests north and south of the Bay Region. These shingles, left unpainted and unfinished, quickly aged to warm shades of brown. And they were easily obtained at very little expense. The simple shingle style was both attractive and practical.

It was also shocking to less adventurous San Franciscans. One of Maybeck's contemporaries described the local reaction to the architect's Town and Gown Club, a building notable for its extraordinary simplicity: "The Clubhouse is attracting much attention on account of its peculiar oddity and eccentricity of design. The building," he added, was "a radical departure from the conventional almost bordering upon the freakish."





Unpainted rafters, naked light bulbs, rough-hewn logs—all made the new churches seem shockingly innovative.

The interior of Julia Morgan's St. John's Presbyterian Church in Berkeley (above) is graced by lighting fixtures of unadorned bulbs set into wooden blocks. A similar lamp is shown above, left. Fixtures in the nave are suspended from smooth-planed redwood rafters. By contrast, the supports in Joseph Worcester's Swedenborgian Church (left) are tree trunks with their natural bark left intact.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHAEL ALEXANDER

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What most San Franciscans (and most Americans) prized was revivalism, a grab bag of styles from every period; as the *San Francisco Evening Bulletin* boasted in 1882, "We doubt if in any part of the civilized world, unless it be in China, or the Eastern Continent, the common term 'gingerbread' can oftener be applied." These highly-admired "fanciful bird-cage imaginations" could be overwhelmingly busy. The most modest of houses presented a dizzying facade of wooden cutouts that rivaled illustrations from a children's book of fairy tales. The Greek Revival, the Queen Anne, the Neo-Colonial styles were all represented—sometimes in the same building. Endless ornamentation dominated public edifices as well.

Before the shingle style, native California redwood was often used to build these gingerbread houses, but it was *never* (except in rural barns, temporary mining shacks, and servants' quarters in the city) left exposed; it was always painted and animated with all manner of machine-carved wooden decoration.

The shingle style was a sensible alternative to such extravagant architectural expression. The man who gave impetus to the new style was Joseph Worcester, a Swedenborgian minister who came to the Bay area from Boston in 1866. Worcester was not a trained architect, but he had been interested in building since his adolescence. In California this interest, inspired by a reverential attitude toward the landscape, expressed itself in a one-story cottage Worcester designed for himself and built in the Piedmont hills near Berkeley. Completed in 1878, the building was faced with redwood shingles, and its interior was fashioned of redwood boards; most significantly, all the wood was unpainted.

Worcester's cottage was so admired that in 1887 he decided to construct an unpainted shingle structure on San Francisco's Russian Hill; he recognized that his innovative style could bring the peaceful quality of rural life right

A.C. Schweinfurth's First Unitarian Church in Berkeley is now owned by the University of California, which uses it for dance classes. Its protruding beams and unfinished columns (left) exemplify the Japanese influence on shingle-style buildings.

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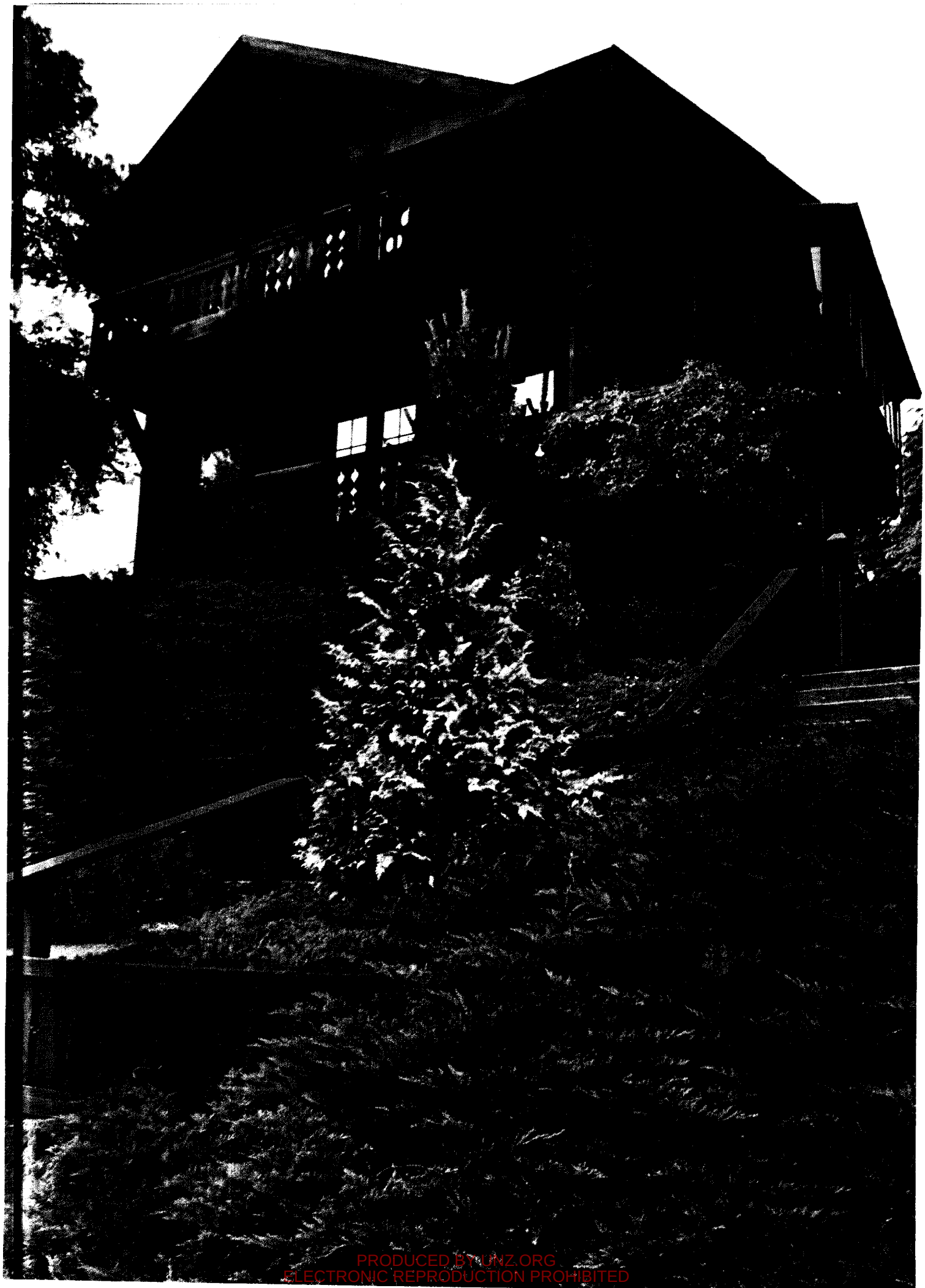

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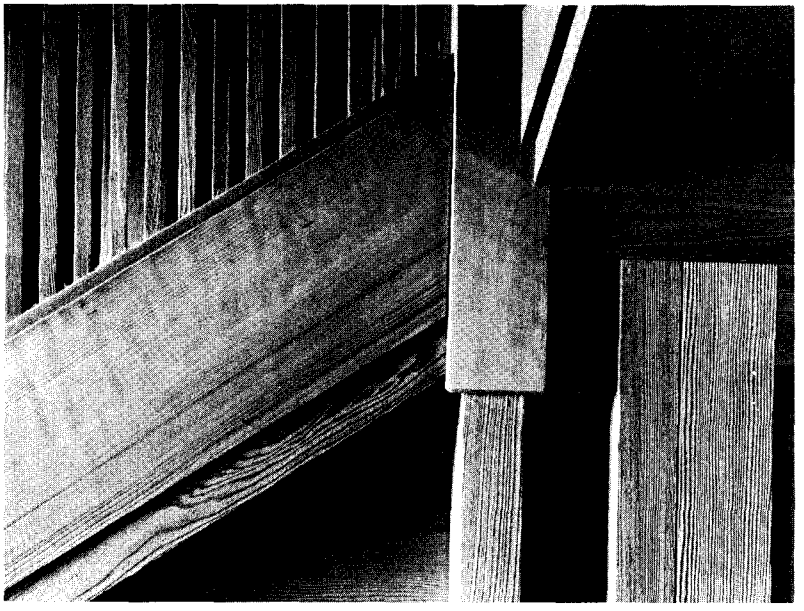
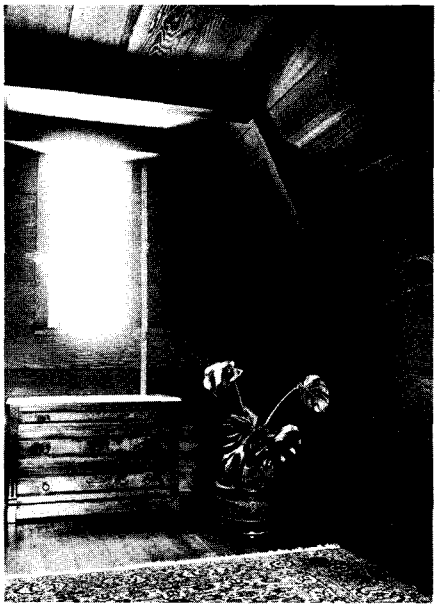
Bernard Maybeck planned his houses to fit in with the terrain—and even to echo its contours.

into the heart of the city. So successful was the urban dwelling that three of his neighbors decided to build similar structures and to design them so that they harmonized with his own.

If Worcester was the prime mover behind the Bay shingle style, then Bernard Maybeck was its chief exponent and most famous figure. In 1894 the two collaborated on the construction of the Swedenborgian church in San Francisco—Worcester's home church. The interior is particularly striking, because it looks so much more like a house than a place of worship. At one end of the nave is a fireplace, flanked by built-in benches. The "pews" are handmade maple chairs, and Japanese tatami mats covered the floor—and still do. Soaring over this peculiarly

"principle was that whatever was of structural importance should be emphasized as a feature of ornament. He called attention to the fact that in the old Gothic cathedrals, the rafters which upheld the pointed arches, the succession of pillars which gave strength to the walls, the flying buttresses that helped to hold them firm, were all necessary to the solidity and stability of the building. The repetition of exposed columns and rafters were like the beats in music or the metrical emphasis that gives accents to poetry. That is why Ruskin speaks of architecture as frozen music. But a room with smooth plastered walls creates no sense of rhythm, and its machine-stamped wallpaper is applied to relieve the bareness of its box-like effect."





Seeming to grow out of a luxuriant landscaped hill, the Schneider house in Berkeley (left) glows with the soft warmth of weathered redwood. Built in 1907 by Bernard Maybeck, the house sports a balcony inspired by the design of Swiss chalets. In 1902 Maybeck constructed a studio for his friend Charles Keeler; the interior (above) reveals Maybeck's respect for simplicity.

domestic interior are madrone tree trunks—left in their natural state with the bark on—that support the roof. Happily, the building can still be seen in its original state.

Perhaps the shingle style came naturally to Maybeck. His father was a German woodcarver, and as a boy in New York young Maybeck had served as an apprentice furniture designer. Although he was weaned away from woodworking when he studied at the Ecole des Beaux Arts—the Paris citadel of conventional architecture—Maybeck must have taken an instant delight in Worcester's designs. They embodied the best of both disciplines: sound architectural principles and respect for the inherent quality of wood itself.

While completing the Swedenborgian church, Maybeck began to build his own houses. At this time he met the perfect student and client, Charles Keeler, a young poet and naturalist. The Keeler House (1895) is really the first full statement of Maybeck's rich and uniquely personal style. According to the devoted Keeler, Maybeck's

Keeler's reference to John Ruskin is significant. The great mid-nineteenth-century English critic had cast a spell over the experimental architects of the Bay Region. They were profoundly impressed by Ruskin's belief that art reflects the moral health of a society and particularly by his notion that machines were alienating the worker from his craft. This alienation, Ruskin held, was producing sick souls and hideous designs. The only way to cure the disease and reinstate high esthetic standards was to return to the fine craftsmanship of pre-industrial times. Keeler and other Ruskin enthusiasts founded the Hillside Club in 1898 to promote craftsmanship and to further the cause of an architecture harmonious with its environment. The club encouraged home-builders to design artistic, simple houses furnished with handmade objects and to plan their houses with the existing trees, flowers, and terrain in mind.

Their pamphlets have a distinctively modern ring: "The few native trees that have survived centuries of fire and

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flood lived because they had chosen the best places. They should be jealously preserved. Bend the road, divide the lots, place the houses to accommodate them." Leaflets were sent to chambers of commerce and to improvement associations throughout California, stimulating a vogue for houses in the simple shingle style.

As the popularity of this style grew, the original small circle of architects expanded, and major public buildings as well as private houses were constructed throughout the Bay Region. John Galen Howard is best known for the neo-classical buildings on the university campus at Berkeley, but he also designed several houses in the simple shingle style. Julia Morgan worked with Howard as well as with Maybeck and ultimately became a much more successful architect than either of them. It was she who built William Randolph Hearst's palatial residence at San Simeon—the diametric opposite of anything simple or shingled. But she also created many buildings in the tradition of Worcester and Maybeck.

Most of her distinctive shingle structures have been disfigured by paint or destroyed by fire. But her masterpiece remains standing in its pure state. St. John's Presbyterian Church in Berkeley, much like the Swedenborgian church, is hardly recognizable as a place of worship. Its portico looks like a covered porch; its light fixtures are repeated vertical and horizontal wooden blocks with unadorned lightbulbs screwed into them. But whereas the knotted trunks of the Swedenborgian church suggested the imperfections and irregularities of nature, a somewhat different esthetic characterizes St. John's. The redwood planks are smooth-planed and bolted conspicuously in metal. Morgan eliminated the usual embellishments of church architecture—carved capitals, painted friezes, mosaics—and drew attention to the exposed structure itself.

The architectural style devised by Worcester and perfected by Maybeck, Julia Morgan, A.C. Schweinfurth, Ernest Coxhead, Willis Polk, and many others did not, of course, lack antecedents. No visual style is ever utterly original, in the sense that it owes nothing to earlier examples, and the Bay Region shingle style brought together elements from many diverse and colorful traditions. One of the dominant influences on the new architecture was the East Coast version of the shingle style, which had produced many spacious suburban houses for the wealthy as well as large, rambling hotels and casinos in the most fashionable summer resorts. But the Eastern version, as Vincent Scully points out in his book, *The Shingle Style and the Stick Style*, comprised "a country and suburban architecture and in the city it tended to become absurd." In the West, however, just the opposite was true: The shingle style was ideally suited to informal city living.

Dancers use Schweinfurth's church.

The other influences on the Bay Region style were gathered from the cultural smörgåsbord that the area represents. Julia Morgan used Japanese double gables in the construction of St. John's. Similarly, in a shingle house built by Charles Sumner Greene and Henry Mather Greene the posts bordering the rear terrace suggest a Japanese gateway, and the ends of beams jut out from the house in the Japanese fashion. The old Spanish missions of California also added their distinctive flavor to the new style. What the shingle architects most admired was the integrity and simplicity of the missions. As Charles Keeler wrote: "It is the spirit of absolute sincerity, of immediate contact with nature, of loving interest in the work which characterizes them. They are literally hewn out of the surrounding land by the pious zeal of their makers."

American Indian decorative motifs; the handcrafted, frankly functional look of Swiss chalets; the cool, simple forms of Mediterranean villas—all of these architectural styles left an impression on the Bay Region builders. But no matter how numerous and cosmopolitan were these influences, none of them was simply picked up wholesale and grafted onto the shingled houses and churches. Unlike their contemporaries who haphazardly threw together incongruous elements from a host of incompatible traditions, the Bay Region shingle-style architects used the past solely as an inspiration, never as a text from which whole passages could be cribbed.

Throughout the Bay Region many important examples of the shingle style are still standing and are in excellent condition. Worcester's first cottage, however, has been destroyed, and several other shingle structures are in danger. The once-secluded Keeler house today overlooks a tiered parking lot put up by the University of California. The fate of A.C. Schweinfurth's First Unitarian Church is not at all certain; the university owns it now and is using it for dance classes. Maybeck's Town and Gown Club was in danger but for the moment seems to be safe. St. John's Presbyterian Church is up for sale; how likely is it that the future owners will want to preserve the building?

What happens to these monuments is dangerously close to being a matter of chance. A group called Urban Care and several other organizations in Berkeley are campaigning for a landmark preservation ordinance. When such legislation was recently drawn up, the city council gave it a generally favorable response. But will the public provide funds to maintain these buildings in order to relieve the present owners of financial hardship in the face of rising taxes and land values?

A solution must be found. First, because the shingle-style structures are of great historical importance; they were among the first modern houses to be uniquely Californian—open to the outdoors with balconies and banks of large windows, containing rooms finished entirely in natural, unstained redwood, and graced with high ceilings and exposed beams. Second, because they pointed the way to the future. Frank Lloyd Wright's "organic architecture," like Maybeck's, sought to use building materials from close at hand and to harmonize the house with the setting; both Maybeck and Wright added to this equation a revolutionary concept of making the house actually *resemble* the setting. Thus Wright's Chicago prairie houses were long and flat and his "Falling Water" echoed in its suspended tiers an adjacent waterfall, while Maybeck's houses had peaked roofs to echo the hills and were planned parallel to the slope, not perpendicular to it.

Finally, the shingle-style buildings are important because long ago their designers were as concerned as we have only recently become about protecting natural beauty. It would be tragic if these visionaries who warned us about blighting the environment were to have their own buildings fall victim to the very lack of care and foresight that they feared and fought against so many years ago. □

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THE GREAT AMERICAN MOVIEMAKING GAME

It seems everyone wants to play. But before you point a camera, there are a few things you should know about the film business, and on page 49 we have the game to show them to you.

BY GARY BINNIE

Welcome to the Great American Moviemaking Game. But chances are that, if you're between thirteen and ninety-three with any ideas of being a Creative Person, you don't need welcoming because you're already in.

But what does it take to play—either the real thing or the game on the following pages? Luck, for one thing. There's just no other way to explain *why* some film-makers are successful while others, equally talented, are barely hanging on by their camera straps.

A successful film-maker needs an odd collection of talents. He or she needs: a sensitive eye, a good sense of pacing and timing, an instinct for what involves an audience, and a grasp of what stories are worth telling.

But a film-maker must also know something about physics, optics, and chemistry, and something about electrical and mechanical equipment; he or she must also have reasonably good physical coordination. And he or she must be an administrator, a psychologist, and an accountant as well.

But the one essential talent for every film-maker is the ability to make contacts and to raise money. At first glance, this may strike you as two separate talents, but it's really one. Money and contacts, contacts and money—they're the two interchangeable currencies with which the Great American Moviemaking Game is played.

The amount of money and the kind of contacts you have determine where and how you start in the Game. If you don't have much money or many contacts, it's going to be harder. And that fact brings us up against the first irrefutable axiom: In this Game everybody does *not* start out equal.

The Game divides roughly into four sections: learning the craft and the business; earning a living, which usually means working for somebody else; being a producer, which, at least at first, means making sponsored shorts (an industrial film, for instance) and TV commercials; and, of course, arriving at the ultimate objective, making feature films. Fortunately, there is also an alternative to the commercial side of the Game—creating personal films on your own.

You start by learning film-making—wherever, however, and from whomever you can. Learning in the film business is always a little tricky because established professionals generally are reluctant to train a potential competitor. But if you ferret them out, you can find those film-makers who are secure enough in their own talents not to worry too much about rivals.

The ideal way to learn is to organize an informal apprentice program for yourself. Find a small or medium-sized production house that's got work (business in these places has recently been picking up) and offer to work free. Do whatever has to be done around the shop; in return, you'll have the chance to ask questions and learn. A small production house is preferable to a large one since only in a small one will you be exposed to every aspect of the film-making process.

Even if you don't know anybody in the business, you can go door to door offering your services free until you find an understaffed, overworked place that will take you on. But expect a lot of laughs and a lot of rejections before you come up with an acceptance.

If you can't set up a self-organized apprenticeship, then take a job of any sort anywhere in the movie business—but only if the job will enable you to learn something or meet somebody influential. Just like all other large organizations, film companies need clerks and secretaries and accountants and computer people.

Your first jobs will be for no (or very low) pay, but don't let that bother you too much. If you can get somebody to subsidize you, six months or even a year of working for free will mean more to you as a film-maker than the salary you would have earned outside the movie business.

Of course, there are other ways to learn film-making. If you're wealthy, you can simply decide to call yourself a producer, set yourself up in business, and hire film specialists to make movies for you. The only mistake you're likely to make is that you'll undoubtedly want to direct your first movie yourself; and that will generally guarantee that the film will be bad. But don't let that consideration stop you, for even in the process of making a bad movie you can learn something about film-making.

If you have a little money, you can learn your craft by making your first film completely by yourself. You'll need some good how-to-do-it books. A list of the best books on film-making starts on page 56, right after the game instructions. You'll also find there hints about renting, buying, or borrowing supplies and equipment.

Other ways of learning are going to film school, joining union training programs (if you can get in), or just hanging around film clubs and film co-ops and picking up whatever you can.

Given the chance, you can learn the craft, and with luck and the right contacts you'll find yourself moving through a progression of nonpaying jobs to low-paying jobs and on to reasonably paying jobs. You'll figure out exactly what it is you want to do (and what it is you're good at), and you'll take up one or two of the various film-making specialties.

Gary Binnie is a freelance writer and film-maker who previously worked as a staff producer and made nearly fifty short industrial films.

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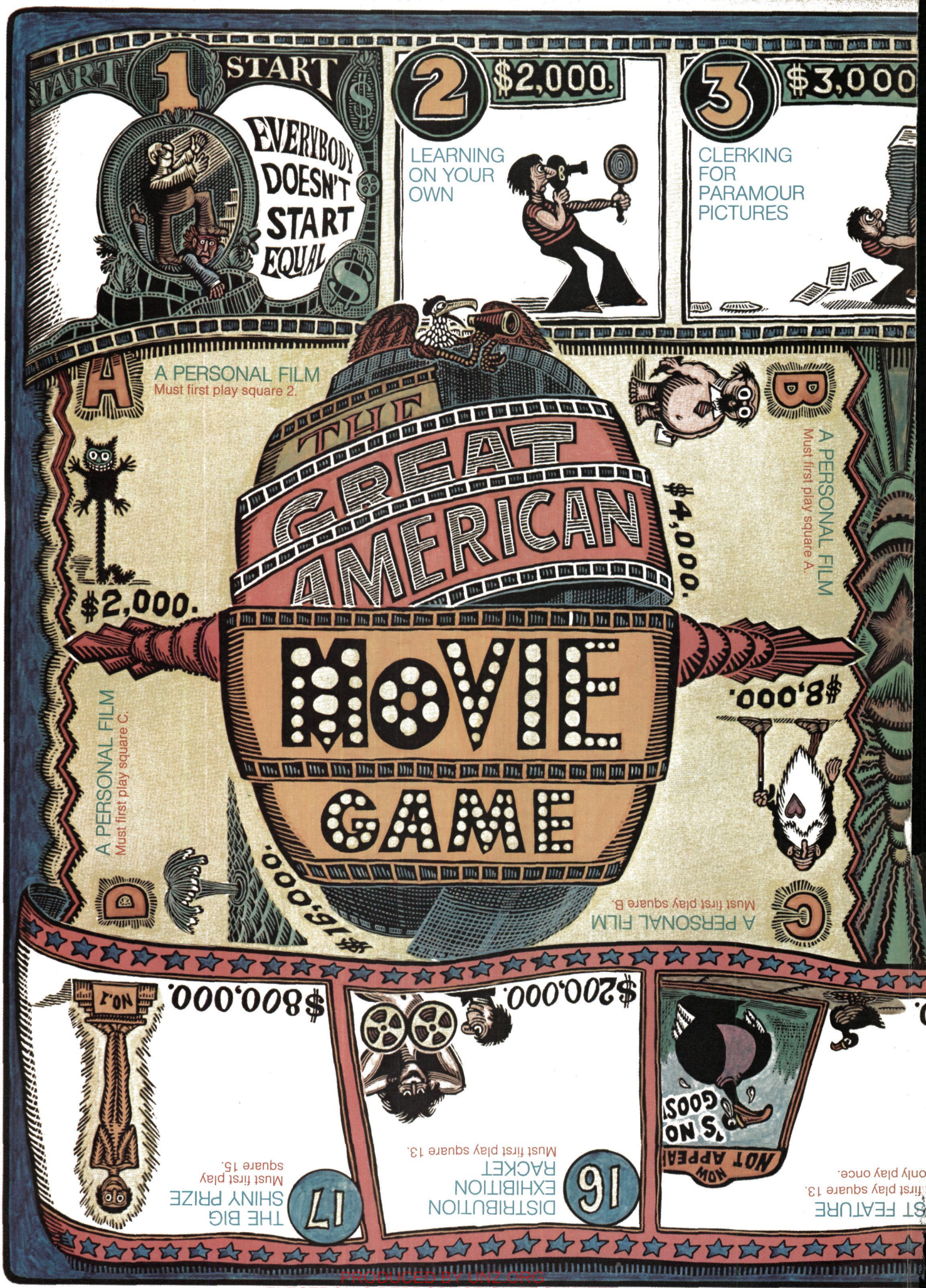

ILLUSTRATION BY ARNOLD ROTH

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You might find yourself in preproduction—the advance planning, organizing, and coordinating part of the process. Or you might work on the actual shooting—as a cameraman, soundman, electrician, or any of the other production specialists. Or you might end up in postproduction—finishing films as an editor or sound specialist. And there's always the director, of course, who cuts across these categories and supervises them all. But almost nobody starts out as a director.

You might find yourself on the sidelines of film, still in the movie business but not in the mainstream. You might be an agent representing film-makers to clients and earning a percentage of their income. Or you might be a film writer, or compose film music, or be an animation-and-special-effects person. Or you might be working in one of the film laboratories.

You might have a staff job working for a big film house, a TV station, or one of the in-house motion picture departments that most big corporations and some ad agencies have. Staff jobs have the distinct advantage of ensuring you a steady check every week.

Or you might be a freelancer finding work wherever you can. It's riskier, less stable, but more exciting. You might be a union member or might work as an independent. You can put all these possibilities together in a lot of different combinations.

But there probably will come a time, sooner rather than later, when you will get an itch to make your own films.

But what kind of film can you make? The honest answer to that question is two more questions: How much money can you raise? And how much of it can you afford to lose?

If you can get together $60,000, $80,000, or $100,000 (the more the better), and, if you can afford to lose it, then you can try a first feature or full-length documentary.

If you don't have that much money and really can't afford to lose whatever you do have, you might want to try making a shorter documentary, one you're reasonably confident some corporation or public service agency or public television station might want to buy once it's finished. This sort of arrangement means checking with them in advance and suiting your script to their requirements.

Or you could take whatever money you have and make a personal film, ignoring the commercial opportunities and concentrating instead on creating a highly personal statement.

The feature film business is a numbers game with all the odds stacked against you. The most important number, naturally, is how many admissions-paying moviegoers you can tempt into a theater to see your feature. This factor determines your gross profit. How many people see your film depends on how many theaters it plays and what kind of promotion it gets. Both circulation and promotion, in turn, depend on your distributor.

If you can convince a distributor to handle your first feature, the kind of deal you can make with him is another numbers racket. The usual terms seem to be (there is no way to know for sure, since the contracts are confusing and are seldom seen by the general public) that the distributor takes 30 to 40 per cent off the top—that is, a huge chunk of your film's gross, *not* its net earnings. And this is after the theater owner has taken *his* 30 to 40 per cent share. The distributor also keeps whatever he *says* he has spent on advertising and promoting your film, plus whatever he says it has cost him to make the prints. Once everything is figured out, or hidden away, you, as an independent producer, are lucky if you ever see any of the percentage you thought was going to be yours.

How you divide whatever money might come to you among yourself and your investors again depends on what kind of deal you were able to make with them. The usual one is fifty-fifty. So you are now let with half of very little. And you probably have to pass some of that along to the actors and crew, who helped make the picture in the first place by working for percentages in lieu of salaries.

If you end up with any money for yourself for a year's work, you're lucky. Most people don't make a cent on their first feature. In fact, most first features never see the dark of a movie theater because they are never released.

The feature film business is run to make a profit, and only those films with profit potential are financed with major film-company money and receive decent distribution and promotion. But how do businessmen define profit potential? The answer is simple, if somewhat circular and discouraging: A film has profit potential if it is made by and with people whose last film made a profit.

There is a lot of evidence that this distribution and financing system in the feature business is breaking down. What will replace it, however, is still not all that clear. And there are exceptions to the pure profit motive in the business. Some distributors and theater owners risk their own money for films made by unknown directors because they believe in their work. It's the hope of becoming one of those lucky exceptions that encourages young, unknown feature film-makers to go into this part of the Game.

The sponsored film business is pale by comparison. Here, you're turning out other people's films simply in order to make a living. You're making TV commercials and industrials. Or maybe you're creating some of the really fine documentaries that appear on television, mostly public television.

You can make a living in sponsored films, but it's tough; there are so many film-makers competing for a limited amount of business. To get an assignment, you're constantly tempted to shave down your profit margin so that you can submit the lowest bid—until, one day, there is no profit and you go broke (a lot of sponsored film houses have, in fact, closed their doors in the last few years).

What you definitely cannot do in producing or directing a sponsored film is make your own statement. All statements are those of the client. To say what you want to say, you've got to turn to personal film-making. When you make personal films, you must work in the commercial part of the business or at some job somewhere in order to bring in the money necessary to subsidize your own film-making.

There is also the possibility of getting a grant to do your own film, but it's a small possibility. For some reason, most foundations and grant-giving institutions that support the arts are reluctant to support film-makers. This is changing, mostly owing to the work of the American Film Institute in Washington. And the AFI gives almost all the grants that are awarded.

In personal film-making you seldom have enough money to do really complicated work, but you do have the freedom to make your film exactly as you want.

A good personal film is also a showcase, a way to show what you can do. When you make a film you think is really good, enter it in the film festivals and competitions and see how you stack up against the other film-makers. But choose with care the festivals you enter. There are festivals organized to showcase films, and there are festivals organized to help the promoters become rich.

A few major awards and a good showcase or two and you might expect that backers would be more than willing—eager in fact—to advance you money for your next film. You've proved yourself, and a person with proven talent should get a chance. That's a reasonable assumption, isn't it?

Probably so. But don't count on it, because the Great American Movie-making Game isn't reasonable. That's not the way it's played. Not in real life, nor in the Game you'll see when you turn the page.

But welcome anyway. And have fun.

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How to play

1. Get a lot of paper money. If you use Monopoly © money, add three zeros to the denominations. Thus $1 becomes $1,000, $5 becomes $5,000, and so on. Any number of people can play, or you can play by yourself. If a group plays, elect someone banker. You'll also need a pair of dice and something with which to mark what square you're on.

2. Roll the dice to establish playing order. Highest plays first.

3. Roll the dice again to play square 1. The number you throw will determine your status, your age, and how much money you have (as in life, everyone doesn't start off equal). You're on your honor to keep track of your turns and to retire from the Game when you reach sixty-five.

4. After you've played square 1—which you can play only once in any given game, incidentally—wait for your next turn. When it comes up, you can move to any square you want by buying it—provided you have enough money (in the Game the value of contacts with important persons has been translated into money terms) and also provided you have met the prerequisites for that square. (For example, the prerequisite for square 12 is that you first play square 10.) Decide which square you want, pay the banker for it, move your marker, roll the dice, and see how you make out; then either collect or pay your money. You can play the same square as many times as you like, except squares 1, 10, and 15, which you may play only once.

5. If you have no money or not enough to buy the square you want, you can move to the Taxicab and collect $3,000. You can stay there collecting $3,000 for as long as you want. But you must count each turn in your total number of turns.

6. If you can't pay for whatever you roll, move to Bankruptcy Court, turn over to the banker whatever money you do have, wait out two turns, and then you can move to the Taxicab and start earning money again. While you're in Bankruptcy Court, you forfeit whatever money might be coming to you automatically. Whatever squares you have already played, however, continue to count as prerequisites once you do get back on your feet.

7. If you win free access to any square, move there directly and ignore any prerequisites and the purchase price. But don't roll the dice again until your next turn comes up.

8. Whenever you're on Taxicab or in Bankruptcy Court, or sitting it out on any square for a number of turns, each turn counts in your total, but you don't roll the dice. You roll only after you buy a square or on the turn following a free-access move.

9. You can play exclusively in the commercial squares or exclusively in the personal film-making squares. You can also move back and forth between the two parts of the Game as long as you observe the prerequisites for each square.

If you like, you can play in both the commercial squares and the personal squares at the same time. If you play both, you'll need another marker. Then at each turn you roll twice, once for each marker; you'll be pleased to know the two rolls count as only one turn in your total. You cannot, however, play two commercial squares or two personal squares at once. For instance, if you have a marker on both parts of the Game and your personal film-making marker wins a free access to a commercial square, you must decide which commercial square you want to play and retire one of the markers.

10. The Game is over when everybody playing has used up all his turns. The goal of most players, probably, will be to reach square 17. Once you reach it, you can continue to play and to face both the rewards and the risks, or you can retire. Even if you retire, the others can continue playing until they use up all their turns.

What you win

1. EVERYBODY DOESN'T START EQUAL

2, 12—Your parents are rich. Collect $20,000 every turn. You're 21 years old with 44 turns in the game.

3—Your father is president of 21st Century-Weasel Pictures. Collect $500,000. You're 27, and it's time to stop being a playboy and go to work. You have 38 turns.

4, 6, 8—Collect nothing. But that's O.K. because you're only 19 and have 46 turns in the game.

5—Your wife/husband will help support you. Collect $4,000 every turn. You're 25 and have 40 turns.

7, 11—Roll again and collect two times whatever number comes up. Hope it's a high one because you need the money. At 29 you're almost over the hill with only 36 turns.

9—Your father is a union member. Take free access to square 7 if you want. Otherwise collect $5,000. At 15 you're the youngest in the game and have 50 turns.

10—Collect nothing. Another problem—you're a woman. That means squares 2-9 will cost you double. But then you're only 17 and have 48 turns.

2. LEARNING ON YOUR OWN/$2,000

2, 5—You actually make a film. And your roommate's cousin knows the secretary to the film curator at the Dullney Museum. So, like magic, your film is shown there. Collect $2,000.

3, 12—The people who volunteered to be in your film haven't shown, which is O.K. because it's raining, and, besides, you can't figure out how to thread the Arriflex M camera you were able to borrow. Sorry. Collect nothing.

4, 8—Somebody you meet at the lab puts you in touch with somebody at an editing service who introduces you to somebody working at an in-house production unit who offers you a paying job running errands. Collect $4,000 and take free access to square 5.

6, 10—You read almost every book on film-making ever published. Knowing the basics, even theoretically, is worth something. Collect $1,000.

7, 9—On your next film you'll take the lens cap off first. Collect nothing.

11—That man in the beard at the Film Club who's always been so helpful turns out to be *the* Francis Dodge Cannoli. He's interested in your idea for a short and willing to help you make it. Collect $8,000 and take free access to square 10.

3. CLERKING FOR PARAMOUR PICTURES/$3,000

2, 7, 12—How are you to know the heavy-set woman in the hallway you almost run down with your file cart is the secretary to the Chairman of the Board? You're banished. Pay $2,000.

3, 5, 10—You're learning a lot about filing systems but not much about film-making. You're wasting your time. Collect nothing.

4, 8, 11—An assistant story editor takes a liking to you and invites you to dinner and . . . . Collect $3,000.

6, 9—You deliver mail to the senior staff producer. One day you give him a film treatment you've written and ask if he'll read it. He does and likes it. But he also tells you why it's not commercial and why it can't be done. He does, however, help you get a job as an assistant producer at an ad agency. Collect $6,000 and take free access to square 9. (Funny coincidence—a year later Paramour brings out a very successful picture with an uncanny resemblance to your treatment.)

4. FILM SCHOOL/$4,000

2, 3, 4—You're great at making Super-8 movies. But, unfortunately, there's a limited commercial demand for Super-8 film-makers. Still, you are learning. Collect $1,000.

5, 10—You must have skipped the class on how to tell the difference between camera original and work-print film. When you edit your student film, you very carefully save the work print but cut the original to ribbons. That'll teach you not to miss class. Pay $1,000.

6, 9—You have a lot of fun and meet the person you want to marry, but you just can't seem to get the hang of running the Moviola. Collect nothing.

7—Your student film is included in a festival sponsored by the school. Noted critic Viscount Candy sees the program and writes a long piece about your film as the New New New Wave. A little personal publicity never hurts. Collect $8,000.

8, 11—You're one of the best film-makers in your class, but you can't find a paying job. You still have your diploma, however. Collect $4,000.

12—You make a film about your fellow students trying to make their films. Being audacious, you call Art Rugby, local theater owner, and challenge him to screen your film. He buys it and pays to have it blown up from Super-8 to 35-millimeter. Your short is currently running in all his theaters, one of the few shorts to be seen in town. Collect $17,000.

5. YOUR FIRST JOBS/$5,000

2, 3—You're learning how to edit on a Steenbeck, and you're making some friends who can maybe get you another nonpaying job. Friends are certainly helpful. Collect $4,000.

4, 7, 10—You're learning how to load magazines and read exposure settings, but you never get to run the camera. You also answer the telephone. Its' a good first job, even if it's for no pay. You're meeting people in the business. Collect $5,000.

5, 6, 8—You spend all your time waiting around the lobbies of film labs, sound transfer houses, and other places until the work that was promised yesterday is ready. Then you take it somewhere else

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and wait. When you're not waiting for something, you're waiting on someone—the other employees at your film house—bringing in their lunch or cleaning up afterward. Collect nothing.
9—The head of the editing service for which you're doing menial jobs is willing to sponsor you in the editors union. Take free access to square 7.
11, 12—You manage to get in good with a small film house that specializes in public service announcements. You're getting the chance to work in all phases of film-making. And they've recently started to pay you, too. Collect $9,000.

6. FREELANCING/$10,000

2—You're an excellent nonunion cameraman. Collect $20,000. If you want, you can stay on square 6 for up to three more turns, collecting $17,000 each turn.
3, 8, 9—Things aren't going at all well for you this year. Collect nothing.
4, 7, 11—You're able to pick up sound jobs here and there. Collect $5,000.
5—A few corporate clients regularly bring you their industrials to edit. Collect $20,000. If you want, you can stay on square 6 for up to three more turns, collecting $17,000 each turn.
6, 12—You're a good animator/artist, working fairly steadily making educational films. Collect $15,000. You can stay on square 6 for as long as you want, collecting $11,000 each turn.
10—A chance to be production manager on a reasonably big-budget industrial comes your way. You'll make $10,000 plus whatever you can steal. Collect $20,000.

7. A UNION MAN/$12,000

2—You're a member of Local 1172 Assistant Cameramen. Collect $19,000. But you must stay on square 7 for five more turns, collecting $16,000 each turn.
3, 4, 10—There's no work for your cartoon animation union. Collect nothing.
5—You're a member of Local 42 Film Electrical Workers. Collect $14,000. You can stay on square 7 for up to eight more turns, collecting $12,000 each turn.
6, 9—You're caught working on a nonunion film and draw a suspension. You don't work for six months. Pay $6,000.
7, 11—You're a member of the production assistants union. Collect $7,000. You can stay on square 7 for as long as you want, collecting $7,000 each turn.
8, 12—You're elected union president. Collect $30,000. But you must stay on square 7 for nine more turns, collecting $30,000 each turn.

8. THE SIDELINES/$14,000

2—You're a film composer for TV commercials and head a film-music library. It's a nice business. Collect $30,000. But you must stay on square 8 for five more turns, collecting $25,000 each turn.
3, 10—You run a stock footage library. Collect $15,000. But you must stay on square 8 for eight more turns, collecting $10,000 each turn.
4—You are one of the best sound mixers in the business. Collect $50,000. But you must stay on square 8 for fourteen more turns, collecting $40,000 each turn.
5, 11—You represent a few very good filmmakers and get a percentage of what they bill. Collect $20,000. But you must stay on square 8 for nine more turns, collecting $16,000 each turn.
6, 9—You're managing a little re-release theater. Collect $11,000. And you can stay on square 8 for as long as you want, collecting $9,000 each turn.
7, 12—You've got a job working in an equipment rental place. Collect $12,000. But you must stay on square 8 for twelve more turns, collecting $9,000 each turn.
9—You work as a film-laboratory technician. Collect $15,000. But you must stay on square 8 for eleven more turns, collecting $13,000 each turn.

9. STAFF/$16,000

2, 8—You're a producer at McGrew-Knoll Educational Films and hire yourself as a director. Your film is terrible and has to be remade. Pay $11,000.
3, 11—You're a staff cameraman for American Gizmos, Inc., making films of bomb-impact tests. Collect $17,000. But you must stay on square 9 for five more turns, collecting $14,000 each turn.
4, 5—You work for a large film house that's going broke. To help out, pay $5,000.
6, 12—You're a corporate motion-picture producer for Eastinghouse. All day you work on films about diodes, transistors, integrated circuits, and other things you don't understand. Collect $18,000. But you must stay on square 9 for five more turns, collecting $18,000 each turn.
7—You just got fired. Collect your severance, $2,000.
9, 10—You're an associate producer at Old & Tired Advertising, working on the false-teeth adhesive account. Collect $17,000. You can stay on square 9 for up to four more turns, collecting $17,000 each turn.

10. FIRST COMMERCIAL VENTURE/$15,000

2—You make a film about skiing, your favorite sport, and are able to get *Slope* magazine to sponsor it. Collect $10,000.
3, 8—You convince Clam Oil Company to hire you to make a film about pollution. To get the job, you bid $12,000. The film costs $18,000. Pay $6,000.
4, 7, 11—You make a short with your own money on the assumption you'll be able to sell it to somebody. You can't. Pay $10,000.
5, 10—You and your friends pool all your money and efforts to make a $15,000 film about ecology. Circle Films offers to put it in their 16-millimeter rental catalogue and to split the rental income with your group. Collect your share, $3,000.
6, 12—You go for broke, borrow $100,000 to make a feature about has-been racing drivers. You shoot in Super-16 to save money. But during the blow-up process to 35-millimeter for theatrical release, the original film is scratched beyond repair. Pay $100,000.
9—You go to cable television with an idea for a film on the resurgence of amateur boxing. After changing your point of view from *for* it to *against* it, they fund the project. Collect your profit, $17,000.

11. FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD PORNOGRAPHER/$20,000

2, 12—The police arrest you for obscenity. Pay legal fees of $40,000.
3, 11—You make a film about nude Texas cowgirls for $5,000. In three months it makes $40,000. Collect your profit, $35,000.
4, 6—You have a scheme to cash in on pornographic film cassettes for home units. It doesn't work. Collect nothing.
5—You're satisfied making nice soft-core porno films. Collect $20,000. You can stay on square 11 for as long as you want, collecting $15,000 each turn.
7, 9—The underworld want their cut. Pay $20,000.
8—You own a chain of porno-film theaters and have a staff of fifteen people turning out films for them. A steady business that earns about $70,000 a year. But you can't live with yourself and must pay a psychiatrist $10,000 a year. Collect the difference, $60,000. You can stay on square 11 for up to five more turns, collecting $60,000 each turn.
10—You make a super low-budget film about a drag queen; the film becomes an underground classic. Collect $200,000 and take free access to square 15.

12. INDEPENDENT PRODUCER/$40,000

2—The G. Water & Jameson ad agency hires you to make some big-budget TV commercials for Cola-Cocoa in Greenland. Two weeks after they hit the air your commercials make Cola the biggest selling cocoa ever. You are much in demand. Collect $750,000.
3—You have a nice little business making three or four trailers (previews) a year and a featurette or two (a movie about making a major movie). But then the majors move to the other coast. Collect nothing.
4, 8—You have a good relationship with the people at the National Ear Foundation, who hire you to make most of their public service spots on preventing hearing loss. Collect $20,000. You can stay on square 12 for as long as you want, collecting $20,000 each turn.
5, 7, 9—This is not your year. Collect nothing.
6—Every year you pitch for and get two or three films from the U.S. Overseas Information Program. So you stretch the truth a little and collect $55,000. But you must stay on square 12 for four more turns, collecting $50,000 each turn.
10, 12—You pitch for and get a package of commercials. But to get the work, you had to underbid your competitors. The job is yours, but so are the losses resulting from your low estimate. Pay $40,000.
11—You are the film producer for the man who wins in a surprise upset victory after a tough Senate race. Other politicians want your services. Collect $150,000. You can stay on square 12 for up to four more turns, collecting $100,000 each turn.

13. RAISING MONEY/$60,000

2—The First Village Bank will lend you, if you want, $300,000 for two turns. But after two turns you must pay back $334,000. If you don't take the loan, collect nothing.
3, 9—You spend a year carefully putting together a deal for $1 million. At the last minute it falls through. Collect nothing.
4, 5—Paramour will give you $60,000 if you can match it. If you can, collect $60,000. If you don't have $60,000 of your own, collect nothing.
6, 8—You canvass all your friends and relatives and come up with some money. Collect $90,000.
7, 11—Money is tight. Collect nothing.

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10—You find a Wall Street type who needs a tax write-off. Collect $100,000. You can stay on square 13 for up to three more turns, collecting $100,000 each turn.
12—A friend of a friend of an acquaintance knows a loan shark who will lend you $500,000 for one turn. But after the next turn you must pay back $1 million, or you're in big trouble. If you're not up to the risk, collect nothing.

14. MAJOR DOCUMENTARIAN/$80,000

2—You are able to get the necessary permission to make the first full-length American documentary on Mao's China. It's a big success. Collect $800,000.
3, 11—Things aren't going too well for you lately. Collect nothing.
4—The American Geographic Society regularly hires you to make films on Africa and the Antarctic. Collect $50,000. You can stay on square 14 for as long as you want, collecting $40,000 each turn.
5, 6—You make an independent film on the psychological traumas of abortion. It wins a lot of festival prizes and goes into release. Collect $80,000.
7, 12—You convince the city-planning people to hire you to make a film on prefab apartments. Collect $30,000.
8—You risk all the money you can raise on making a full-length documentary on the counterculture. It isn't successful. Pay $80,000.
9—You sell everything you own in order to produce and direct a three-hour film on the Remington Rock Festival. It wins an Academy Award and is a huge success. Collect $1 million.
10—You produce a successful TV series entitled *The Men in the Life of Queen Victoria.* It'll soon be released as a theatrical feature, too. Collect $500,000.

15. FIRST FEATURE/$100,000

2, 9—Every critic who sees your first feature raves about it. But you can't get broad enough distribution. Collect $20,000.
3, 4—You make a beautiful first feature about young love. Your distributor recuts it and puts it on a double bill with a semi-porno film. You demand your name be removed. It is, but the double bill makes money. Collect $100,000.
5, 6, 7—Sorry, but your first feature is a bore. Collect nothing.
8, 12—Your first picture makes millions, but mostly for the distributor. Collect your share, $30,000.
10—You make a picture about a goose who thinks she's the child of a childless farm couple. Halfway through the movie the goose is run over by a tractor. Nobody will distribute your film. Collect nothing.
11—At first, nobody will distribute your film, a *vérité*-type story about a cross-country bicycle trip. Finally, you rent a theater and open it yourself. Every kid from 10 to 25 comes to see it. Now every distributor is pleading at your door. You continue to exhibit the film yourself all over the country. Collect $2 million.

16. THE FEATURE BUSINESS/$200,000

2, 11—You own a chain of theaters where the box-office people are stealing more from you than you're able to steal from the distributors. Pay $50,000.
3, 4—You pay $40,000 for distribution rights to a series of five films made in Yugoslavia starring the 1955 Mr. America. They don't win critical acclaim, but they bring in a nice, steady income. Collect $60,000. You can stay on square 16 for as long as you want, collecting $60,000 each turn.
5—People are staying home and watching old movies on TV. Business is terrible. Collect nothing.
6, 10—You take a chance on distributing an unknown film-maker's first film. You even pay him a small percentage. Collect your share, $500,000.
7, 9—The health department closes down the popcorn stands in your theaters. There goes your profit. Collect nothing.
8—You do a nice, steady business, importing Japanese films and distributing them to college towns. Collect $20,000. You can stay on square 16 for as long as you want, collecting $20,000 each turn.
12—You have exclusive exhibition rights in the ten major markets to the year's biggest-grossing film—on cops and gangsters, of course. Collect $2 million.

17. THE BIG SHINY PRIZE/$800,000

2, 9—You make only detective films that cost about $1 million. You get no critical acclaim, but your films usually make a small profit. Collect $1 million. You can stay on square 17 for up to five more turns, collecting $1 million each turn.
3—Your producer wants to edit a picture that you directed into a strictly action film. You exercise your contractual rights to final cut and refuse, keeping the complicated psychological basis of the movie. The public mood is for action thrillers. Collect nothing.
4—A film you produce and direct wins the Academy Award for best picture. Collect $2 million.
5, 7—Your film receives unenthusiastic reviews. But good word of mouth keeps it playing for a while, even after the distributor has discontinued the advertising. Collect $300,000.
6—No matter how much money you make, your alimony is more. Pay $200,000.
8, 10—You bring in a beautiful, critically successful film about an autistic child that's a box-office flop. Pay $800,000.
11—For seven years you've been making the definitive film on World War I. Called *Zwei Zwei Zwei,* it costs so much that the fate of your 21st Century-Weasel studio rides on its success. It's the bomb of the twentieth century. Pay $15 million.
12—As the last desperate staff producer at Paramour, you steal an idea from the kid who delivers mail and make a low-budget picture that ends up making millions. Collect $2 million.

A. A PERSONAL FILM/$2,000

2, 3, 11—You make a seven-minute film about your cats. You show it at the Film Club, and they give you some film stock to make your next movie, a study of beavers building a dam. Collect $1,000.
4, 7, 10—You make a beautiful film about your city. The Chamber of Commerce almost decides to sponsor it but then backs down. Collect nothing.
5, 9—The ecology of your local park is the subject of your film. You enter it in the National Ecological Film Festival, and it wins an Honorable Mention. Collect $3,000.
6—You make a three-minute film that breaks apart time. It's a revolutionary concept; you get a grant to continue your work. Collect $4,000.
8, 12—Your film doesn't turn out so well. For some reason—you're still trying to find out why—the camera fell off the tripod. You have a healthy repair bill. Pay $1,000.

B. A PERSONAL FILM/$4,000

2, 3—On the basis of your film about naked therapy you get an Arts Council grant to make your next movie. Collect $6,000.
4—You make a film about the waterfront. Public Television buys it. Collect $4,000.
5—You make what you think is a brilliant film from your three-year-old nephew's finger paintings. You enter it in a lot of festivals, but it never wins anything. Pay entrance fees totaling $2,000.
6, 9—Your film is shown at the museum. Collect nothing.
7, 11—You try to make a film about sunrises, but the lab uses the wrong developing process and ruins it. Pay $3,000.
8, 10—You make a fantasy film on the beach. Somebody sees it and now wants to hire you. Collect $5,000 and obtain free access to square 6.
12—You make a sexy cartoon, which the Water Straw theater chain buys and shows as a short. Collect $6,000.

C. A PERSONAL FILM/$8,000

2, 11—You make a film that deals with death and dying. It gets you a grant from the Film Institute. Collect $14,000.
3, 12—You make an animated film that explains how nuclear reactors can generate electricity. The Edison Foundation hears about it and buys it. Collect $8,000.
4, 10—You make a beautiful film about old people in love. It wins prizes at the Sheboygan and Toledo festivals, but you never do get distribution. Collect your prize money, $2,000.
5, 9—You make an experimental film that attempts to warp perception. Nobody understands it, and it costs you a little extra. Pay $1,000.
6, 7—Nobody likes the film you make. Collect nothing.
8—For years you've seen a man standing around on street corners dressed as a nun. You make a film about him, and it gets you a grant. Collect $10,000.

D. A PERSONAL FILM/$16,000

2, 7, 12—You do a film about a rock star. He gets a court action to prevent you from showing it. You screen it for your mother and father. Collect nothing.
3—You have a very ambitious project to film the blue whale. You can't bring it off and have to abandon the project halfway through. Pay $8,000.
4—You make an experimental film about perception and time. Timax Corporation picks it up and sponsors it. You win an Academy Award. Collect $30,000 and take free access to square 12.
5, 8—You make a short from a story that you wrote. Nothing happens. Pay $10,000.
6, 9, 10—You make a film about the draft evaders living in Canada. It plays all the museums and college campuses in the United States. Collect $16,000.
11—You and a partner pool your resources and do a film on alligator poaching in the Everglades. ABS buys it for a prime-time TV special. Collect $50,000 and take free access to square 14.

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HOW TO MAKE A FIVE-MINUTE MOVIE FOR $614.80

Here are twenty steps to follow if you've never done it before and have nobody to help you.

BY GARY BINNIE

These are instructions for a fairly professional-looking 16-mm color film edited to a music sound track. At this price there's no money for lip sync (synchronizing the movements of people's lips to the sound of their voices).

The prices listed below do not include any state tax. In giving totals for books and magazines, I've added up the prices of a reasonable sample, not the cost of all the titles listed.

Things to read—You can't learn filmmaking just by reading books, but that helps somewhat.

1) Buy a few of the "How to Make a Movie" books, the general all-inclusive ones. The best I've found so far is Lenny Lipton's **Independent Filmmaking,** Straight Arrow Books (Division of Rolling Stone), 432 pp., $5.95 paper.

Some others that are also pretty good: John Quick and Tom LaBau, **Handbook of Film Production,** Macmillan, 304 pp., $10.95 hardcover; Kenneth H. Roberts and Win Sharples, Jr., **A Primer for Film-Making,** Pegasus, 546 pp., $6.95 paper; Kirk Smallman, **Creative Film-Making,** Collier Books, 245 pp., $3.95 paper (also available as a $1.65 Bantam Book); Edward Pincus, **Guide to Filmmaking,** Signet, 256 pp., $1.50 paper.

Subtotal—about $20.00

2) Get some essential pamphlets. A booklet full of valuable information is published by the Association of Cinema Laboratories. It's their **Handbook: Recommended Standards and Procedures for Motion Picture Laboratory Services,** Third Edition, available for $3 at most member laboratories or from ACL, Inc., Suite 607, 901 North Washington St., Alexandria, Virginia 22314 (include 14 cents postage).

Also very useful are directories of motion picture services and suppliers, such as **Motion Picture TV and Theater Directory**, published twice a year by Motion Picture Enterprises Publications, Inc., Tarrytown, New York 10591, $2.50; and **Back Stage TV Film/Tape & Syndication Directory,** published annually by Back Stage Publications, Inc., 165 West 46th St., New York, New York 10036, $3. The yellow pages are helpful at times.

You may want to subscribe to some trade journals, too. A couple of magazines to get and save are **American Cinematographer** ($7 a year from the American Society of Cinematographers, 1782 North Orange Drive, Hollywood, California 90028) and **Filmmakers Newsletter** ($5 a year from the Filmmakers Newsletter Co., P.O. Box 46, New York, New York 10012). There's also the weekly newspaper **Back Stage** ($15 a year from the same people who put out **Back Stage Directory**) as well as **Variety** and **Daily Variety** to keep you on top of the gossip and goings-on.

Subtotal—about $25.00

3) Write film-equipment manufacturers for information. Ask them to send you brochures, pamphlets, operating manuals—whatever materials they have. Some may want a few dollars to cover handling-and-mailing costs. Following are a few of the major equipment suppliers.

Cameras

Arriflex Co. of America
2520 BQE West, Woodside, N.Y. 11377

1011 Chestnut St., Burbank, Calif. 91502

Bolex
Paillard Inc.
1900 Lower Road, Linden, N.J. 07036

Cinema Beaulieu
Division of Hervic Corp.
14225 Ventura Blvd.
Sherman Oaks, Calif. 91403

Eclair Corp.
73 S. Central Ave.
Valley Stream, N.Y. 11580

Editing Equipment

KEM
Electronic Mechanic Corp.
225 Park Ave. South, New York, N.Y. 10003

6253 Hollywood Blvd.
Hollywood, Calif. 90028

Magnasync/Moviola
5539 Riverton Ave.
North Hollywood, Calif. 91601

Precision Laboratories
999 E. 46th St., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11203

Steenbeck
General Enterpises, Inc.
10518 Detrick Ave., Kensington, Md. 20795

Film

Agfa-Gevaert, Inc.
275 North St., Teterboro, N.J. 07608

E. I. DuPont
1007 Market St., Wilmington, Del. 19898

Eastman Kodak Co.
343 State St., Rochester, N.Y. 14650

GAF
140 W. 51st St., New York, N.Y. 10020

Filters

Tiffen Optical Co., Inc.
71 Jane St., Roslyn Heights, L.I.,
N.Y. 11577

Lenses

Angenieux Corp. of America
440 Merrick Road, Oceanside, N.Y. 11572

Light meters

Sekonic
Kanematsu-Gosho USA, Inc.
1 World Trade Center, Suite 4811
New York, N.Y. 10048

Spectra
Photo Research
3000 N. Hollywood Way, Burbank,
Calif. 91505

Lighting equipment

Berkey Colortran Inc.
1015 Chestnut St.
Burbank, Calif. 91502

Lowell-Light
Photo-Engineering
421 W. 54th St., New York, N.Y. 10019

Mole-Richardson Co.
937 N. Sycamore Ave., Hollywood,
Calif. 90038

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Sound equipment

Nagra Magnetic Recorders, Inc.
19 W. 44th St., New York, N.Y. 10036

Sennheiser Electronic Corp.
10 W. 37th St., New York, N.Y. 10018

Tripods

National Cine Equipment, Inc.
4140 Austin Blvd., Island Park, N.Y. 11558

O'Connor Engineering Laboratories, Inc.
3490 E Foothill Blvd, Pasadena,
Calif. 91107

Subtotal—stamps and stationery

Planning your film—Keep it simple.

4) Write an uncomplicated film you can make outdoors within fifteen minutes from your house. Keep it short, no longer than five minutes. And don't plan any scenes longer than 27.5 seconds, because the camera you'll have can't film scenes longer than that.

Since your film is short and silent, you don't need a script in the classic sense. But you should write a detailed shooting treatment—a shot-by-shot list of all the scenes in your film, what each is to show, and how it should look. For many documentary-type films, of course, you can't work out the shots in complete detail beforehand, because what you'll shoot will depend on what's happening when you're there with a camera.

If you're going to do a fiction film, you have more control. You can work out each shot in detail in advance, designing it exactly as you want. For a fiction film, you'll need actors. Ask your friends, or put up a notice in the nearest acting school requesting volunteers. Acting students are usually eager for the chance to see themselves on film, even if its a superlow budget first short. You can arrange to pay them with a print of the film.

Subtotal—your time

5) Select the music for your film. Sound is very important to motion pictures, as important as the visual images. For a first film, it's just too complicated and too expensive to try to do original sound. Settle for the simplest sound you can get—a single piece of recorded music. By using just one selection, you eliminate the need to edit the music, which is a difficult process in itself.

So you're limited to a piece of music that's about five minutes long. Make your selection **before** you start filming; that way you can incorporate the music's pace and feeling into your shooting.

A word of caution. When you appropriate music from a record, you enter a legal gray area. Unless both the music and the performance are in the public domain, somebody somewhere owns the commercial rights. General practice in the film business goes something like this: If the film is going to be strictly an in-house affair, you can use recorded music without getting clearance. But the minute your film takes on the slightest commercial tinge, you must get permission to use the music. And that will cost you some money.

Subtotal—the cost of the records

6) Select your suppliers, or, perhaps more accurately, look for suppliers who'll accept you as a client. You'll need a laboratory to develop and print your film, an equipment rental house, a place that rents fully equipped editing rooms, a sound transfer house, a raw-film stock supplier, and a place to buy expendable supplies like editing tape and grease pencils. The directories mentioned in Step 2 list all these services and suppliers.

Since you probably don't have a Dun & Bradstreet credit rating, opening accounts at some of these places may be difficult, particularly at the lab and the equipment rental house.

Price is the thing to look for in buying supplies and raw stock. Buy where it's cheapest. As long as the codes on the raw film stock are still current, you have an equal chance of getting good quality if you pay $6 or $8 a roll for the same type of film. You'll have to check with the manufacturer to see if the codes are still current, however. Some places may be selling out-of-date stock at cheap prices. You can use out-of-date stock, but weird color shifts and other things might happen.

Subtotal—your time

7) Make the title cards. For a five-minute film, one or two title cards should be enough—one to give the title of the film and another to say who made it. Buy some white posterboard and black transfer type (the kind you rub off) at any art supply store and make your titles. Then take the black-letters-on-white-background format to any photostat shop and ask them to make you a glossy negative in the reverse, i.e., with black background and white letters. Shoot the glossy negative directly, and your titles will appear on film as white letters against a black background.

Subtotal—about $7.00

8) Buy the raw film stock. From the place where it's cheapest buy ten 100-foot daylight spools of Eastman Kodak ECO (Ektachrome Commercial) film 7252, 16-mm, double perf (double-perforated with sprocket holes along both edges of the film). That's 1,000 feet of film, and it will cost about $6 per roll. Also buy 1,000 feet of double perf white leader, which will cost about $10. You'll need only a couple hundred feet of leader, but most places won't sell it in less than thousand-foot rolls.

Subtotal—$70.00

9) As long as you're buying, buy the expendable editing supplies too. You'll need a roll of 16-mm double perf Mylar splicing tape, a yellow grease pencil, some editing gloves, a roll of narrow masking tape, a few magic markers, and a few cores (a core is the plastic disc that film is wrapped around). Also obtain two 800-foot reels.

Subtotal—about $15.00

Test and trials—Practice doesn't make perfect, but it usually prevents total failure.

10) Rent the camera equipment so you can practice. Reserve the equipment for a Friday rental. That way you can pick it up Thursday afternoon and you don't have to return it until 10 a.m. Monday. (Theoretically, you're renting the camera only for Friday, but if you don't tell the rental house that you intend to shoot Saturday and Sunday too, they probably won't ask you.)

Get the following equipment:

Bolex H-16 REX (i.e., Reflex) camera with *three standard lenses*	$20.00
Bolex tripod	3.00
Spectra Professional light meter	5.00

You'll also need a Kodak Wratten filter No. 85. Ask the people at the rental house to give you the right kind for the Bolex. That'll cost about $2. And you'll also have to take out equipment insurance to cover you in case the equipment is damaged or stolen. That'll be another $7.50.

Don't be afraid to ask how all the equipment works. Most rental houses will give you detailed operating-and-instruction manuals.

Subtotal—$37.50

11) Practice. Once you get the camera home, run it without film for a while to get the feel. Wind the spring and get a feel for how long one wind lasts (27.5 seconds). Loading the camera shouldn't be much trouble because the Bolex has an automatic film threading system. But don't believe them when they call the film a daylight loading spool. Use the darkest spot you can find.

Go to the location where you actually intend to shoot, about the same time of day, and rehearse your shots. Take a notebook and carefully log all the information about each shot—the camera position, the footage count, the light-meter reading, the lens settings. From what you've read about camera apertures in your film books as well as what your own instincts tell you, try a variety of settings for each shot, making sure always to record all the data.

If you're planning any pans (short for panorama, a sweeping shot along the horizontal axis) or tilts (a vertical pan), practice these shots too. Move

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the camera through a pan in what you consider slow, medium, and fast speeds. A pan that's too fast will tend to make everything on screen strobic (unless there's a moving object that is being followed by the camera, in which case the object stays in clear focus and the background blurs). A pan that's too slow tends to be boring.

Also, if you're making your test shots with the camera on the tripod, take it off and make some shots with the camera hand-held. You'll want to see on the screen how the two techniques compare.

Be sure to save enough footage to make several tests with the titles. Also, keep in mind that you have only 200 feet of film for tests. So don't be too extravagant and don't run too much film on any one test shot.

Subtotal—your time

12) Return the rented equipment and drop off the test footage at the lab. Check the ACL booklet to see how films should be labeled going into the lab. Order it developed and a one-light workprint made on Kodachrome stock 7387. A one-light print is one in which all the scenes in a length of film are printed with only one, consistent light setting. A timed print, by way of comparison, is one in which the light intensity and color of each individual scene are analyzed and the printing is adjusted accordingly so as to produce the most natural-looking final product possible. The timed print is obviously more expensive and is usually ordered only at the final stage of release printing.

Some people will think it extravagant to order even a one-light workprint for test footage. They hold it's cheaper just to project the developed camera original. It is cheaper, but order the workprint anyway. For one thing, when developed 7252 film is projected, the colors look funny, not as they do when the film is printed onto stock 7387, which is how the final film will be printed. Second, you may decide to use some of the test footage in the final version of the film, and then you'll want original film unscarred by projection.

Unless you're sure you can tell the difference between the original film and the workprint, it might be wise to let the lab keep the original in its vault. However, labs have been known to lose film. If you'll feel better with the film in your own possession, make sure you read the section in the ACL booklet about how to tell the difference between original and print. Usually the original comes back from the lab with a white leader around the outside of the roll, and the workprint doesn't have the white leader. But it's always wise to check anyway.

Developing and making a one-light workprint will cost about 15½ cents a foot.

Subtotal—$31.00

13) Screen the test footage. Arrange to rent a screen and a 16-mm projector (silent, you don't need sound) on the same day you pick up the test footage from the lab. A projector and screen rent for about $12 a day.

When you go to the lab, take one of your reels with you and ask the lab to transfer the workprint from the core to your reel (tell them, "Heads out projection wind"). If they won't do it, you can do it yourself using the take-up reel on the projector. It requires a little practice, but you can do it.

When everything is set, screen the test footage, and then screen it again and again and then some more. Check the results of each test shot against the information in your log. After many hours of studying the test footage, you'll slowly build up an understanding of how to shoot your film to get the kind of results you want.

Make sure you get the projector and screen back to the rental house before 10 a.m. the next day.

Subtotal—$12.00

Do it.

14) Make your own film. By now you've read a lot about film-making, written your own film, and made test shots. All that's left is to do it. Don't be intimidated by the prospect.

Arrange the same Friday-and-weekend deal as when you first rented the camera equipment. Set aside more film and more time for the more complicated shots. A five-minute film in 16-mm is a little less than 200 feet, and you have 800 feet of film. Therefore, you'll be shooting a 4:1 ratio. That is, for every foot of film in the final version, you can shoot four feet. You might think this means you can shoot each scene four times. Don't, because you'll run out of film before you've finished shooting. A scene is invariably longer in the camera than in the edited film. Generally, limit yourself to three takes per scene. And if you think the first take of a scene went particularly well, shoot it only once more, just for cover.

Save the last thirty feet of your last roll of film for some cutaways. A cutaway is a short scene of some detail of a bigger scene. No matter how carefully you plan a film, once you're in the editing stage you always wish you had more cutaways. Most beginning filmmakers forget them.

Subtotal—$37.50

15) Return the rented equipment by 10 a.m. Monday, and drop off the 800 feet of exposed film at the lab. Again order it developed and a one-light workprint made on Kodachrome stock 7387.

Subtotal—$124.00

16) Buy a factory-sealed new record of the music you selected, and take it to a sound transfer house. Order one 16-mm magnetic track (short for sound track) and one 16-mm B-wind negative track with a 2.55 density.

The magnetic track is what you'll use in editing the workprint, and the B-wind negative will go with the original film into the lab for the final print.

The transfer and the two tracks will cost $58 plus the cost of the record.

Subtotal—about $63.00

The editing process—Trying it one way, and then another way, and then a third way, and then going back to the first way.

17) Rent a Rivas 16-mm splicer (straight—the diagonal is used for sound editing) for three days. Read the sections on editing in your books and, using the Mylar tape and the leader, practice making tape splices. Good tape splices are just a matter of time. Your hundredth splice will be terrible, your thousandth adequate, your ten-thousandth OK, and your hundred-thousandth automatic. So practice. A Rivas rents for $2 a day.

Subtotal—$6.00

18) Rent a fully equipped editing room. Try to arrange the same kind of deal as you were (hopefully) able to get for the camera equipment (getting to use it for a three-day weekend while paying for only one day).

While many editors today work with a console-type editing machine, either the KEM or the Steenbeck, most editing rooms you'll be able to rent will still be equipped with the good old Moviola. When you first see one of these machines, you're not sure whether it should take off and fly or dig a hole and bury itself. But, if you've read Magnasync/Moviola literature and the editing sections in your books, in a couple of hours you should be able to run the thing.

Spend some time at the beginning running leader through it. Better to tear your leader than your workprint or your magnetic track. If you encounter insurmountable problems, you can always ask the guy who rented the room to you for some help.

Compared with the splicer and the Moviola, the other editing equipment is easy to learn. But knowing how to edit a film is more than knowing how to work a lot of machines. Editing is a continual process of choosing among hundreds of constantly shifting possibilities. In the editing process a bunch of disconnected shots become

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a film, with a beginning, a middle, and an end.

Select the best takes of each scene and see how you can fit them together, keeping in mind how the cuts work with the music track. Try any idea that comes to you. The beauty of workprint and tape splices is that you can experiment.

Most rented editing rooms are available to you twenty-four hours a day. So sometime in the seventy-two hours between 9 a.m. Friday and 9 a.m. Monday you'll get your film edited the way you want it.

Subtotal—about $35.00

19) Match the original film to the edited workprint. Once the workprint looks the way you want it to, you're faced with conforming the original so that it matches the workprint frame for frame. This is called negative matching.

Negative matching isn't hard to do physically, but it's demanding in that you can't make any mistakes. Once camera original is cut, you can't put it back together again without losing at least one frame, and there are lots of times when one frame is critical. And if the splices are not made properly, they can easily come apart during printing. If that happens, the high-speed, high-tension machines most labs use today can chew up your irreplaceable original.

Splices in original film aren't made with tape. Instead they're made by scraping away some of the films emulsion and using liquid cement and heat to join the two pieces of film—what's called a "hot splice." Hire someone to do this step for you. It'll cost $85 or $90, but keep in mind you've already got about $500 invested in your film.

Ask your lab to recommend a professional negative matcher. Have him "A and B" your original as well as line up the B-wind negative track. Ask if you may watch. Maybe you'll learn enough to try matching your second film yourself.

Subtotal—about $90.00

20) Take the conformed original and the B-wind negative track to the lab and order a timed, composite print on Kodachrome stock 7387. Your first print, called the answer print, will cost 18.9 cents per foot, plus $2 for any fades and $4 for any dissolves. Assuming there are two fades in your film, at the beginning and the end, the answer print will cost $41.80.

Arrange to screen the first answer print with the timer (the person at the lab who decides how much light of what colors each scene in your film should be printed with). Try to pay for any answer prints until the lab makes one you like.

Subtotal—$41.80 □

RECORDINGS IN REVIEW

BY IRVING KOLODIN

Ives by His Prophet, Bernard Herrmann

Ives: Symphony No. 2. The London Symphony conducted by Bernard Herrmann. London stereo, SPC 21086, $5.98.

Few interpreters can claim a longer line of connection to Charles Ives than Bernard Herrmann, who not only performed his works in the Thirties but sought out information about them from the source. Thus, the New York-born conductor's points of view on a major work by the extraordinary New Englander have an authenticity available to few others (Nicolas Slonimsky, now living in California, would be one of them).

Of first significance is the kind of cooperation and aural response that Herrmann commands from the London Symphony. To most English musicians, Ives's fondness for such American tunes as "Camptown Races," "Sweet Genevieve," "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," and "Dixie" must seem incomprehensible. But Herrmann's enthusiasm for them and his commitment to their place in the composer's esthetic evoke a response that could not be greater were the allusions to "Greensleeves" or to "Rule Britannia." The outcome is extraordinary in terms of vitality and insight.

There is, for me, some doubt whether such vitality is really beneficial to Ives. Are the insights more revealing of depths or of shallowness? As always in this composer's writings, the Second Symphony shows him most secure in unwinding a leisurely exposition of a slow melodic line (movements one and three). In the faster section one senses his having a grand time working out his complicated scheme of textual references, or, as he wrote himself, making "a sort of bad joke" by putting "some of these tunes in counterpoint with some Bach tunes." But how often is a "bad joke" funny? Once—yes; twice perhaps. Thereafter, one is ever more conscious that Ives was basically a dilettante whose extraordinary talent was never subjected to the discipline that produces mastery.

There remain, however, those intensely Ivesian soliloquies (*Andante moderato* and *Adagio cantabile*). By comparison with the intensely subjective pulsation Leonard Bernstein imparts to them, Herrmann's versions are as simple as they are quiet, perhaps a shade less neurotic and more—in Emily Dickinson's coinage—"New Englandy."

The work must be the most recherché to date in London's "Phase IV" series, but it benefits substantially from the engineering skills associated with such issues.

Shostakovich for Oistrakh and Richter

Shostakovich: Sonata (Op. 134). David Oistrakh, violin; with Sviatoslav Richter, piano. Quartet in B-flat minor (No. 13, Op. 138). Beethoven String Quartet. Melodiya/Angel SR 40189, $5.98.

As artistic news does not travel between the United States and the U.S.S.R. with the same speed as invidious rumors and false reports of nuclear confrontation, it may be a surprise to some to learn that Dmitri Shostakovich has been busy adding to his chamber-music *oeuvre*. It was, at any rate, a surprise for me to learn that he had chosen to honor David Oistrakh's sixtieth birthday (in 1968) by writing a vioin sonata (his first) for him, and that he had started on his second dozen of string quartets in 1970.

Aside from certain traits personal to the composer, the two works have one characteristic in common. That is a directness of utterance, a severity of statement at variance with much of his recent writing directed at a larger public. As has been remarked previously, the more intimate art forms appear to offer Shostakovich a closer communion with the discriminating listener than the bigger ones.

It would be a happy vindication of the benefits of free speech and artistic latitude were the outcome two masterpieces. But they do not impress me as minor successes, let alone major. Each is constructed with inescapably serious purpose and a total lack of superficiality. But the all too common denominator is the manner of the writing rather than the freshness or magnetism of the material. No composer could ask a higher concentration of commitment than Oistrakh and Richter provided for the public première in May 1969 herein reproduced, or that the Beethoven Quartet provides for the work dedicated to its longtime viola player Vadim Borisovsky. But the tentative, far from affirmative applause that greeted the end of the sonata is more

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expressive of its limited appeal than any words of mine could be. The quartet gives the impression of having more to say, but it hasn't yet said it to me.

Beethoven and Sarasate by Bronislaw Hubermann

Beethoven: Sonata in A (Op. 47). **Bizet-Sarasate:** *Carmen Fantasy.* **Sarasate:** *Jota Navarra.* **Mendelssohn:** "Andante," "Finale" (Concerto in E minor). Hubermann, violin; with Siegfried Schultze, piano. **Bazzini:** *La Ronde des Lutins.* **Gluck:** "Melodie" (*Orfeo*). **Paganini:** "La Clochette" (Concerto No. 2). Hubermann, with Paul Frankel, piano. Encore ELP 001, $6 (postpaid from Parnassus Records, P.O. Box 281, Phoenicia, N. Y. 12464).

In the pantheon of violinists Hubermann occupies a niche of his own, earned by the driving force and massive integrity with which he played the music that interested him. Till this reissue, virtually nothing was audible on LP of a career that spanned a commendation from Brahms in the Nineties, and the founding of the Palestine Orchestra, forerunner of the Israel Philharmonic, in the mid-Thirties.

Neither the sources nor the content is unfamiliar to those who were growing up when Hubermann was a demideity among such greater eminences (at least in public esteem) as Kreisler, Heifetz, and Elman. They are all affiliated in memory with a series of 78-rpm issues (sponsored by the Brunswick company), whose eye appeal included a gold label and the designation "Hall of Fame" series and whose ear values tended more to surface scratch than to subsurface musical interest.

Nevertheless, the primary virtues of Hubermann's forceful, uncompromising performance of Beethoven's *Kreutzer* are today what they were all those decades ago. One must regret that the transfer to LP (by Parnassus Records) has not done much to exalt the music and suppress the surface noise. And with all the driving force of the performance by Hubermann and Schultze, there is more sliding from note to note than is consistent with today's standards of musical integrity, let alone the one associated with Hubermann.

The vital, dashing performances of the shorter pieces are consistent with the expectations of an epoch in which such virtuosity was greatly esteemed and the playing of major concertos with piano, rather than orchestral accompaniment, was not shunned. Indeed, the phrasing of the *Carmen* music is of a freshness and spirit rarely heard from even the best vocalist. These short works offer appreciably more music, less surface noise, than the sonata.

Bronislaw Hubermann, Pablo Casals, Artur Schnabel, and Paul Hindemith at the Brahmsfest in Vienna, 1933.

Operatic Mozart for Wind Ensemble

Mozart: Overture, "Hier soll ich dich denn sehen," "Durch Zärtlichkeit," "Welche Wonne," "Vivat Bacchus," and "Ha! wie will ich triumphieren" (*Die Entführung aus dem Serail*); "Madamina!" "Là ci darem la mano," "Menuetto," and "Il mio tesoro" (*Don Giovanni*); "Se vuol ballare," "Non più andrai," "Voi che sapete," and "Dove sono" (*Le nozze di Figaro*); "Der Vogelfänger bin ich ja," "Bei Männern," "Ach, ich fühl's," and "Ein Mädchen oder Weibchen" (*Die Zauberflöte*). John Snashall conducting members of the London Symphonic Band. Columbia stereo, M 31310, $5.98.

This diverting issue builds on an authentic premise to a speculative outcome that could well have delighted that eminent connoisseur of wind-band values, W. A. Mozart himself. The premise (well documented by Mozart in a letter to his father dated July 20, 1782) is that the great success of *Die Entführung* at its Vienna première a few days before had prompted the composer to arrange its "favorite tunes" for wind ensemble. Otherwise, he wrote, "someone will anticipate me and secure the profits."

The accompanying text is candid enough to admit that the text herein utilized is not Mozart's own or even one devised by a nameless rival. But Mozart's preferences in wind textures are so well known that the transcription is certainly in his style, if not from his hand.

The specialist, who has selected the material and scored it, is Arthur Harris, a contemporary English musician whose judgment is as sound as his taste. In some of the instances—such as "Se vuol ballare" and "Non più andrai" from *Figaro*—Harris could be guided by Mozart's own spirited use of winds in the opera's score. In others the implications are clear enough and faithfully pursued.

In addition to the pleasure of hearing the heavenly tunes without the bedeviling peril of sopranos, tenors, and baritones lacking mechanical means for controlling pitch, the arrangements are beautifully served by the ensemble directed by conductor Snashall. The sound has been artfully engineered by the uncredited technicians.

Vivaldi's "Seasons" With an Off-Beat

Vivaldi: *Le Quatro Stagioni.* Günter Noris, piano, harpsichord, and organ; Charly Antolini, drums; and Jean Warland, bass. Capitol stereo, SP 10547, $5.98.

As Eddie South and Stéphane Grappelli demonstrated years ago in their improvisation based on the D-minor Concerto for two violins of Bach, there is something about the steady pulse of Baroque music that invites embellishments and deviations. It was expected that the players of the original might, from time to time, add their own comments and variations, and so it is not unreasonable that performers of a later time, with another concept of improvisation, might also do likewise.

The special credit to the German pianist (Noris), his Belgian bass player (Warland), and his Swiss drummer (Antolini) is that they regard the Italian (Vivaldi) as a contemporary rather than as a by-gone antecedent. In other words, they cherish the melodic values in the original as something to be worked with, rather than against. No information is offered on the background or conditioning of Noris. But there are solid musical reasons on which to base a belief that Vivaldi has been a part of his musical viewpoint for years.

This has its dividends in the good sense that the three-movement structures of "Spring," "Summer," "Autumn," and "Winter" have been altered rhythmically without being debased musically. My only complaint would be that the rhythmic permutations tend, after a while, to become predictable rather than free-wheeling. Considering the importance of the solo violin in the original, it would have been a creative contribution to have included a contemporary South—or Grappelli himself—in the ensemble. None of these comments should be interpreted as downgrading the delights to be derived from this highly original, altogether ingenious and well-reproduced enterprise. □

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MAX IS ONE HUNDRED

This is Max Beerbohm's centennial year, and the great satirist's work is, happily, preserved in two new books.

BY ALAN DENT

Max Beerbohm—just plain "Max" to his devoted followers—would have been 100 on the 24th of August. In his writing he was always something of a dandy. As a wit (with his "charming little reputation"), he was subtle and introverted. As an arch critic of the theater and of life, he impersonated nobody but himself—often with the sweetest kind of malice. As a declared and avowed parodist, he could imitate other writers with a deadly precision, often devastating in its effect. And as a caricaturist in line and color, he invented his own style (as bluff as Rowlandson, as sharp as Gillray, and as savage as Daumier) while still a schoolboy at Charterhouse, and abided by it throughout his long life.

Having to earn a modest living, Max wrote drama criticism for London's *Saturday Review* from 1898 to 1910. In the same journal he parodied some seventeen of his literary contemporaries on the subject of Christmas, gathering them in 1912 into a book, *A Christmas Garland.* A perpetual delight! (An instance of Max's perfection as a parodist is his echo of George Moore in his coyest and coziest manner: "There are moments when one does not think of girls, are there not, dear reader?") Other gifts from Max are his five short stories collected in one volume entitled *Seven Men,* his four or five volumes of essays, and his two celebrated short novels, *The Happy Hypocrite,* a Regency fantasy, and *Zuleika Dobson,* an Oxford fantasy (both of which, though aflame with wit, seem just a shade too long for their substance: They lack complete and perfect spontaneity). And these, apart from a late collection of radio talks and sketches called *Mainly on the Air* (as effortless and winning as his private conversation), are nearly all the writings he published in his lifetime.

But his heart, as he often said, was far more in his draftsmanship than in his writing. It was only in the art of caricature—in which, incidentally, he was hardly ever serious—that he showed a wild and wandering range. In the drawings he could choose his own victims and their involvements and treat them playfully, very seldom showing bitterness and hardly ever anger. In his lifetime Max gave the world ten volumes of his caricatures; two more appeared posthumously.

Now, on the occasion of the great man's centennial, not only do we have a reliable guide to Beerbohm, *The Lies of Art: Max Beerbohm's Parody and Caricature* by John Felstiner (Knopf), which indicates the range and style of his essays, caricatures, and parodies, but, more importantly, a lavishly illustrated and more or less complete list of his drawings. This handsome book is called, simply, *A Catalogue of the Caricatures of Max Beerbohm* (Macmillan, London; Harvard University Press, U.S.). Sir Rupert Hart-Davis, the assiduous compiler of this catalogue, points up in his preface Beerbohm's difficulty with writing and his delight in drawing: "Writing was always a labor to Max, and after 1910, when he married and retired to Italy—ostensibly to gain peace for writing—he wrote very little, except when a world war drove him back to England. Drawing, on the other hand, was always his delight and relaxation, and in one form or another it occupied him pleasurably for most of his long life." To his helpmate, Florence, he once wrote, "I can draw caricatures at any moment—and how I rejoice in them! *They* are what I was put into the world to do."

Throughout his life Max Beerbohm consistently maintained that drawing, especially when satirical, was a pleasure to him, whereas writing—especially criticism of the theater—was a pain. He said this in no uncertain terms in the introduction to a selection of his own criticism called *Around Theatres,* first published in 1924 in England and in 1930 in New York. "Let me claim for my years of bondage merely this: that without them I could not have had the delicious sense of freedom that filled me when they were over—that fills me even now whenever I think of them. My interest in theatres didn't survive my freedom by a single moment. I now go to a theatre of my own accord. But when I am invited to one, or taken to one, I never fail to revel there. Whether the play and the acting be good or bad, I don't care a straw. All that matters is that I shan't have to sit down subsequently and write well-reasoned opinions of the affair. Bliss! Rapture!"

Alan Dent, a distinguished British drama critic, has, since his retirement, authored books about Robert Burns and Vivien Leigh. He is currently working on a biography of Laurence Olivier.

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And again in his prefatory letter introducing my own first book, a collection of literary and dramatic criticisms, published in 1942: "I should have been taught to cultivate what I, as a critical writer in the old *Saturday Review*, persistently neglected: the art of modesty. You never push yourself forward. You merge yourself in your theme. You wish that your reader shall share your pleasure in good work that you admire, and shall incidentally learn from you just why it is admirable. My own wish was that the reader should admire *me*. And it served me right that, so far as I am aware, he didn't! The only excuse I can find for myself is that I was never, in the true sense, a critic; never an enlightening judge of excellence. I knew what was good, but I was apt to be puzzled as to the constituents of its goodness and was a foggy eulogist. Badness is easy game, and to badness I always turned with relief. Badness is auspicious to the shower-off. Its only drawback is that it isn't worth writing about."

Rupert Hart-Davis has collected and published a quantity of Maxiana in the last ten years. He has made accessible for the first time the whole corpus of the dramatic criticism. *Around Theatres*, the selection that Max himself made, was only about one-third of the entire bulk. To it have been added two other big, lush, and rich volumes—*More Theatres* (1969), and *Last Theatres* (1970)—in which we hear Max, wittily severe, on Bernard Shaw and a horde of lesser critics—"that mysterious galaxy which I am so often compelled to criticize unfavorably." Or: "I do not subscribe to the doctrine, so sacred to the majority of dramatic critics, that one ought to be silly about silliness." Or, with a delicious switch into perfect frankness when confronted with a poorish poetic drama by Stephen Phillips: "To say that one hears the joints creaking would be unjust, for the imitation is cleverly and gracefully done. But it would be foolish to pretend that one derives any thrill of poetry. Enough of 'one': I must speak for myself."

We owe two further debts to Sir Rupert Hart-Davis. In 1964 he gave us Max Beerbohm's *Letters to Reggie Turner*, a scintillating correspondence between Max and a bachelor friend who wrote twelve novels, all unsuccessful, but who had a golden mind for conversation and letter writing. Characteristic of Turner is his remark, apropos of the vogue for first editions of famous writers, that a *second* edition of one of his own novels would be something uniquely valuable. In this treasurable book of letters is also to be found Max's own observation: "Most of my true words are spoken in jest," and his quite inimitable shred of conversation

> It was Max's belief that nothing was serious except pain and death; that nothing mattered so much as taste and wit.

with his famous actor-brother, Herbert Beerbohm Tree:

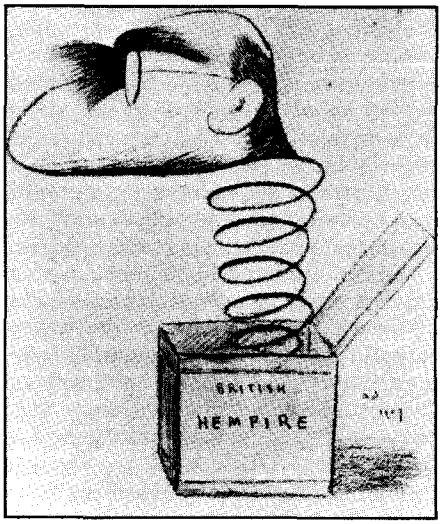
Tree to Max: "I can stand any amount of flattery—if it is only fulsome enough."

Max to Tree: "Oh! I make no conditions of any sort."

Another collection, due to be published by Macmillan in London on or around the 100th birthday, is composed of fugitive pieces by Max over the years, to be called *A Peep Into the Past*, the title being that of a satire on Oscar Wilde. Its only appearance till now has been in an unauthorized edition of 300 copies, published in New York in 1923. Here we find the remarkable essay on Eleonora Duse that appeared in the London *Sunday Times*, February 5, 1950, on an occasion when Max was pretending to review a book about Duse and her affair with the unspeakable poet-dramatist d'Annunzio, "almost as great a bounder as he was a writer." He beautifully concluded his review: "My memory associates Duse especially with the last time I saw her. This was on a night in May 1900, a night that became historic and added a new verb to the English language. On that night, at the Lyceum Theatre, which was then under the management of Joseph Comyns Carr, she was impersonating La Princesse Georges [in a play of that name which elsewhere he calls a 'tedious effusion']. During the third act one was aware, from time to time, of mysterious noises from the outer world. These gradually increased in volume and in continuity, and at the fall of the curtain the impressive figure of Joe Carr appeared from the prompt-side (it must have been a moment grateful and dear to the heart of that accomplished orator). 'Ladies and Gentlemen,' he said, 'Mafeking [a besieged town held by the British during the Boer War] is relieved!' The sounds without were for the nonce drowned by the sounds within; and the greater part of the audience had disappeared before the fourth act."

He goes on: "I dutifully remained at my post. The auditorium was now only a sound board for the pandemonium of the Strand. Duse may perhaps have raised her voice a little, but she did not look as though she were doing so; and the mournful tranquility of her mien lapsed not by a tittle. Perhaps I ought

Above, Max "receives an influential, though biased, deputation, urging him, in the name of our common humanity, and of good taste, to give over." Below, a drawing of Rudyard Kipling.



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to have emulated her calm when I was free to sally forth. 'Mafficking' (i.e., uproarious celebration of any national triumph) is a thing held in disesteem. But I must confess that I was unshocked by it. I did not fling myself in among any of the throngs of wildly dancing and singing and hat-throwing young men and women for whom all the traffic had now been cleared by the police; but they did not distress me. I remember then on the doorstep of Romano's as I edged past it, was standing old Bill Yardley, who had been in his day a famous cricketer . . . he was holding in his hand a large half-full tumbler of whisky and soda and was saying to himself loudly and with deep emotion, 'God bless them, say I!' But, all uninfluenced by Duse, I had not the heart to expostulate with him."

Here, finally, is my little sheaf of some of Max's happiest writing—his own captions to his own caricatures:

No. 484 THE NEW COINAGE, 1902. Whilom Favourite (reading): " 'Edwardus VII D.G. Omn: Brit: Rex Fid: Def: Ind: Imp' . . . Ah! He'll always be Tum-Tum to *me*!"

No. 805 A NIGHTMARE. MR. HENRY JAMES SUB-POENA'D AS PSYCHOLOGICAL EXPERT, IN A *CAUSE CÉLÈBRE*, 1908. Cross-examining Counsel: "Come, sir, I ask you a plain question, and I expect a plain answer."

No. 1055 ELEGY ON *ANY* LADY, BY GEORGE MOORE, 1916.

That she adored me as the most
Adorable of males
I think I may securely boast.
Dead women tell no tales.

No. 1168 UNTITLED [Shows A. W. Pinero, smartly dressed, passing Bernard Shaw in his utility Jaeger suit]. "Though it is an arguable point whether I be, as I was once reputed, and as I still venture to deem myself, the most intellectual, I remain, beyond dispute, the dressiest of contemporary British dramatists."

No. 1761 MISS REBECCA WEST AS I DIMLY AND PERHAPS ERRONEOUSLY IMAGINE HER, 1917.
[She appears as a young female Shaw in a trouser suit, and the drawing is surrounded by this letter to Shaw himself—here necessarily but very unwillingly shortened. The whole thing is now the property of Dame Rebecca West.]
"June 28, 1918. My dear G.B.S. This is a drawing which I found today in an old portfolio . . . I meant to send it to you, thinking it might amuse you; but I forgot. Here it tardily is. It was the result of my having read in the *Star*, now and again, some very brilliant articles by Miss West. I had marvelled much at her skill in catching your tone of mind and the hang of your sentences. . . . I have little doubt that in the first year or two she has been strenuously shaking off her likeness to you, and becoming her own self. . . . I haven't yet read her novel. Your quoted declaration that it is one of the best stories in the language gives me to fear that perhaps after all she is still very Shavian—cool, frank, breezy, trenchant, vain, swift, stern, frivolous, incorruptible, kind, accurate, and all the rest of it! Your ever MAX BEERBOHM."

Sir Rupert Hart-Davis's immense catalogue will give a deal of pleasure to Maximilians the wide world over. But these may not be so numerous as one may think. Max once disallowed a publisher to produce an omnibus of his best work, saying: "There are 1,500 readers in England and 1,000 in America who understand what I am about."

What *was* he about? Very largely about the absurdity of life as we live it, and the absurdity of being overserious about almost anything except pain and death, and the absurdity of supposing that anything matters so much as wit and taste and laughter.

Max was a wiser man than, for example, Wilde—and he would not in a thousand years, even if he had met with adversity, have tried to perpetrate anything so solemn as the latter's *De Profundis*. He was content to be unserious in nearly all of his work, whether critical or creative, whether in writing or in draftsmanship. On his deathbed Wilde was witty. He complained of the wallpaper in the cheap hotel in Paris where he lay dying: "This wallpaper is killing me—one of us will have to go!" But Beerbohm, almost at his last moment, was finally serene and serious. Just after his death, his widow told me how he had lain gazing upon a pale, cinnamon-colored bare wall in his sickroom at Rapallo and how, almost on his last day, he had exclaimed about this charming wall: "It makes me want to draw and paint again—seriously—like Botticelli." There is much of both these men in both of these utterances. □

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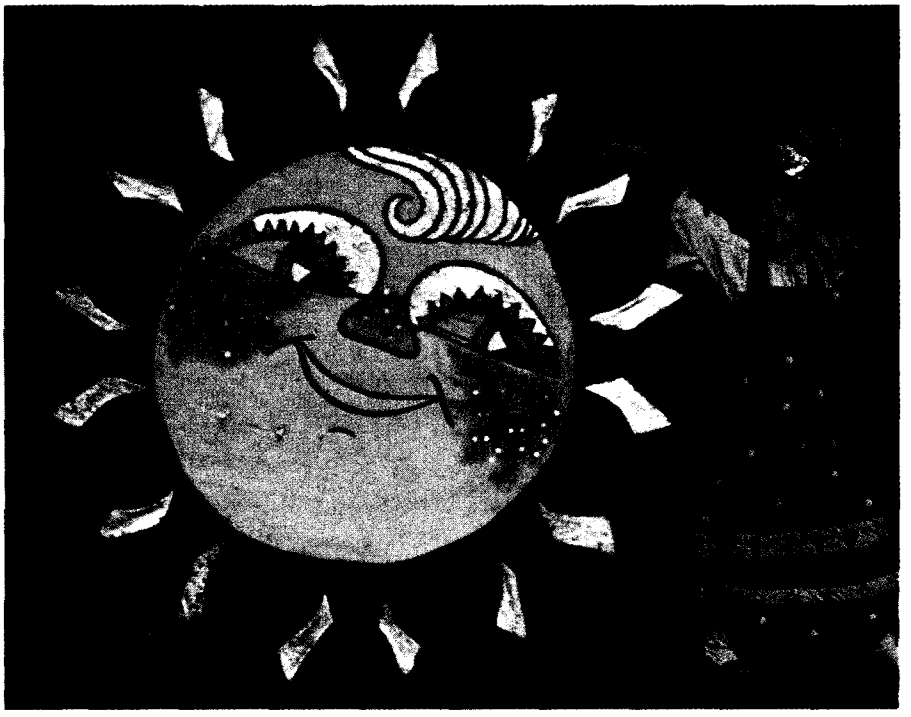
Children's Theater

TOO GOOD TO BE SO SCARCE

A group called ASSITEJ recently showed what you can do if you care—and pay.



A dancer greets the morning sun in a recent production in America by the Central Children's Theater of Moscow. The play is the Russian version of "Snow White"; at right, jesters entertain the king.

A magic fish appears. A hut becomes a palace. An ocean roars onstage. Evil masks cavort. Scoundrels plot, and a young girl dreams of becoming Queen of the World.

Whether spoken—in Russian, Rumanian, French, or English—or mimed, language seemed almost universal at the recent ASSITEJ Congress. ASSITEJ stands for Association Internationale du Théâtre pour l'Enfance et la Jeunesse (International Association of Theater for Children and Youth). Six hundred delegates from twenty-six lands met first in Montreal and then in Albany, New York, to exchange information about entertainment produced specifically for young people. Every continent but Africa was represented.

Most Americans are unfamiliar with children's theater, although other countries take it quite seriously both as an art form and as a means of influencing young minds. June's international conference was the fourth such gathering in the past eight years. An examination of some of its offerings may help us to understand better why these countries consider children's theater important.

Audience anticipation was greatest, perhaps, for the Central Children's Theater of Moscow. It opened its program with a prologue, set in the square of a make-believe town of Old Russia, in which a troupe of players attracted a crowd by performing circus routines. The players then enacted two stories, "The Tale About the Fisherman and the Fish" and "The Tale About the Dead Princess and the Seven Knights." (These had been adapted in 1831 by Russia's greatest poet, Alexander Pushkin, who put them into rhymed couplets, and were narrated in Russian. Basically they were the same Grimm Brothers' "Fisherman and His Wife" and "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" that our children have always known.) The Russian production emphasized movement and song. There were dance-processions of lords, townspeople, and buffoons, as well as linear dances of knights and peasants, all in sumptuous costume. The audience caught tantalizing glimpses of medieval Russian architecture, for in the first story the Fisherman's hovel became in turn a farmhouse, a mansion, and finally a palace, as the Golden Fish granted the Wife's increasingly unreasonable demands. The actors turned sections of the set to reveal new scenes. Modifying the Japanese Kabuki convention of using a strip of blue cloth to indicate a river, the Russian actors held several parallel strips at different heights and waved them with growing violence, producing the waxing fury of an ocean. It was from between these "waves" that the Fish appeared—a rod puppet, all gold and glittery and wriggly, and truly magical.

Another moment of magic occurred in the second play as "Snow White's" wicked Stepmother stood before her mirror. Robed in jewel-encrusted black—a spectacularly beautiful personification of royalty and evil—she faced her identically clad image, questioning and plotting with it. In scenes as exquisite as Fabergé Easter eggs, the real protagonist was not any specific character but the enchanted, opulent Slavic culture itself, in which miracles could happen.

It is interesting to note that in these plays were five of Russia's top artists, with such government-awarded titles as "Honored Actor [or Actress] of the Russian Federation" and "People's Actor [or Actress] of the U.S.S.R." Though larger than most, the 350-member staff of the Central Children's Theater of Moscow is typical of the forty-eight professional children's theaters in the Soviet Union. Each has its own building and a permanent company of from fifty to eighty actors. Besides fairy tales and Russian classics, their repertories include contemporary stories and such international favorites as *Tom Sawyer* and *Treasure Island*. First-rate playwrights and composers are commissioned to create the productions. And this is only theater for eight- to eighteen-year-olds. For five- and six-year-olds there are 110 permanent professional puppet companies—including Sergei Obraztsov's famous Central Puppet Theater—each with its own home. All these are completely subsidized by the government.

Muriel Broadman Lobl is children's entertainment editor of *Applause* magazine. She won a 1970 National Cable Television Association award for a program on theater and movies for young people.

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The Russian kids' theater is the most lavish in the world, but Rumania's is one of the most innovative and exciting.

The Central Children's Theater of Moscow was the brain child of an extraordinary woman who claims that it was the first permanent children's theater in the world. Natalia Sats founded her theater four years after the October Revolution, when she was eighteen. In that same year—1921—Isadora Duncan arrived in Moscow to set up her school of dance for children.

Madame Sats is no longer connected with the Central Children's Theater of Moscow. About six years ago she began to devote her energy and talent to a new experiment that, as far as I know, is unique in the world of children's entertainment: a children's opera company. Called since 1969 the Moscow State Children's Musical Theater, Madame's new organization has a staff of 200, which includes a thirty-seven-piece orchestra and fifty excellent voices. When she is unable to find enough classic operas suitable for children, she commissions new ones. At present she is building a "palace" for her musical theater, for which the Soviet government has already appropriated several million dollars. Completion is expected by 1975.

But Madame Sats and the Central Children's Theater of Moscow were not the only impressive delegates to ASSITEJ. From Bucharest came the Ion Creanga Theater and their *Tales With Masks*.

Oh, those wonderful Rumanians! Like the Russians, they began their program with a group of strolling players, but these were dressed in leotards and rehearsal clothes. "Would you like to see a play?" they asked the audience. "Yes." And *presto change-o!* Suddenly they were wearing folk costumes, singing and dancing up a storm. With a minimum of stage gear—some lengths of peasant weaving outlining the sides of the stage and a handful of props—they presented the merry story of Pacala and his battle against the forces of Vice. One by one, Pacala met with and overcame Injustice (a tax collector), Arrogance (a corrupt law officer), Greed (a vain and miserly old woman), and a host of others, finally conquering even Death itself. Along the way he fell in love with the beautiful peasant girl Ilenutza. Together, they waged war for Honesty and Justice, using mankind's strongest weapons, Satire and Laughter.

The Fisherman's Wife makes outrageous demands on her beleagured husband in a Russian production of "The Tale of the Fisherman and the Fish." At right, the wife has managed to become an empress, but, never satisfied, she now seeks to become Queen of the Sea.

Everything about this production was inspired, most noticeably in moments that were similar to ones in the Russian plays. At one point the Vain Old Lady looked through a mirror into the lovely face of Ilenutza and mistook it for her own—a far cry from "Mirror, mirror on the wall." The Rumanians also let a "river" loose onstage. But this time the fabric was coarse linen embroidered with fish, which undulated across the stage to a hearty beat—quite unlike the delicate, filmy silk that the Russians waved softly to lend enchantment.

The Rumanians created scenes by moving huge shieldlike shapes painted with trees or interiors. When reversed, these were discovered to be masks of the Vices Pacala had to combat. Each mask concealed an actor who wore a similar face mask in normal scale, which when removed revealed yet a third mask. The use of masks in drama goes back to the Greeks, of course, and even today many societies use them in ceremonies involving ritual enactment or dance. From time to time a modern play for adults experiments with them. But I'd never seen masks used in quite this way before—first large, to caricature an abstract quality; then reduced, to bring it down to the scale of humanity; and finally life-sized, to express its embodiment in an individual. And all with such good will and artistry that even when repetition had led us to expect the next Vice and the next set of masks, there was always a surprise twist to evoke fresh laughter.

Tales With Masks was coauthored and dominated by Ion Lucien, who played most of the Vices. But Lucien was only one of a cast of superb performers, whose ensemble acting re-

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PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD ALCORN

flected an obvious love for their work and their audience. Radiance engulfed the spectators like a tidal wave, giving us a glimpse of old peasant Rumania —earthy, gusty, cynical, *alive*!

Like the Central Children's Theater of Moscow, Rumania's Ion Creanga Theater is completely subsidized and is dedicated solely to performances for children. Its repertory includes forty-five plays geared to specific age groups. For preschoolers there are simple fables, in which audience participation is a major factor. There are fairy tales, national and international classics, and original stories for seven- to twelve-year-olds. And for youths twelve years old and up, there are plays by such titans as Racine, Anouilh, Goethe, and Sophocles. Here the emphasis is on lively dramatizations of moral issues and problems relevant to teen-agers.

Also exciting, innovative, and, of necessity, visual was the work of New York's Little Theater of the Deaf. The strength of this theater lies in the language of gesture: A flick of fingers de-

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Actors pretend they are a soft-drink machine as they perform in response to audience suggestions. They are members of America's Little Theater of the Deaf; only the narrator has normal hearing.

fines a tiger's whiskers; the sweep of an arm makes the sun rise and set. The most mundane expression can be illuminated by a new vision, quickened by a spark of movement that is poetry to the eye and heart. The one actor of the five-member troupe who can hear also doubles as narrator, reciting words fitted to the action. Performances begin with an explanation of the sign and gesture languages—always entertaining to kids, who love getting the inside dope on arcane codes. These languages are then used to dramatize playlets and poems and to improvise on suggestions from the audience.

The Little Theater of the Deaf is one of two offshoot children's companies of The National Theater of the Deaf, an adult group. Its five actor-members exhibited the same joy in performing that distinguished the offering of the Rumanians. Their "Deaf Is Beautiful" message was new to most of the audience that saw it, since only one other such theater exists—in Moscow—and that group was not represented at the congress. But this situation may soon be remedied. The National Theater has been asked by three foreign governments to help set up theaters in their countries.

Perhaps the most provocative offerings were made by Minnesota and Georgia groups, with two plays from Minneapolis providing an interesting study in contrasts.

Hang On to Your Head (presented by the Children's Theater Company of the Minneapolis Institute of the Arts) had a cast of about twenty, most of whom were teen-aged students. It was written by John Clark Donahue, with an outstanding set designed by Jon Barkla. Although the production was a visual triumph—at different times the stage contained a railway station, a carnival, a Victorian garden, and a speak-easy—the play itself was of dubious value. Donahue gave us a singularly unlikable girl of fourteen who dreamed of becoming Queen of the World and peopled her dream with equally unlikable and unbelievable characters.

The lifelessness of this play became more apparent when compared with the offering of the Hopkins Eisenhower High School Theater, from a suburb of Minneapolis. Again, the production was impressive, and the cast was composed of teen-agers. Again, the story involved a girl who escaped reality via daydreams. But here the similarities ended. Based upon an outline by Gary Parker, the script was totally improvised by the young actors. A five-member band performed a rock score, marking *The Capture of Sarah Quincey* as a truly contemporary piece of theater. Aided by the excellent direction of Tony Steblay and a stunning virtuoso performance by Kathy Zahorsky as Sarah, this production glowed with gaiety and an affirmation of life. Perhaps the delegate from Iran best summed up the differences between *Hang On to Your Head* and *The Capture of Sarah Quincey*: "One girl dreams of becoming Queen of the World. The other wants to be a citizen of it."

"Thank you for showing us something of your country" was the enthusiastic response to still another play. The *Georgia Tour Play* was perhaps the most "modern" event staged during the entire ASSITEJ Congress. Presented in a studio by the Academy Theater of Atlanta, it used no sets, no special lights, no make-up, and only two chairs for props. Yet the ten men and women who made up the integrated cast were able to turn that studio into a high school classroom through the sheer power of their acting. Their open-ended probing of interpersonal relations in turmoil as the result of new desegregation practices was sensitive and incisive. No pussy-footing here. The dialogue—sometimes wry, sometimes stinging—rang with truth. Wandering through the audience seated on three sides of the small arena stage, the actors addressed spectators directly, making participants of them, creating an illusion of reality that held them spellbound. They actually became silent PTA members, school board members, and *Kaffeeklatsch* confidantes.

The *Georgia Tour Play* is interesting historically because it was first used to help Georgia schools and communities desegregate. Although two small towns worked with the Academy Theater to some degree in formulating the concepts of the play, the finished product was never performed in either of them, since officials were worried about audience reaction to blacks and whites working together for the first time. But from the beginning the *Georgia Tour Play* belonged to the people, despite what officials thought, because it evolved out of audience discussion and reaction. In fact, it brought whites into a black church for the first time when it was presented in Albany, Georgia, some months after its creation.

Children's theater is important and has been around in some form or other for a long time. In Rumania, for instance, children's shows are part of a tradition that goes back sixteen centuries. This is also true of other European cultures. In our own country it was the settlement houses that first began to take performances for children seriously, at the end of the nineteenth century. In 1903 the first professional children's theater was organized in New York City. When it closed in 1909, settlement houses, along with other noncommercial producers, again took up the torch. But, somehow, children's theater has never received the official recognition here that it has in other countries.

The winds of change have begun to blow, however, and international meetings such as ASSITEJ may help to arouse American interest in the potential of children's theater. There is no doubt that there have been large children's productions in the United States that were equal to anything seen on Broadway. But these plays were usually supported by government or private grants.

It is true that, in this country, theater in general is in difficult straits. But children's theater has one great advantage over adult commercial theater—either in small, inexpensive productions, or subsidized, it can afford to experiment and even to fail. The relationship of children's theater to adult theater is much like the relationship of Off-Off-Broadway to Broadway: Just as the adult commercial theater is enriched by noncommercial experimentation, so, too, it can profit from work done for children. □

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Saturday Review is now a family of four monthly magazines.

Introducing a unique opportunity for you to satisfy your informational needs with a flexibility and selectivity you never had before.

Saturday Review has evolved into a family of four monthly magazines: SR/THE ARTS, SR/EDUCATION, SR/THE SOCIETY, and SR/SCIENCE.

These are edited in weekly rotation, so that *current* Saturday Review subscribers will continue to receive *all four monthlies*—one each week.

Each of the four magazines is available to *new* subscribers as an independent publication. Thus, new subscribers can choose one or two monthly magazines only—SR/EDUCATION, for example, and/or SR/THE SOCIETY.

It is also possible for new subscribers to receive *all four monthly magazines,* in which case they, too, will receive a magazine a week.

Why the change?

It is increasingly difficult for readers to keep track of changes in all of their areas of interest.

The changes are too complex and they are happening too fast.

The changes we've made in Saturday Review are designed to make information more accessible to the reader and easier to absorb.

By creating a family of four monthly magazines we are able to bring each area of interest into sharp focus (as opposed to narrow focus).

A natural evolution.

This process of editorial change has been a gradual, evolutionary one.

Over the years four basic supplements were introduced in Saturday Review: *Multi-Media, Education, Communications,* and *Environment (Science).*

These supplements enabled Saturday Review to give readers better—and better organized—coverage in these areas.

Multi-Media has been expanded to examine *all* the arts as they affect life—not just the professional arts (theater, music, dance, television, etc.) but the popular arts (like amateur photography and even gardening) as well. SR/THE ARTS takes the arts public and encourages *everybody* rather than a few people to enjoy and understand the arts.

Education has been expanded to focus on the life-long search for knowledge in all its forms. SR/EDUCATION explores how the process of learning can become a more significant part of the excitement of living before, during, and after so-called formal education.

Communications has been transformed into SR/THE SOCIETY, thus providing a broader, more comprehensive editorial focus. SR/THE SOCIETY's primary editorial thrust is to help readers cope with the dizzying change that has overtaken all of our social institutions in this age of discontinuity.

And *Environment (Science).* In an era in which men split the atom, walked on the moon, traced the delicate workings of the brain, and charted evolution through fossil finds, a huge communications gap has been opened between scientists and laymen. In fact, the scientist outside his own field is another scientist's layman. SR/SCIENCE seeks to make the relevance of all the sciences understandable to the layman.

Each of these monthly magazines retains a good measure of continuity. SR/Up Front appears in each of the four magazines offering four or five observers a chance to focus on a single person, phenomenon, or event in accordance with our conviction that great trends are often best understood when dealt with on a small, human scale. Each of the magazines also includes the regular Saturday Review features like editorials, comprehensive reviews (books, music, films, theater, and dance), a travel column, and puzzles.

To make one important magazine four important magazines.

We have doubled our investment in our most precious resource: people.

We've added 45 people to our editorial staff: editors, writers, researchers, and graphics experts.

We've drawn upon the editorial resources of the nation, attracting individuals from The New York Times, Newsweek, Time, Natural History Magazine, Horizon, and many other important publications. Now, we all face with excitement a major editorial challenge and opportunity: To make a great magazine greater.

Five separate editorial staffs have been created: one for each of our new magazines and one to maintain continuity and a family resemblance among them.

All the credentials of Saturday Review's editors would amount to little if they were not deeply committed men and women. Our editors' concerns, their passions, their involvement in the world of ideas are reflected on the pages of this family of magazines. They strive for truth and realize that truth may emerge from a balanced view of our times, but realize that "balance" must never dilute a compelling idea.

To reach our objectives we've increased the editorial pages in each issue of the family of monthlies by 40%.

Believing that graphics are a vital part of effective communication, we've also invested heavily in full-color photography and illustration.

How to subscribe selectively.

Each of our new magazines is available at a regular $12 annual Charter Price.

However, each of them is now being offered to new subscribers at a Half-Price Introductory Rate of $6 per year.

The newsstand price per issue is $1.

In addition, for those new subscribers who elect to subscribe to *all four* of our magazines (thus receiving a magazine a week), the regular combined price is $24 per year.

The two pages that follow describe our family of four monthlies in more detail.

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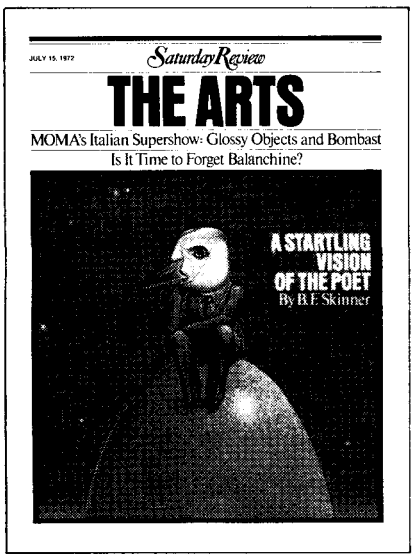
THE ARTS

Across the country there is more interest in the creative powers of our culture than ever before.

It isn't just a passive interest; people are discovering that in every one of us there lives an artist, a creator of some sort, and that "art" is no longer the special preserve of a few experts. New art forms, new art centers, and new concepts of what art should be are developing in joyful profusion.


JULY 15, 1972
SaturdayReview
THE ARTS
MOMA's Italian Supershow: Glossy Objects and Bombast
Is It Time to Forget Balanchine?
A STARTLING VISION OF THE POET
By B.F. Skinner

SR-The Arts is designed to help you keep up with all these exciting developments.

It features eight regular departments: Cinema; Art; Theater and Dance; Entertainments; Writing; Architecture and Design; Music; and People and Ideas.

These departments spot trends, report on coming events, revisit forgotten masters, and put you in touch with the personalities behind art news.

But Saturday Review-The Arts does not confine itself to the traditional cultural categories. The magazine sets no artificial limits on its scope.

It looks at all the Arts.

Photography. Design. Dance. Sculpture. Architecture. Literature. Painting. Communications. Criticism. Opera. Music. Film. Theater. Poetry.

You'll get guides to European and American music festivals, thorough reviews of the latest recordings, reports on jazz, pop and rock, and articles on Broadway musicals. Sir Rudolf Bing will recall his twenty-two years as impresario of the Metropolitan Opera, and novelist Terry Southern will cover the Rolling Stones' American tour.

—You'll read a debate between two great men of letters, Francis Steegmuller and Alberto Moravia, that continues a modern controversy over a novel written more than a hundred years ago.

—You'll discover how an American firm is redesigning Sao Paulo's transportation system, how a famous lighting designer is constructing mobile theater units, how a woman artist is coming up wth new, humane concepts for buildings that startled and influenced established architects.

—You'll read John Hightower, former director of the Museum of Modern Art, on how tax dollars may revolutionize museums, changing them from private clubs for connoisseurs to vital public institutions. You'll see Claude Picasso's essay on the private collections of America's best-known modern artists.

In addition, The Arts carries features, puzzles, reviews, contests and editorials.

We invite you to become a Subscriber to Saturday Review-The Arts at the half-price charter introductory rate of $6.00 for one year.

EDUCATION

This magazine explores the world of learning, and raises fundamental questions about the existing educational system, and the new directions it might take.

It has several editorial departments, including Previews and Reviews, Life and Learning, Early Childhood, The Schools, Colleges and Universities, and People and Ideas.

It examines how we learn, where we learn, and what we learn, and relates it to the new requirements of our society.

It does not restrict its attention to schools, colleges and other formal institutions, because we are constantly learning outside the classroom.

All through your life, environmental influences are having a profound influence on your ability to cope.

In addition, basic education is undergoing significant change at all levels in our society.

The information explosion is partly responsible.

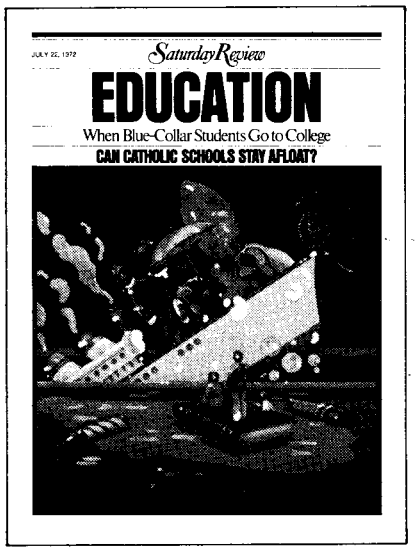
New technology plays its part.

And educators are learning more about how people learn, and what they retain.

But the major change occurring in education today may be due to the fact that teaching methods which worked in America during the industrial revolution and the immigrant waves will not be relevant in the 21st Century.

We are faced with education in the urban ghetto.

Retraining of workers who have been automated out of jobs.



Overcrowded, underfinanced school systems.

Continuing education beyond college, for people who need it, and for people who enjoy it.

SR-Education is intensely readable, relevant and exciting.

Here are some of the things you will read about in Education.

—Are "educational toys" really educational? Are they really necessary?

—Children's TV. A guide to the coming season that parents, and educators can really trust.

—The "blue-collar" colleges: as open admissions becomes policy in many colleges, what experience from the past will be significant?

—Do those "crash courses" for the College Boards really help?

—A head-start on Head Start: education begins in the home.

—Should schooling be compulsory? Direct reports from states where it is not.

We invite you to become a Charter Subscriber to Saturday Review-Education at the half-price introductory Charter Rate of $6 for 1 year.

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SCIENCE

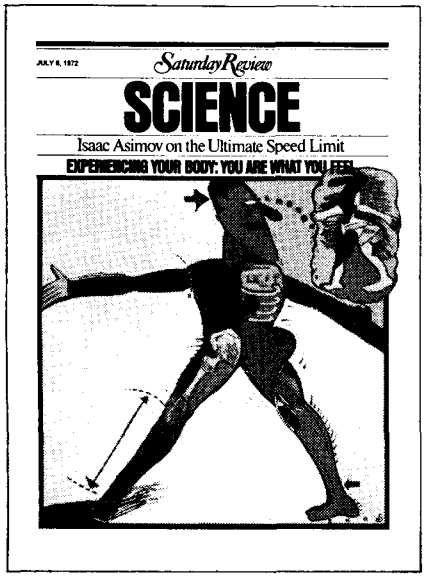
Science has become too important a part of our lives to be left to scientists.

Yet most magazines that deal with the subject of science are so technically oriented, they tend to be obscure to the non-professional.

So the editors of Saturday Review have created a monthly magazine to solve the problem.

It's called Saturday Review-Science, and it's written for you, the non-professional.

Which is not to say that it's simplistic.


JULY 8, 1972
Saturday Review
SCIENCE
Isaac Asimov on the Ultimate Speed Limit
EXPERIENCING YOUR BODY: YOU ARE WHAT YOU FEEL

In fact, many scientists thoroughly enjoy it. They read it to learn more about areas other than their own.

What we've done is to make the materials more relevant, and more digestible.

We've eliminated the statistical probability curve charts.

And the complicated three-paragraph chemical formulae.

We've left the fun in.

SR-Science covers science as it needs to be covered.

It keeps you abreast of developments in virtually every field of science.

Health and medicine. Psychology. Physics. Environment. Sociology. Anthropology. Biology. Chemistry. Computer sciences. Applied sciences. And the ideas and discoveries of the top men and women in the various fields of science.

Our approach is to clarify and communicate, rather than just to report.

After reading an article on the phenomena of lightning, you will actually *understand* the processes that produce them. In detail.

Some articles:

—The computer and civil liberties: the danger of a nation on file in a machine's memory.

—Lunar tides: how the attraction of the moon results in everything from mirth to madness.

—What's wrong with American agriculture.

—Weather modification: are raindrops as lethal as bombs?

—The psychology of foreign aid: is it really better to give than receive?

—The schedule of the human embryo: when does life really begin.

—The definition of death. When does life really end?

In addition, Science carries features, puzzles, reviews, contests and editorials.

You can get a Charter Member Subscription at the half-price rate of $6.00 for one year.

We invite you to take advantage of this offer today.

Layman or not.

THE SOCIETY

The new politics. Changing lifestyles. Business booms and busts. Freer relations between the sexes. Power, and how to get it. War, and how to stop it. Money, and how to make it. Things, and how not to let them get the better of you. Nature, and how not to muck it up.

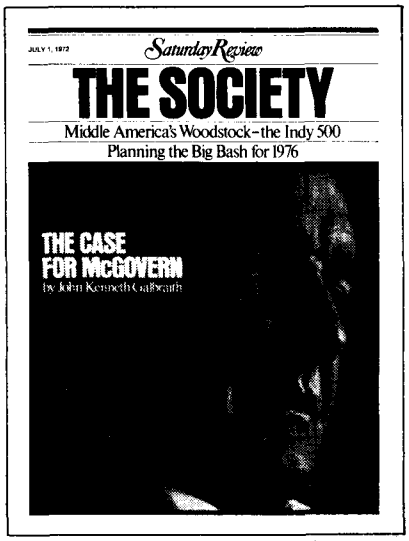
Newspapers and television do cover these topics, and that's why they're conversation pieces. But even the newspapers can't cover these subjects in depth.

Deadlines won't permit it.

So the editors of Saturday Review have created a new magazine that fills the need.

It's a monthly, so that we can have the luxury of research, re-examination, and reflection.

The result is articles that are meaty enough to give you something to talk about for a month. And think about for a lot longer.



In a way, it is an invaluable, practical aid to coping with and surviving in a society that is changing around us at a future-shock pace.

Its main fare is things you don't get to read about in the newspapers.

—Like John Kenneth Galbraith's witty and compelling statement of "The Case for George McGovern."

—Like a recent essay by Clark MacGregor (President Nixon's new campaign manager) entitled "The Coming Nixon Victory."

—Like "A Radical Guide to Wedlock"—in which the authors spell out the way (they think) a modern marriage contract ought to read.

—Like "Smart Bombs and Dumb Strategy"—an analysis of how the Vietcong and the North Vietnamese manage to go on shooting even after having been bombed harder than the Germans in World War II.

—Like the profile of the man who is called "The Ralph Nader of the Insurance Business."

—Like the psychoanalytic probe into the fad of skyjacking.

—Like a symposium of the nation's leading economists on the subject of tax reform.

—Like an analysis of the new "social responsibility" mutual funds.

Saturday Review-The Society is looking into the issues of society. Our corporation. Our unions. Prisons. Environmental protection groups. Community-run day-care centers. The economy. Leisure. Business. Communications. Politics. Advertising. Technology. Welfare. Jobs.

In short, the pulse of life.

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The Moving Van Land

BY HARRIET VAN HORNE

A NATION OF STRANGERS
by Vance Packard
David McKay, 368 pp., $7.95

To the diagnoses of "What ails America?" add Vance Packard's thesis: We are a society of torn roots, of families packing and unpacking, of trailer parks and Swinging Singles and gypsy children who never spend more than two years in one school—in sum, "a nation of strangers," where forty-two million citizens change their addresses every single year. We are, it seems, wasting our substance in transit, ignoring our basic human needs, and, in consequence, doing ourselves and our country a grave disservice.

Vance Packard, who has reported on American manners and mores in such previous (and famous) books as *The Status Seekers, The Hidden Persuaders,* and *The Waste Makers,* spent four years researching the present volume, and his findings are fairly grim: "While the footlooseness of Americans as pioneers was a source of vitality and charm, several of the new forms that the accelerated rootlessness of Americans is taking should be a cause for alarm. Great numbers of inhabitants feel unconnected to either people or places and throughout much of the nation there is a breakdown in community living. In fact, there is a general shattering of small-group life. A number of forces are promoting social fragmentation. We are confronted with a society that is coming apart at the seams."

In moving about so much, we are, Packard believes, destroying the traditional patterns that have made us a vigorous nation for 200 years. We are begetting a race of "don't care" transients, drifters, job-hoppers, and unhappy wives who feel alienated wherever they go.

Who are the new nomads, the Americans on the move? They tend to be of the managerial, technical, and professional classes. They have had some college training. Three-fourths of them work for large corporations. In age the most mobile group is between twenty-five and thirty-four. But the moving mania continues through old age, as demonstrated by the retirement villages, the trailer parks, and the "snow birds," who winter in Florida and go north with the swallows. Mobility is highest in our western states, and so is the divorce rate. In Los Angeles 85 per cent of all people renting their dwellings move each year. In that same area there are currently eight divorces for every ten marriages. The unemployed move a lot, too, but mostly short distances. Working-class people, Packard found, tend to build their lives on kinship and ethnic ties, and their mobility is limited not only by the financial burden but by a deep fear of change and of cutting these ties. It disturbs Packard that so many of our transient citizens come from the ranks of the talented and the ambitious, for these are the very people who could provide community leadership, if only they'd remain long enough in one community.

Our new mobility has created dozens of new special service organizations, ranging from Welcome Wagon visitors to Home Finders, who will take care of your house hunting in the next town, to Area Consultants, who transfer the entire personnel of large companies, finding houses, arranging loans, investigating schools and neighborhoods. Even more thorough are "package relocaters," who will sell your current house, buy you a new one in your new town, pack up your possessions, handle your family transportation problems, have your rugs cleaned, arrange the transporting of your pets, and take charge of selling whatever possessions you leave behind. They're a good bit more efficient, one suspects, than the average housewife, no matter how many times she has moved. (Women who dislike moving, in fact, provide some of the more poignant passages in the book.)

Both industry and government are "mindless and heartless" when it comes to moving families wantonly from city to city, base to base. Military or space towns are among the least satisfactory places to live, according to Packard. In Great Falls, Montana (dominated by an air base), the schools run triple shifts, and there is a 70 per cent pupil turnover each year, plus a 30 per cent turnover in teachers. Not unexpectedly, transients are coolly received by the old families. Packard quotes a Great Falls old-timer: "Why can't these people plant gardens and take care of their lawns like we do?" It is a typical comment.

Packard is at his best in describing the "curious life styles" of our loosely rooted Americans. He is disturbed that transient towns rarely have a local newspaper or TV station. He sees the decline in volunteer work as an unhealthy omen. But certain moral erosions distress him even more. Transient Americans often show little concern for the good opinion of their neighbors. Not only is property neglected, but personal bankruptcies have tripled in the past ten years. As Packard notes, what is most disturbing is the increasing casualness with which people resort to bankruptcy, a course that once represented an ultimate in humiliation. Doubtless, instant credit cards have tended to depersonalize our sense of debt. Packard also believes that the increase in urban crime and vandalism can be largely attributed to the high mobility of city residents. Rootless people are often quick to feel angry or threatened. They also tend to have more sickness, some of it mental, stemming from the instability of their lives. All of which adds up to "an increase in com-

Harriet Van Horne writes a regular column for the *New York Post* on social and political affairs. A collection of her columns, *Never Go Anywhere Without a Pencil,* will be published next month.

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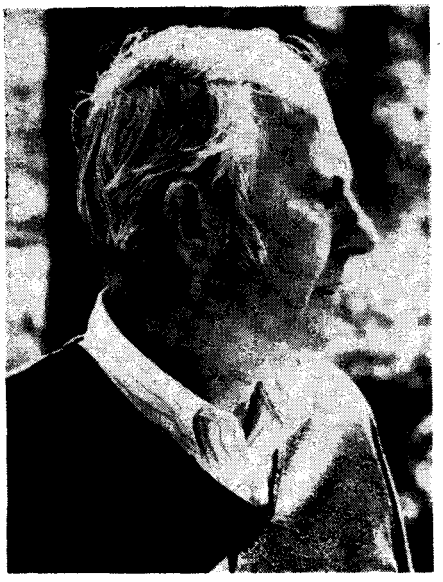

Vance Packard

munity disruption and turbulence," which, Packard argues, could lead to such a fragmentation of American society as to greatly endanger our entire political structure. He notes that in the 1968 election forty-seven million qualified citizens did not vote. In the 1970 primaries only half of those eligible to vote did so. "By opting out of the democratic process, they are thereby making the nation more vulnerable to professional elites, or even to totalitarianism."

How to persuade America to settle down? First, large companies must cease the wanton transfer of employees in the name of "efficiency." Some companies, such as IBM, are now giving their personnel an option on moving (after the husband and wife have visited the proposed new location at company expense). Second, new towns, such as Columbia, Maryland, must be created to help people to put down roots. We must work out new patterns of living, Packard concludes, that will permit us to enjoy "some sense of community in our lives, so that we can feel clearly that we have a place in the ongoing stream of life."

Although highly readable, *A Nation of Strangers* is a solemn and thoughtful book. Packard humanizes his sociological data with oddities culled from local papers and with quotations—mostly overheard remarks ("Parma residents just don't realize they live in the ninth largest city in the state of Ohio")—that suggest a novelist's ear. This is an important book, one that should be read by personnel directors, corporation presidents, and community leaders. But most of all, it should be read and studied by anyone who is contemplating packing up and moving on to the next town. With every move, it seems, you lose a little of yourself. □

UNCOUPLING:
The Art of Coming Apart;
A Guide to Sane Divorce
by Norman Sheresky and Marya Mannes
Viking, 208 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Linda Wolfe

I was divorced in the Caribbean on a balmy day this past winter along with a group of some dozen or so other petitioners. We were, I realize after reading *Uncoupling*, an exceptional lot. Many of the wives had eschewed alimony, determined to make a go on their own. Several of the husbands had insisted on paying it, convinced their wives were entitled to support. Children were being provided for, being freely permitted to visit with both estranged parents. And even some of the lawyers for this group had behaved with generosity, not charging a fee for the American end of the procedure. Nearly all present, while sad, were in a hurry to get home and resume their daily lives.

There are no people like this in *Uncoupling: The Art of Coming Apart* or *A Guide to Sane Divorce* (if one subtitle doesn't work, add another). The "art" in the book has to do with being artful enough to trick your spouse into telling you where he or she has hidden the tax returns and the bank deposit books, and the sanity in divorce comes from being the one to grab them first. The people discussed are the familiar grasping, vindictive characters of divorce, the Outraged Husband, the cliché-spouting wife who says, "I want that bastard crucified," Lawyer Toughguy, and other comic-book types who are apparently, at least according to lawyer Norman Sheresky and reporter Marya Mannes, still the prototypes of nearly everyone getting divorced or handling divorce today.

It takes some suspension of disbelief to accept that this caricature is really the norm, that the two out of five American marriages currently ending up broken apart are replete with problems concerning hidden Swiss bank accounts, unlimited charge accounts, tax evasion, and the like. But if you believe this and if you yourself are such a well-endowed member of the about-to-be-divorced class, this guide is meant for you. It is not a coherent guide to any aspects of divorce beyond the financial: It does not explain the really crucial matters, such as what the various states' grounds for divorce are, where one can get a rapid divorce, how much a lawyer is likely to charge, what the step-by-step procedures are in getting a separation or divorce agreement modified, or even how to get an agreement enforced.

Unfortunately, even the financial finagling is not clearly presented. Indeed, perhaps because of the book's frequent anecdotes, little practical information of any sort is communicated. Disorganized, scattered, repetitious, *Uncoupling* is rather like a series of lead sentences waiting for someone to come along and fill in the paragraphs. The problem stems from the fact that the book is at war with itself, a joint effort by two authors who seem constantly to be flying off the handle with each other, forever on the verge of stylistic divorce. One voice, perhaps one that had offering concrete facts in mind, advises the reader in several places to be sure to know, "Who has the dough? How is it come by? Where is it? Does the other spouse know about it? Where are the records, e.g., bank statements, securities, bonds, tax returns, etc.?" This voice is slangy. "True to script," it says, "hubby and his lawyer announced that the husband's business and financial affairs were in chaos." Or it is homey. "It's plain and simple, folks," it says. "The wife should indulge in none of the above activities . . . ." Chattering, it asks questions it doesn't have time to answer: "The question frequently raised by women is whether, after the signing of a separation agreement, they may proceed to conduct themselves normally (translation: can they screw around?). Consult your local lawyer; the question is a very tricky one."

The other voice had in mind an indictment of the legal system and society. It is very well meaning and depores the very things that the first voice is giving lessons in. "It is obvious," it says, "that marital combatants and their lawyers must be disarmed. To us, the easiest way would be to get rid of the necessity of proving fault, to recognize dead marriages, and to create a system whereby the parties are obliged, under heavy financial—and perhaps even criminal—penalties, to truthfully submit to searching examinations concerning their finances, perhaps before court referees with experience in accounting." This voice is always concerned with what should and what should not be. "Society plays—should play—no part in the dissolution of a marriage," or, "It is simply asinine to submit the fate of mature people and their children to judicial roulette. To ask a judge in a matter of hours, or even days, to impose conditions upon families that they have to live with for the rest of their lives is to take a risk that should be avoided at all costs."

In a chapter on "Adultery and Private Investigators," the two voices practically drown each other out, one insisting on giving tips on how much an

Linda Wolfe is a contributing editor of *New York* magazine.

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investigator costs ($150 a day for two of them) and what his expenses include ("phone calls, gas, meals, etc.") and the other busily attitudinizing: "Perhaps legislators should delve more deeply into the dynamics of marital affairs. We think they would be surprised to discover how many spouses simply do not want to know whether or not their mates are cheating." One minute we are learning how to do it, the next learning whether we should or shouldn't.

I do not mean to judge which voice is the more decent, just to say that in their present disorder and cacophony they are clearly incompatible. Their book wanders off the track, uncouples, and thuds. □

NOBODY'S BUSINESS
by Penelope Gilliatt
Viking, 185 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Joseph Kanon

Penelope Gilliatt is becoming something of a literary treasure. Her movie criticism for *The New Yorker* is consistently intelligent and stylish, her screenplay for *Sunday, Bloody Sunday* has been acclaimed as one of the best in years. Now she's published a new collection of short stories (there has been one other, as well as two novels), and they are as fine, literate, and fresh as any being written today. *Nobody's Business* contains nine stories (all of them previously published in *The New Yorker*) and as a collection is uneven only in the sense that some of the stories are bound to please a given reader more than others. What is clear, beyond the question of favorites, is their collective excellence and sparkle, their demonstration of a unique literary sensibility at work.

Miss Gilliatt is a transatlantic writer: Her time is literally divided between London and New York, and her fiction pretty much shares this division. Her characters, by virtue of their intelligence and sophistication, seem equally at home anywhere — the modern urban world has melted into a sameness they take with them wherever they go. These are lives everywhere surrounded by technology: Computers malfunction; a character has "robot vision"; another works with FRANK ("Family Robot Adapted to the Needs of Kinship"); a little girl does her lessons by push-button phone ("Touch-Tone-Tuition"); three members of a love triangle lie in beds, their arms and legs wired to electrocardiographs, presumably to reassure themselves of life. They have made their place (often a privileged place) in a world that turns on them, and when they are not dealing with the abrasiveness of machine living, they are being faced with either a loss of internal energy or the slipshod indifference of others. One aging socialist, resigning his membership in the Labour Party to protest its apathy, is told, "Are you turning Tory? That's all they're going to want to know."

But these people are involved in neither failure nor fashionable rage, and they are alienated only insofar as their intelligence makes them alert to absurdity and disappointment. They are concerned, above all, with coping and, as a result, virtually adopt irony as a lifestyle. Even when they take postures, they are self-conscious about them. In Miss Gilliatt's hands this irony is fine-edged, rich, and funny — a species of literary humor rare in contemporary writing. And though her style is often intentionally oblique, it is not superficial. The writing seems to float above its subject, then focus on a situation like a high-intensity beam. She is a master of the revealing detail, the overheard snatch of restaurant conversation. Of course, all this runs the risk of mere cleverness, but there is much more — an intuitive feel for the density of relationships, the almost impossible confusion and variety of life. "I'll leap into my life," one character thinks, "if it splits my face into bits." Miss Gilliatt takes up such bits and makes them all a little clearer.

This is the kind of fine collection whose last page is turned with the hope that there will be more. □

Joseph Kanon is associate books editor of *SR*.

THE LAST FAIR DEAL GOING DOWN
by David Rhodes
Atlantic–Little, Brown, 308 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Jerry G. Bowles

David Rhodes's surreal, blues allegory, *The Last Fair Deal Going Down*, is one of the most ambitious and difficult first novels to come along in quite a spell. So ambitious and complex is it, in fact, that the publishers dispensed with the usual mumble about how at last they'd found a novel that truly captures the decaying spirituality of America's heartland and how really difficult it is to find good novels anymore anyway. Instead, they merely lifted a section of text to decorate the inside of the dust jacket. A cynical mind might suggest that somebody wasn't quite sure what the book was about; more likely, the folks simply decided that to summarize the book would be a disservice.

Rhodes has written a curious and often staggeringly imaginative novel that is inventive in form yet evolves from a somewhat old-fashioned and romantic, though once again current, notion: When men are uprooted from the land, they lose their identity and their spiritual consciousness and become prisoners of hopelessness. They become lost — trapped in circumstances that degrade and dehumanize them, turn them violent, and endow them with the capacity for depravity and evil.

The informing metaphor for evil in the story is the City:

> Not a city like Des Moines itself, but an inner City of Des Moines . . . or a lower City. It is at the bottom of this gigantic hole in the ground. At the base—the beginning of the City — is a ghastly, stone concrete wall surrounding the City, looming some twenty-five feet in the air. It encircles the City and is believed to be over two miles in diameter. Higher than this, along the wall, are seven monuments — giant monuments of awful creatures. These monuments, if you approach them from the outside, will open and move back into the wall, letting you walk inside. Then they close. No one has ever gotten out of the City . . . the monuments will not reopen.

Rhodes's symbolic City is, of course, very much like the real Des Moines (Rhodes is himself a native Iowan), and it is to this prairie city that Luke Sledge and his wife come, like figures in a frontier tall tale. She bears seven children, the youngest of whom is the narrator, Reuben. On a literal level—as far as an absurdist novel can ever be literal—life for the Sledges is a tragic soap opera as their children begin to reflect the drifting rootlessness of their situation. The eldest son, John Charles, is hung for murder; the youngest daughter, Mary, disappears into the City and later becomes the mistress of a perverted junkie (and not altogether unwittingly performs an act of fellatio on her brother); Nellie, the Everyperson figure around whom Reuben's story evolves, is raped by the townspeople and goes blind; Will's obsession for a woman leads him to a mental institution; and Walt, the violent one, vanishes into the inner City after causing his father's death.

Admittedly, it is a melodramatic scenario, but Rhodes makes it work and does so by never allowing the reader to take the story literally. With a superb sense of pace, he anticipates the points at which the reader will take the bait and reels his story back into symbolic perspective.

Rhodes is a fine and intuitive crafts-

Jerry G. Bowles is a writer and editor of two collections of avant-garde fiction, *This Book is a Movie* and *Art Work, No Commerical Value*.

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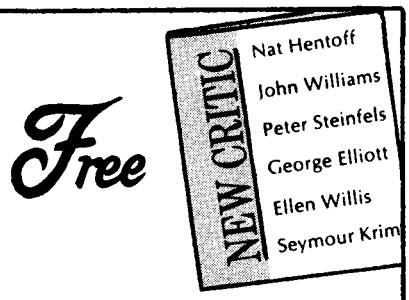

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man, and many sequences are as good as anything in recent fiction. One particularly effective section deals with Will's obsession with the beautiful Cedar Stern, whom he sees as his path to self-knowledge. He rents the room next to hers, drills holes in the wall, places recording equipment under her bed, watches her eat, sleep, dress, masturbate. He learns completely her responses and attitudes. After fourteen months, he makes a move and seduces her, knowing that he has done everything right and that she cannot help loving him. He asks her to marry him: "'No,' she said. 'You've given me so much. I've missed so much. You've shown me that. I'm young again.'" For Will, her refusal is the beginning of the end.

The most powerful section of the novel is the account of Reuben's descent into the inner City. In a chilling third-person voice he describes the horrors he finds: Miserable, emaciated humans huddle in darkness, living off the flesh of the dead, finding momentary peace through heroin. Only Reuben remains hopeful, and it is only he who escapes.

Reuben is the familiar Kafkaesque protagonist, and, as such, he is involved in the staples of modern fiction: the quest for meaning, the quest for access to spiritual understanding, the human assault on the divine. Yet he is more an activist hero than an absurdist victim. Although confronted by irrationality and illogic, he remains purposeful, willful, and conscious in pursuit of his goals. His view, and hence the view of the author, is essentially optimistic. Man can deal with his problems, can—at least for now—elude the spiritual wilderness and attain a higher consciousness.

Perhaps the "last fair deal" of the title is self-awareness, the kind of understanding Rhodes suggests might be attained by remaining close to the land and taking from it only what you need to survive. This sort of deification of nature has become an increasingly popular notion and has taken on a cult quality, though personally I must admit to some deep skepticism about the romance of nature.

Yet this is a convincing and powerful first novel. There are flaws, of course. The character of Nellie remains too elusive, too obscure. False clues are given and never developed. A few sequences are filled with the strains of songs we already know. But, all in all, Rhodes has written a first-rate book; only twenty-five, he understands our discontent, feels our loss of a sense of place, and knows that where a lot of us are these days is nowhere. ☐

Mysteries in Review

ON THE DOCKET

BY O. L. BAILEY

Crime fiction, perhaps more than any other form, mirrors a society and a way of life. Thus it is not surprising that this decade of consciousness raising has seen the emergence of blacks as integral characters in what formerly was predominantly white fiction. But with the exception of Chester Himes, a fine black novelist who ranks with Richard Wright and who writes police novels, such as *Cotton Comes to Harlem*, there have been very few black contributions to the detective novel. Shaft, the black shamus (the Seventies' Sam Spade?), is the creation of a white man and a fantasy trip at that. So is Virgil Tibbs, homicide expert of the Pasadena Police Department and brainchild of John Ball. (Yes, Sydney Poitier was Tibbs in the movie version of Ball's *In the Heat of the Night.*) Likewise Pharoah Love, whose creator, George Baxt, prefers to remain pseudonymous. In fact, Love sets a precedent in that he's black, homosexual, and a cop withal. Less precedent setting but just as interesting in his own way is Arthur Brown, a black police officer who works out of the 87th Precinct, setting for the terrific ongoing series by Ed McBain (pseudonym for Evan Hunter). But again the author is white.

One hopes there will soon be more contributions to the genre by black writers. For one thing, as currently portrayed by white writers, blacks have been freed from one stereotype only to be locked into another. True, the characters have more dimension than ever before. Most of them genuinely compel our attention. But they are, nevertheless, running to types: militants (many of them ex-marines fresh from Vietnam), narcotics cops, campus radicals, and freshman politicians in a bright new world, perhaps no longer invisible but, alas, still token.

The Vanishing Senator by Judson Philips (Dodd, Mead, $4.95) renews our acquaintance with Peter Styles, the crusading reporter for *Newsday* magazine, whose wooden leg (caused by two hoodlums out to "get" him) scarcely impedes his progress as newshound-*cum*-amateur detective. A senator and a famous political columnist are abducted. The ransom demand made to the President is for one million dollars, the release of a score of criminals from jails all over the country, and guarantee of safe passage for them to Cuba or Algeria. If the demands are not met, the present hostages will be killed and two more men of national importance will be seized. Investigative reporter Styles be-

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comes the linchpin in the kidnappers' plot.

Styles's ingenuity in solving the case is greatly reinforced by two blacks, Rocky Jackson and Duke Richards, who get into the act for their own ends. The militant Jackson, according to FBI claims, could be picked up anytime, but ". . . in spite of his militant attitudes . . . he throws some kind of reason and sanity into the kitty." The black as emotional Robin Hood! As for Duke Richards, Styles's self-appointed body guard, he's an ex-marine and a veteran of Vietnam who can shoot the ash off your cigarette butt at forty yards. Whatever the new mold, Richards and Jackson are portrayed with enough savvy to make us want to see more of them. *The Vanishing Senator* is one of the best Peter Styles mysteries to date.

Blacks and a reporter also figure prominently, but not as successfully, in Dorothy Salisbury Davis's *Shock Wave* (Scribner's, $5.95). Kate Osborn, one of *Saturday Magazine's* [*sic*] best journalists, is assigned to cover a story in a midwestern college town that happens to house a world-famous nuclear scientist, a political wheeler-dealer who coincidentally is also one of the country's leading tycoons (he's the object of Kate's assignment), and a black community seething with tension. For further color there's the fuzz—festering in a veritable hotbed of prejudice that extends indiscriminately from blacks to students to lady reporters. The scientist is murdered and then the leader of the black community. Mayhem erupts predictably, but the end comes not with a bang but a simper.

The blacks in *Legislative Body* (Crime Club, $4.95) are really running true to the contemporary form. This is author Joe Hensley's second book featuring Donald Robak, lawyer turned (pshaw) amateur detective. (The first was *Deliver Us to Evil*). Robak is now a freshman representative in his state's legislature. When Robak's friend and very influential colleague, Sloan Link, is found not missing but dead, Robak is called upon to help the police discover whether it's suicide or murder. Instrumental in his investigation is Fred Olean, a black first-termer who liked and respected Link and has his own ideas about Link's death. Olean, the author hastens to have Robak point out, has a degree in agriculture from Michigan State, operates a string of dry-cleaning plants, and is a hell of a nice guy. "Those kind make the great ones . . . ," says our hero in describing Olean's low-key qualities and high "degree" of intelligence. Meanwhile, back at the state university campus is twenty-four-year-old Harlan Hill, Vietnam veteran and black president of the

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082. DESCHOOLING SOCIETY
Ivan Illich
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268. DUCE! Richard Collier
Publisher's Price, $12.50

305. THE MORTGAGED HEART
Carson McCullers
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018. WHO PUSHED HUMPTY DUMPTY?
Donald Barr
Publisher's Price, $10.00

049. KNOTS
R. D. Laing
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099. THE NEW INDUSTRIAL STATE
John Kenneth Galbraith
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student body, who exists to rev up what by now has turned into a very dull pursuit. Too bad. By the time Robak uncovers the cause of Link's death, you couldn't care less.

Rafer Hayes, black narcotics agent, is clearly the one to watch carefully in Duncan Kyle's *Flight into Fear* (St. Martin's Press, $5.95). But John Shaw, freelance intelligence agent and sometime pilot, doesn't learn that until it's almost too late. Shaw's assignment—to fly a plane from San Francisco to Great Britain with a VIP passenger—seems surface simple. But Shaw unwittingly scratches the surface and comes up with a badly beaten body (his own) and an Oriental drug ring with more red herrings than you can shake a chopstick at. By the time Shaw and Hayes get their signals straight, the trail of blood leads to the ever-familiar sleepy English university town (where more goes on than ever meets anyone's eye). This is not as good as Kyle's first book, *Cage of Ice*, but it still can be highly recommended.

San Francisco is again the scene, an airplane the center of attention, and a black skycap an unlikely choice for pivotal character in *A Tough One to Lose* by Tony Kenrick (Bobbs, Merrill, $5.95). A 747 jumbo jet fully loaded with passengers disappears. The ubiquitous FBI is unable to find it, and, unless twenty-five million dollars' worth of uncut diamonds is forked over, it seems our famed G-men never will. A down-at-the-heels lawyer and his ex-wife, presently in use as his secretary, stumble on a clue that leads them on a far from merry chase. *A Tough One to Lose* is one of those books in which a good idea has gone awry with too many plot strands spoiling the suspense.

Ed McBain's twenty-fifth novel about the 87th Precinct, *Sadie When She Died* (Doubleday, $5.95), doesn't feature Arthur Brown, but it does have Detective Steve Carella and a couple of other favorites on hand. The season is several hammocks away from now—Christmas. A woman, stabbed to death, is found by her husband. He promptly calls the police. In the course of routine questioning, he somewhat ungallantly remarks, "I'm delighted someone killed her." Never one to let sleeping remarks lie, Detective Carella stalks the husband, who eventually leads him to the killer. This has the usual McBain style. It's well plotted, with crisp, believable dialogue and that note of deadpan comedy that is absolutely unbeatable. □

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1523
Anybody can make history; only a great man can write it.
Oscar Wilde

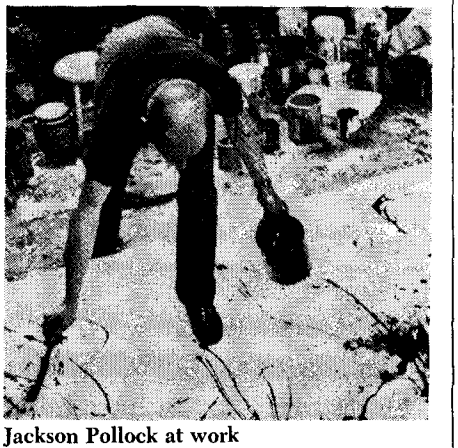
JACKSON POLLOCK:
Energy Made Visible
by B. H. Friedman
McGraw-Hill, 293 pp., $10

Reviewed by Dave Hickey

Of course you have to be something more than dead to qualify for any biography, but there are really two distinct sets of qualifications—one for historical biographies, which record the specifics of important lives, and another for journalistic biographies, which record the typicalities of famous ones. The former are usually concerned with the causes of history, the latter with the effects of fame. (In America where fame, like speed, kills, the task of the journalistic biographer is simply to tell how his subject got that way—first famous, then dead.) It is unfortunate that Jackson Pollock should qualify so well for both brands, for it is only the fact that he deserves history that makes us regret journalism.

Just as surely as he is without master in the history of painting, in the journalism of American culture he is among the legions who have sought fame for their achievement, only to win notoriety at its expense—although admittedly he is the first major painter to fly into the flame that has hitherto devoured so many poets and novelists without so much as a flicker. Naturally, it was unfortunate for Pollock himself, since there is good evidence that he did indeed live for his painting and die of his fame, but, since Pollock the *star* and Pollock the *artist* only relate to one another in a dialectical and often contradictory fashion, it is also unfortunate for B. H. Friedman. In his attempt to write the biography of both Pollocks, victor and victim, he has really written about neither.

He has, however, given us a good workmanlike book that includes 1) a factual sketch of the shape of Pollock's life, with an emphasis on psychology that at times threatens to treat the paintings as therapeutic tools, 2) a sturdy, middlebrow discussion of the paintings of the sort one might expect from a "general intellectual," and, finally, 3) an altogether interesting account of the world he and Pollock shared—the art world of the Fifties as it existed in New York and East Hampton. It was a genuine *Vanity Fair*, and Friedman communicates some of the clutter, excitement, and bitchery of that world. But, truly, Friedman is no Thackeray, and even this part of his narrative is marred by his tact. People unfamiliar with that world will probably still find it a little shocking, but those who are familiar with it will find it overly polite.



Jackson Pollock at work

Reading the book, I found myself again and again involved in this kind of audience parsing, and it is indicative of a problem that Friedman, as a first biographer, probably couldn't avoid. There are a number of books to be written about Pollock, for a number of different audiences, and Friedman, covering the ground for the first time, has had to summarize so many of them (*Pollock and Thomas Hart Benton*, *Pollock and Psychoanalysis*, *Pollock and the History of Criticism*, etc.) that his intentions are quite blurred. It is almost impossible to decide which book Friedman wanted to write and, more specifically, *whom* he wanted to write it for.

There is no way, for instance, that I can tell if the lay reader is going to be interested in Friedman's account of the art world, which I found quite fascinating. His sober effort to discuss the paintings might be helpful to someone whose only previous contact with Pollock criticism has been with the *Jack the Dripper*, Luce Publications, variety; but others will only find him stepping lightly in the big leagues with people like Harold Rosenberg, Frank O'Hara, Clement Greenberg, and Manny Farber, where the best he can hope for is a per-

Dave Hickey is a contributing editor for *Art in America*.

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formance comparable to George Plimpton with the Detroit *Lions*. But even granting the value of his discussion of the paintings, I have to note that the people it would most serve are going to be at sea because of the unforgivable absence of any reproductions of the paintings themselves.

Finally, though, what the book is most interestingly, and at greatest length, *about* is Pollock's public career —which is almost a case study of the perverse and paradoxical relationship between the fine arts and the popular media in egalitarian America. But, however much I would like to go along with Friedman in attributing to Luce Publications the role *Blackwood's* played in the demise of John Keats, I must insist that it is not that simple. For just as surely as Pollock's career taught the mass media how to use advanced artists, it also taught the art world how to use the popular press.

When you consider that the classical distinction between the "fine" and "popular" arts is that the audience censors the popular arts, while the fine arts censor their audience (restricting it to those willing to deal with its artifice and discontinuity), it isn't really surprising when advanced art receives hostile notice in the popular press. That it gets any notice at all is the result of a contemporary historicist esthetic that requires that art not only be good but *new*. It didn't take the media long to discover that if art is *new*, it is also *news*.

From this point of view, I would argue that what an advanced artist really *requires* from Luce Publications is hostile coverage. The coverage gives his work credentials as news, while the hostility allows him to retain his mantle as a coterie artist. In the long run, a positive reception by Time/Life would have been the kiss-of-death for Pollock's career as a serious painter, since a painter's reputation depends as much upon the quality of his audience as his work. In fact, it was probably the acceptance of the media, however grudging, that undercut Abstract Expressionism as a serious art movement and gave birth to Pop Art, an idiom calculated to use the media ironically and to turn its attention back onto itself.

None of this, of course, mitigates the wreckage uncritical attention made of Jackson Pollock's life or changes the fact that he sought it and to a certain extent revelled in it. I don't envy the task Friedman set himself of unsnarling these complex forces that made Pollock's art and destroyed his life, and this somewhat qualifies the fact that I don't particularly envy the result. My feelings about the book are best summed up by Oscar Wilde, who, commenting on another biography of another painter, Rossetti, noted that the "book is modestly and simply written: whatever its other faults may be, it is at least free from affectation of any kind; and it makes no pretense at being exhaustive or definitive. Yet the best we can say of it is that it is just the sort of biography Guildenstern might have written of Hamlet." □

Book Business

TRADE WINDS

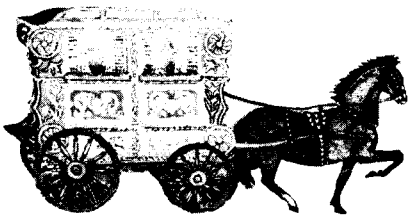
BY ALAN GREEN

Between now and Christmas America's publishers will issue about 40 per cent of their entire annual output of new general fiction and nonfiction. In the midst of presidential and other excitements you may find the following informal roundup of some of the most talked-about upcoming books—from fiction to politics to biography to the history of ice cream—interesting, diverting, even useful. The titles below are arranged roughly in order of their announced publication dates through the rest of the year. But such dates are sometimes postponed or anticipated; so they should be taken as intended but still flexible.

The major literary event of the year is expected to be Alexander Solzhenitsyn's novel **August 1914,** the first volume of a trilogy that is being compared on both sides of the Atlantic with *War and Peace.* Translated by Michael Glenny, it is being published here (by Farrar, Straus & Giroux) and abroad on September 18.

Since her memorable *Teacher,* Sylvia Ashton-Warner has brought her unique education concepts to an American experimental school. In **Spearpoint** (Alfred A. Knopf, September) she reveals what she found here: the teachers, the schools, and the children, whom she calls "a new kind of human being." Vance Packard, social critic and author of *The Hidden Persuaders* and *The Status Seekers,* turns his skeptical eye on the corporate society, which moves its people from branch to branch, disrupting lives and emotions. His **A Nation of Strangers** (David McKay, reviewed in this issue) looks critically, too, at the "new cities" and the loss of community sense.

When Holt, Rinehart & Winston announced Philip Roth's new novel, **The Breast**—for which a D-cupful of money was paid—Holt described it as "the story of a man who turned into a female breast." Forgive a love of symmetry, but one hopes the hero is an identical twin. Ready or not, it comes September 20. **Chimera** (Random House, September) is John Barth's new novel. Successor to *Giles Goat-Boy* and *The Sot-Weed Factor,* it is reported to distill reality from myth and to explore new arrangements of the sexes. **G.** is likely to be the least misspelled title of the fall. John Berger, the author, de-



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scribes it as "a novel on the theme of Don Juan." The Viking Press adds that it's a historical novel in treatment but completely contemporary in vision and method (September).

"A Report on a $10-Billion National Swindle and What to Do About It" is the grabbing subtitle of the **Great American Auto Repair Robbery** by D. H. Randall and A. P. Glickman, which Charterhouse is issuing this month for everyone who ever felt he was expected to meet a service station's entire payroll. Don't start Dial's big fall nonfiction book on your next plane trip. **Safety Last** is subtitled "The Dangers of Commercial Aviation: An Indictment by an Airline Pilot." The pilot, who is flying scheduled jets, signs himself "Captain X."

Helen Hayes and Anita Loos, lifelong friends, recount their recent voyages of discovery among the persons and places of New York in **Twice Over Lightly** (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, September). No dancer ever electrified more audiences or stirred more controversy than the star of Serge Diaghilev's Ballets Russes. **Nijinsky** by Richard Buckle tells the whole story from his decade of glory in the early part of the century to his later, tortured years in and out of Europe's mental clinics. Simon & Schuster is doing it with line drawings and forty-eight pages of halftones (September).

When Midge Decter wrote *The Liberated Woman and Other Americans,* she said, "I am a career woman unalterably opposed to woman's liberation." Now she has written **The New Chastity and Other Arguments Against Women's Liberation,** and Coward, McCann & Geoghegan calls it "bold, controversial, and humane" (September).

Alan Sillitoe (Remember his *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning* and *The Loneliness of the Long-Distance Runner*?) has a new satirical novel about a country controlled by nihilists: **Travels in Nihilon** (Charles Scribner's Sons, September). In Nihilon war is endemic, shoot-outs are *de rigueur,* and instant sex is the only way of love. In . . . **And Be Merry!** William Cole has assembled much light verse and some poetic prose, all singing the joy of eating (Grossman, September). The volume brings together such literary soul-mates as Ben Jonson and Norman Mailer—as well as that chap Anon, who wrote, "Beaujolais! Beaujolais!/Appelation controlée!/Beaujolais! est joli, joli beau—/Bon Santé, and cheerio!"

Edwin Mullhouse: The Life and Death of an American Writer (1943–1954) is a novel whose hero—"a great American novelist"—died at the age of eleven. Steven Millhauser wrote it, Knopf is publishing and calling it "a satire on biography . . . wonderful . . . funny . . . beautiful." *Down These Mean Streets* by Piri Thomas was one of the American Library Association's fifty Best Books of the Year, and then it was banned by an uptight community school board. The sequel, **Savior, Savior, Hold My Hand** (Doubleday, September), should be equally praised, may be equally censored.

It is only a short time since R. F. Delderfield became widely known in this country. It is only a few months since he died. Between those events his *God Is an Englishman* and *Theirs Was the Kingdom* were best sellers. **To Serve Them All My Days** is being published posthumously this month by S&S, which claims for it the same richness of detail and march of life that marked the other books. **The Year of the Intern** by Robin Cook, M.D. (Harcourt, September), promises to shake your faith in the medical establishment and, especially, in the training of its practitioners. Ira Levin has deserted the Satanism and New York setting of his best seller *Rosemary's Baby* for suburban Connecticut and more realistic chills in **The Stepford Wives.**

It sometimes seems that anybody can write an autobiographical novel—and that some write nothing else. But it took Hortense Calisher to write an autobiography, **Herself,** *and* a novel, **Standard Dreaming,** and deliver them both to Arbor House for simultaneous October publication. **Eban,** due later this month, is Robert St. John's major biography of Israel's Foreign Minister. **The Cairo Documents** (January 1973) is Nasser's own story prepared from his records by Mohammed Heikal. Both are from Doubleday. "A documentary biography" is what Little, Brown calls the eight-volume **The Papers of Adlai E. Stevenson,** edited by Walter Johnson. Volume I, coming out now, covers Stevenson's school years, his early practice of law, and his first venture into government service. Volume II is due next February.

You don't have to be a fanatic about pro football to enjoy **Semi-Tough,** Don Jenkins's raunchy, Lardnersque novel about the guys and the girls who get together in so many other—and more intimate—places than the stadium one Super Bowl weekend (Atheneum Publishers, September). For a more serious, hardnosed look at the game, try **Stop-Action** by Dick Butkus, the great defensive end who wrote it with Robert W. Billings (E. P. Dutton, September). And in **When All the Laughter Died in Sorrow,** Lance Rentzel, famed wide receiver, frankly writes about his career, his marriage to a movie star, and the sexual aberration he had to conquer (Saturday Review Press, October).

In November Lippincott will publish **Keep Off My Turf,** in which Mike Curtis, the Baltimore Colts' middle linebacker, writing with Bill Gilbert, takes on such player-critics of the game as Johnny Sample, Bernie Parrish, and Dave Meggyesy, and even ventures onto Jim Bouton's turf.

Next month Atheneum is publishing **The Great American Ice Cream Book,** Paul Dickson's examination of the history and social effects of the confection. Meantime Chelsea House is bringing out **Soda Pop Art,** a "pop history" of soft-drink Americana by Lawrence Dietz. Maybe they should get together on a boxed set.

Few columnists write with more wit, acumen, and urbanity than Harriet Van Horne. **Never Go Anywhere Without a Pencil** is a collection of her best columns

SR readers will note that with this issue the monthly *Book Business* column appears under a new—but in fact old and familiar—heading: *Trade Winds.* We like the name, and its revival for this column renews an *SR* tradition that dates back nearly half a century.

Trade Winds was begun in 1925 by the magazine's chief columnist, Christopher Morley, as part of his *Bowling Green* department. Morley wrote the column for many years under the pseudonym P. E. G. Quercus (the by-line lasted until 1940), and the very first entry, dated July 4, 1925, happily noted the opening of several new New York bookstores, among them Brentano's—"on 47th Street just west of the Avenue." Originally intended and long maintained as a column devoted to publishing news and book business, *Trade Winds* flowed without interruption through a Depression and several wars from the pens of (among others) Louis Greenfield, Bennett Cerf, Jerome Beatty, Lillian H. Friedman, John G. Fuller, Cleveland Amory, and, of course, contributing editor Alan Green, who will continue to report the news of books to *SR* readers.

Appropriately enough, this month's column, focusing on major new titles coming this fall, inaugurates seasonal forecasts as a regular *SR* Books feature—proof enough that the winds of trade still blow strong.

The Editors

WIT TWISTER NO. 288

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

He helps his aging – – – – into the bed

And little thinks that in that old, white head

Remembered passions – – – – to plague the night:

Old – – – – and loves untouched by age's blight.

A. S.

(Answer on page 86)

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3. **An English scholar disposes of the "real" Christ and says that the Church created Him and "has invented ever new Christs for every new age."** (Spectator)
4. **A first-hand report from Joseph Heller on the long-awaited successor to *Catch-22*, in ID's unique feature "Work In Progress."**
5. **A lawyer-penologist talks about what will have to replace our disastrous prison system.** (After Conviction: A New Review of the American Correction System)
6. **Robert Craft's moving journal of the death of his friend and master, Igor Stravinsky.** (N.Y. Review of Books)
7. **Why is Frantz Fanon, a black prophet who died 10 years ago, a key to the Black Power movement in the U.S.?** (Saturday Review)
8. **Where in the whole world can you find the best example of the theory and practice of No-Work?** (Hudson Review)
9. **Gore Vidal attacks the fallacy of the male imperative and asks why the male ego can't accept the female challenge to its dominance.** (N.Y. Review of Books)
10. **In "The Souring of George Sauer" the ex-N.Y. Jets star offers some unexpected thoughts on aggression and authoritarianism in football.** (Institute for the Study of Sport and Society)
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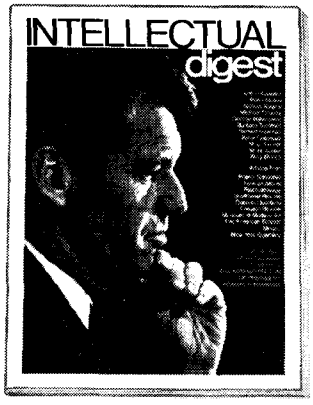

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of the last five years (G. P. Putnam's Sons, October). American prose humor probably never reached more delightfully dizzy heights than in James Thurber's *My Life and Hard Times*. Now Thurber, as writer and editor, is evaluated in **The Clocks of Columbus: The Literary Career of James Thurber** by Charles S. Holmes (Atheneum, October). In **My Last Two Thousand Years** (Random, October) Herbert Gold picks up where his *Fathers* left off, to continue his own story as second-generation American, man, writer, and Jew.

Colin M. Turnbull, the anthropologist who wrote *The Forest People* and *The Lonely African*, has written a new book called **The Mountain People,** which is expected to gain considerable serious attention. It is the startling story of a tribe that, in three generations, was driven from prosperity and happiness to fear, carnage, and a fruitless, self-destructive search for survival (S&S, October). **Henry Luce and His Empire**, which Scribner is publishing in October, is being talked about as the first really full-scale and "objective" biography of Time-Life's co-founder. W. A. Swanberg examines both the sources and the uses of his power, with emphasis on the influence of his birth in China. At the age of thirty, Eric Blair—a loner, disclaiming his upper-middle-class Eton background, and about to publish his first book—changed his name to George Orwell. Peter Stansky and William Abrahams, in **The Unknown Orwell,** have made those thirty years the theme of a major biography (this is only the first volume) that reveals the special genius of a modern giant (Knopf, October).

Marjorie Kellogg, author of the 1968 sleeper *Tell Me That You Love Me, Junie Moon*, has written a new novel of children beset by parental savagery and misguided love. Farrar, Straus is calling **Like the Lion's Tooth** "an American classic." The movie made from Giorgio Bassani's *The Garden of the Finzi-Continis* won an Oscar for Best Foreign Film. His new novel, **Behind the Door** (Harcourt, October), explores adolescence in the bourgeois world of Bassani's native Ferrara. Lots of books have explored the adolescent sex habits of adults; in **Adolescent Sexuality in Contemporary America** Robert G. Sorensen does for an understanding of the thirteen-to-nineteen age group what Kinsey did for its elders (World Publishing Co., October).

Few structures have been so intertwined with social and political and even literary history as has the Brooklyn Bridge. Focusing on Roebling's much-loved span, **The Great Bridge** by David McCullough (S&S, October) is a history of New York, its people, and its culture, from the conception of the bridge in the mid-nineteenth century to today. Jack Nelson and Ronald Ostrow are prize-winning *L. A. Times* reporters who have followed politically significant trials from Catonsville's nine to Harrisburg's seven. **The FBI and the Berrigans** (Coward, October) is their account of how the Justice Department handled, or mishandled, this bizarre and controversial case. **FDR: The Beckoning of Destiny,** which Putnam is publishing in October, takes Roosevelt from his birth to 1928. Kenneth S. Davis tells how those years of early success, influential friends, and sudden illness shaped him for the great role he was to play.

The Original Sin, Anthony Quinn's autobiography as told to nobody but himself, is also slated for October. Quinn writes of the Mexican slums of his childhood, the stardom he later won, and the self-doubts his success couldn't dispel. Little, Brown calls it "savagely honest, profane, moving." Anne Roiphe *(Up the Sandbox!)* again examines the rising feminine psyche in **Long Division** (S&S, October), a novel about a sophisticated New York woman and her encounters: disturbing, surreal, sexual.

The Morning Deluge is Han Suyin's ambitious and long-awaited biography of Mao Tse-tung and the story of the extraordinary revolution he led. Little, Brown has included fifty photographs and five maps (October). And, based on his last six months of travel, **The Long Revolution** is the late Edgar Snow's final work about China, its leaders, and its people (Random, October). Reporter Oliver Pilat describes his **Drew Pearson** as "An Unofficial Biography," which should make this Harper Magazine Press book, coming in November, a possible contrast to, and an interesting comparison with, Drew Pearson's own diaries, the first volume of which Holt will publish early next year.

Jorge Luis Borges recounts the lives of scoundrels in **A Universal History of Infamy**. His rogues gallery ranges from Billy the Kid to Monk Eastman, a famed New York thug (Dutton, November). Vladimir Nabokov's novel **Transparent Things** is his first new work since *Ada* and, as such, should receive considerable attention when it is published two months hence. Its hero is described by McGraw-Hill as an "American intellectual, universal romantic, and guilty son, determined lover, betrayed husband, conscientious editor, dreaming killer."

Random calls Pulitzer Prize–winner David Halberstam's **The Best and the Brightest** a sure front runner for November. It is a massive portrait of American leadership in the Sixties and a study of how "the best" could and did blunder, told through profiles of the men around Kennedy and Johnson, including McNamara, Bundy, Rusk, Ball, as well as JFK and LBJ themselves. A year ago *The Day of the Jackal*, John Forsyth's realistic suspense novel, became a number-one fiction best seller and made its readers forget that De Gaulle actually died a peaceful death. Now Forsyth has written **The Odessa File,** for which Viking, backed up by advance British reviews, is predicting even wider sales, even more intense it-really-happened illusion. The Rosenbergs are dead, but their case remains moot. In **The Implosion Chain** (Doubleday, November) lawyer Louis Nizer examines the record and dramatically assesses the celebrated espionage case. Next year it will be an Otto Preminger documentary.

In *The Secret of Santa Vittoria* Robert Crichton took you to Italy. Now he's gotten to Scotland afore ye. **The Camerons,** which Knopf is publishing in November, is his novel of a marriage and a Scottish town at the turn of the century. Maybe you read *Fifth Business* by Robertson Davies. If so, you'll know the fine mixture of subtle writing and psychological suspense that may be expected in his **The Manticore**, coming from Viking in November. You'll meet some of the earlier characters here, too.

'Adam Smith's' *The Money Game* was a number-one best seller. Random predicts that his **Supermoney** will reach the same peak come November. Laced with the pseudonymous author's famous wit, charm, and insight, it will tell what happened to, and what will become of, your and my and the country's economy. "The Widow of Windsor" has propagated almost as many popular books as progeny. **Queen Victoria** by Cecil Woodham-Smith is a new major history of her life, her era, her England (Knopf, November).

And these two, scheduled for January, are in fact expected to be in the bookstores before Christmas, and to be much discussed. Margaret Truman's **Harry S. Truman**, a biography from a daughter's viewpoint, starts with his Missouri boyhood, ends with his Missouri retirement (Morrow). And it is predicted that **American Mischief,** Alan Lelchuk's very contemporary novel of politics, sex, and general extremism, will be acclaimed, denounced, maybe fought over (Farrar, Straus).

Finally, as you read this, Grove Press is rushing out, in paperback, **What Really Happened** by—yes!—Clifford Irving with Richard Susskind. Irving has subtitled it "His Untold Story of the Hughes Affair," and Grove has estimated an audience of the still-curious at three-quarters of a million—the size of the first printing. At the same time Bantam Books is promoting its forthcoming paperback original **Fischer-Spassky: The New York Times Report on the Chess Match of the Century,** with nearly equal fervor. It is destined for the bookstands within days of the title-deciding mate. Will chess supplant Hughes-Irving as our most popular spectator reading sport? No predictions from this corner—but right now we're rooting for Bobby. □

Answer to Wit Twister, page 86: sire, rise, ires.

Solution of This Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 2005)

S. J. Perelman:
AROUND THE BEND
(IN EIGHTY DAYS)

Unable to withstand the crisis, the hardships that men could, women took refuge in fantasy—became bossy, authoritative, self-pronounced experts—and thus lost all their femininity. A pity because *au fond* they were decent creatures, and if properly trained could be just as loyal as a good dog.

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Theater

The Coming Season

BY HENRY HEWES

The list of some of the new plays scheduled to open in New York City this fall (right) is reasonably promising with two plays by former New York Drama Critics' Circle Award-winners (Arthur Miller, Paul Zindel) and a new Neil Simon comedy about a retired vaudeville team. Although it contains only one import from London, *Butley*, that British play offers a splendidly sardonic portrait of a professor, played with reckless honesty by Alan Bates. The La Mama Experimental Theatre Club opens its season with a new piece, *Everything for Everybody*, by Louisa Rose on September 9.

The number of new musicals is surprisingly large. Composer Galt MacDermot has two entries that, added to the long-running *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, will give him three Broadway shows at one time. Stephen Schwartz will have his first Broadway musical in *Pippin*, which takes place eight centuries later than his Off-Broadway hit *Godspell*. Al Carmines will unveil *The Life of a Man* on September 22 at the Judson Memorial Church.

Most astonishing of all is the number of revivals. In addition to those listed, please add a repertory of six (*The School for Scandal*, *U.S.A.*, *The Hostage*, *Next Time I'll Sing to You*, *Women Beware Women*, *The Lower Depths*) to be presented between September 28 and October 28 at the Good Shepherd Faith Church by John Houseman's City Center Acting Company, a group culled from graduates of the Class of '72 at the Juilliard School of Drama. Beginning November 19, Lincoln Center's Forum will offer a Beckett Festival in which *Happy Days* plus *Act Without Words, I*, will alternate with *Krapp's Last Tape* and *Not I* (the world premiere of a new twenty-minute work). Hume Cronyn and Jessica Tandy will costar. Finally, the New Phoenix Repertory Company will offer two revivals in alternation. Harold Prince's staging of Eugene O'Neill's *The Great God Brown* will open on December 10 and alternate with Stephen Porter's production of Molière's *Don Juan* beginning on December 11. The new company, which will perform at the Lyceum, includes Paul Hecht, John McMartin, John Glover, and Katherine Helmond. □

TITLE AND AUTHOR	TENTATIVE CAST	OPENING
NEW PLAYS		
Wedding Band, Alice Childress	Ruby Dee	Tues., Sept. 26 Public
The Lincoln Mask, Vincent J. Longhi	Fred Gwynne, Eva Marie Saint	Sun., Oct. 15 Plymouth
The Enemy Is Dead, Don Petersen	Arthur Storch	Sun., Oct. 15
6 Rms Riv Vu, Bob Randall	Jerry Orbach, Jane Alexander	Tues., Oct. 15 Helen Hayes
Butley, Simon Gray	Alan Bates, Roger Newman	Tues., Oct. 31 Morosco
The Secret Affairs of Mildred Wild, Paul Zindel	Maureen Stapleton	Tues., Nov. 7 Royale
The Creation of the World and Other Business, Arthur Miller	Barbara Harris, Hal Holbrook, Bob Dishy	Thurs., Nov. 16 Shubert
The Last of Mrs. Lincoln, James Prideaux	Julie Harris, Leora Dana, David Rounds	Sun., Nov. 26 ANTA
Status Quo Vadis, Donald Driver	Bruce Boxleitner, Gail Strickland	Sun., Dec. 3 Ethel Barrymore
The Sunshine Boys, Neil Simon	Jack Albertson, Sam Levene	Wed., Dec. 20 Broadhurst
NEW MUSICALS		
Lady Audley's Secret, Douglas Seale, George Goehring, John Kuntz	Russell Nype, Donna Curtis	Wed., Sept. 27 Eastside
Berlin to Broadway With Kurt Weill	Judy Lander, Jerry Lanning	Sun., Oct. 1 De Lys
Dude, Gerome Ragni, Galt MacDermot	Gerome Ragni, William Redfield, Salome Bey	Mon., Oct. 2 Broadway
Hurry, Harry, Jeremiah Morris, Lee Kalcheim, Susan Perkis, Bill Weeden, David Finkle	Bill Hinnant, Mary Bracken Phillips, Phil Leeds, Donna Liggit Forbes	Thurs., Oct. 5 Ritz
Mother Earth, Toni Shearer, Ron Thronson	Kelly Garrett	Thurs., Oct. 19 Belasco
Pippin, Roger O. Hirson, Stephen Schwartz	John Rubinstein, Leland Palmer, Ben Vereen	Mon., Oct. 23 Imperial
Dear Oscar, Caryl Young, Addy O. Fieger		Mon., Oct. 23 Edison
Lady Day, Aishah Rahman, Archie Shepp	Cecilia Norfleet	Wed., Oct. 25 Chelsea Center
Halloween, Sidney Michaels, Mitch Leigh	Barbara Cook, David Wayne, Dick Shawn	Mon., Oct. 20 Martin Beck
The Ambassador, Don Ettlinger, Don Gohman, Hal Hackady	Howard Keel, Danielle Darrieux	Sat., Nov. 18 Lunt-Fontanne
Via Galactica, Christopher Gore, Judith Ross, Galt MacDermot	Raul Julia, Virginia Vestoff, Keene Curtis	Tues., Nov. 21 Uris
Comedy, Lawrence Carra, Hugo Peretti, Luigi Creatore, George David Weiss	Joseph Bova, George S. Irving, Diane Findlay	Sun., Nov. 26
Tricks, Jon Jory, Jerry Blatt, Lonnie Burstein (based on Molière's *Scapin*)	Eric Tavaris	Thurs., Dec. 7
REVIVALS		
Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris	Elly Stone, Joe Masiell	Wed., Sept 13 Royale
We Bombed in New Haven, Joseph Heller	Steven Keats, Raina Barrett	Sun., Sept. 24 Circle-in-Square
Lysistrata, Aristophanes, with music by Peter Link	Melina Mercouri	Tues., Oct. 24 Brooks Atkinson
Mourning Becomes Electra, Eugene O'Neill	Colleen Dewhurst, Janice Rule, Kenneth Haigh	Thurs., Nov. 2 Circle-in-Square (Broadway)
Enemies, Maxim Gorki	Rosemary Harris, Philip Bosco, Sydney Walker	Thurs., Nov. 9 Beaumont

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Films

Everything Woody Allen Always Wanted You to Know About Sex

BY THOMAS MEEHAN

A few years ago Twentieth Century-Fox paid a bundle for the movie rights to *Sex and the Single Girl* by Helen Gurley Brown, a plotless guide for female swingles on the art of capturing a husband. The studio then hastily hired a platoon of writers, including Joseph Heller, to turn out a screenplay that, while having nothing whatsoever to do with the book, at least more or less fitted the title. The result was total disaster. In the same way, I suspect, Woody Allen bought Dr. David Reuben's *Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex but Were Afraid to Ask* for the box-office value of its title, threw away everything but the dust jacket, and then turned his diseased comic brain to the knotty problem of making a movie out of the thing. In this instance, the result is mixed. The wackiest movie of the year (so far, anyway), *Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex* is part disaster, part so-so, and part hilarity.

Allen's answer to the problem of adapting Dr. Reuben's book for the Panascopic screen has been to give us a series of seven entirely unrelated sketches that ostensibly answer such nagging questions as "What is sodomy?" and "Are transvestites homosexuals?" And while all of the sketches have their funny moments, only three of the seven really come off. Three for seven, .429, is a terrific batting average in baseball, but it's not all that terrific in moviemaking. In any event, to switch metaphors, seeing *Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex* is like eating a seven-course dinner during which you're crazy about the lobster bisque, Dover sole, and strawberry mousse, bored by the brussels sprouts and boiled potatoes, and nearly gag on the *coq au vin* and creamed turnips. Afterwards, the question you logically ask yourself is: Was it worth enduring the bad courses for the good? My answer, both in regard to such a dinner and to Allen's analogous movie, is yes.

I should add, though, that I am an almost fanatic admirer of Woody Allen, whom I consider to be the most talented comic writer and actor working these days in the American movie business. I thought, for example, that two of his earlier pictures, *Take the Money and Run* and *Bananas*, were among the funniest movies made in this country since the days of W. C. Fields and the Marx Brothers. If you didn't like *Take the Money and Run* and *Bananas*, however, you'd better stay away from this one because, when compared to Allen's previous pictures, *Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex* is a decided disappointment. Also, some may be downhearted to learn, the picture isn't at all salacious—you can see more bare flesh on the *Dean Martin Show* or your local beach, and maybe the naughtiest phrase heard in the picture is "cop a feel."

Most of the sketches in *Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex* take the form of parodies of other pictures—of *2001: A Space Odyssey*, of mad-doctor horror movies, of *The Blob*, of Sir Laurence Olivier's *Hamlet*, and of Antonioni films. Allen appears in four of the seven sketches, and he chances to be in all three of those that I liked—the *Hamlet*, *2001*, and mad-doctor sketches. Maybe only he himself can get away with delivering the *non sequitur* lines of New York/show-biz/Yiddish humor that are his particular specialty as a writer of comedy. Anyway, when Allen wasn't on the screen, as in a sketch about a Jackson Heights doctor who falls head-over-heels in love with an Armenian sheep and another about a middle-aged Jewish transvestite, I was all but ready to crawl under my seat with embarrassment at the picture's tastelessness and utter failure to be funny.

Woody Allen—As a jester, he excels.

In the best of the sketches, which also happens to open the picture, Allen is a court jester who strives to amuse a tyrannical medieval king by doing a stand-up comedy routine of horrendous Henny Youngmanlike one-line jokes. Later, after having been banished from the court by the unamused king, the jester stands alone at night on the battlements and hears his name spoken by someone who turns out to be the ghost of his late father. "Who can be calling my name?" Allen puzzledly asks. "Nobody knows I'm here—not even my service." Lusting after the king's voluptuous wife, Allen first slips her "a nonprescription" aphrodisiac, then desperately tries to get her out of the chastity belt into which the jealous king had locked her. "I've got to hurry," says Allen, frantically hammering away at the chastity belt, "because soon the Renaissance will be here and we'll all be painting." These are the jokes, folks, and if you like them, you may enjoy *Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex*.

Which is a good deal more than I can say for *Greaser's Palace*, the latest movie to have been written and directed by Robert Downey, who seems to have absolutely everything that it takes to be a successful movie director except talent. Years ago, when Downey was making his films on exceedingly low budgets in New York, one could perhaps excuse the fact that they were technically inept and almost unendurably boring. From the looks of them, they'd been shot in a day-and-a-half at a cost of $35. Now, however, failing upward, Downey has been given $1 million to make *Greaser's Palace* on location in New Mexico, and it is even worse than his earlier pictures—an absurdist, incomprehensible Western that mixes in scatology, William Morris agents, and the second coming of Christ. Downey, I read the other day in *The Village Voice*, admits that he himself doesn't know what *Greaser's Palace* is about. But if he doesn't, how are we supposed to? □

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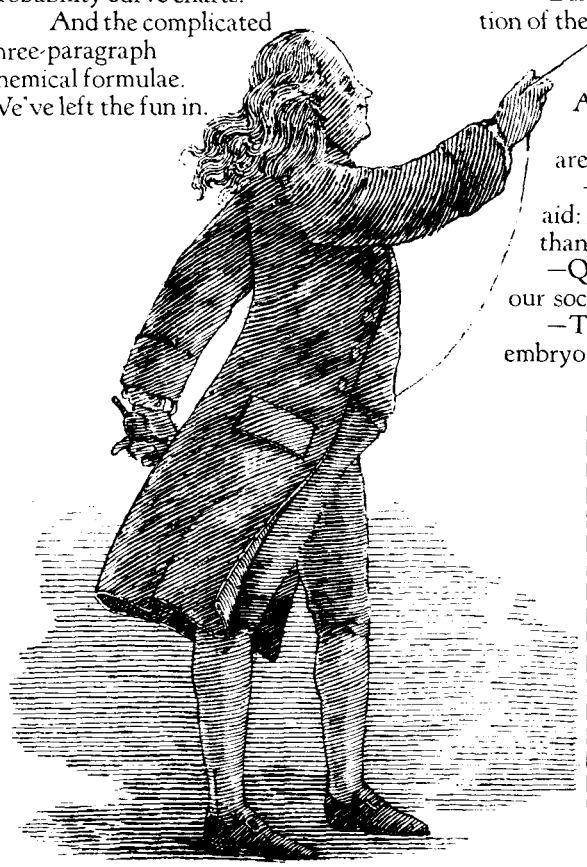

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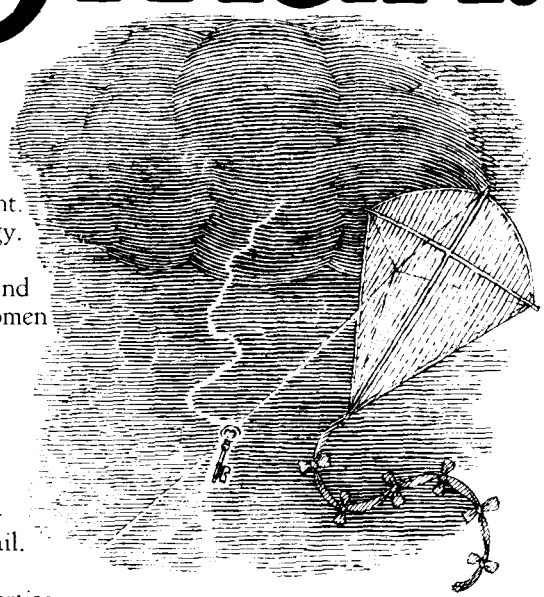
—Quantity vs. quality: shaping our society by the numbers.

—The schedule of the human embryo: when does life really begin.



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How to Handle a New York Hackman

BY H. E. F. DONOHUE

Visitors to New York City often find that taxis refuse to stop for them. This rejection is usually ascribed to the "sadism or the hostility of the lower classes," as one *New York Times* literary type recently put it. He was having his neat little elitist ha-ha there, unaware that a cab *must* pass by the would-be passenger if, back at the garage, another driver is waiting for that very car to try to earn a lower-class living. Nor does our scribe wonder if the driver flashing by is famished, exhausted, light-blinded, bladderfull, horn-harassed, screech-cracked, or merely monoxide-ill. Drivers may pass even a *Times* man if he appears to be dangerous or disorderly, God forbid.

Such considerations, however, don't really count for much because everybody who's anybody—from Plimpton's Pride to Capote's Gaggle—*knows* that the New York cab driver is a bad guy. (A few women drive cabs; these remarks still apply. In passing, I might add that most passengers, male and female, treat women drivers like poorly disguised hookers. Also, these comments are primarily concerned with "fleet" or garage cab drivers rather than owner-drivers.) Even members of Cavett's Cringe *know* that the average cabbie is a moldy old fascist, or a machismo-minded ethnic fright, or a young conniving beatnik. So the visitor who wants to be *au courant* must "know" the same thing or else be put down as a hick, right? Wrong. The truth of the matter is that in most cities the way a cab driver behaves depends, in large part, on how the rider wants him to behave.

A driver can cheat on his "bookings," for instance, only with the passenger's collaboration. He can do so by driving "flag up" or "on the arm"—that is, with the meter off. This way he does not split the fare with the garage, and the passenger pays less—unless the driver charges more than the trip normally would cost. Driving "on the arm" is against the law. And being driven with the meter off is a chancy way of saving money. So, if the driver asks, "Do you mind if I make this for myself?" simply say, "Yes, I do." (Or don't complain, except to your shrink, if the driver cheats you along with his company.)

To visitors, cabbies seem to drive recklessly. Why? Because almost all passengers are in a grim rush to make their curtain, airplane, train, boat, or assignation. Thus conditioned, most hackies hurry. They jockey through traffic, trying to stay with the uptown-downtown avenue streams, trying to make the crosstown lights. If a driver presumes to move leisurely, he is likely to be rewarded with a scowl, an insult, and a poor tip. An obliging driver's tips come to about one-third of his gross pay of thirty to forty dollars for at least a ten-hour day. (Many drivers, to make ends meet, must work six and sometimes seven days a week.) So, obligingly, he speeds.

Yet if he so much as scrapes someone's fender, he loses at least half a day's pay reporting it to his garage, the insurance adjuster, and the company lawyer. He may also lose his job. Of all drivers, the hackman can least afford any kind of accident, and he knows it. So do all vengeful truck and bus drivers. But cabbies fear the out-of-town driver most of all, because they are *too* careful and tense with fear. The cabbie does not know what they are going to do next.

Meanwhile, in the back seat of the cab, whether you know it or not, from the beginning *you* run the show. As soon as you sit down, set the tone. The driver expects you to be either scared or rude. Let him know instantly that you know what is going on by saying the magic words: "Thank you." Either he will respond in kind or be stunned by your civility. Don't say, "How are you?" or even, "Hello," unless you are prepared to cope with the story of his life or with an invitation to dine on warmed-over goulash at the Mansion, a hackman's hang-out at 86th and York.

After your "Thank you," which, in the midst of the city's dismaying din, has heartened you both, tell him clearly and slowly where you want to go. Tell him how to get there if you know the way. This relieves him of some of the responsibility. You may also tell him in what fashion you wish to travel: slow, fast, silent, talky. (A note on etiquette: The one great verbal wrong you can do is to solicit a driver's conversation and then, imperiously disinterested, suddenly cut him dead.)

If you want a supersilent, soothing ride, tell your driver so—diplomatically. Tell him you are en route to an important meeting and must prepare yourself for it, or that you are, that instant, inventing the sonnet form. If you have inspired him, inadvertently, to talk, simply do not reply. Read something, take a nap, or look out the window to note where he's taking you.

In any case you should have a map. Hagstrom's *Visitor's New York City Pocket Map Book* covers all five boroughs and has map pages instead of those huge foldouts that wrap around you like a broken kite. For $1.95 you can buy it anywhere. If you come to town more than once a year, you should have *The Hackman's Guide,* which lists everything, costs $5, and can be purchased in—among other select shops—the candy store located on the northwest corner of 55th Street and Eighth Avenue. *New York City in Maps,* $2, isn't bad for mid-Manhattan and Greenwich Village, if these are the extent of your emotional courage. Best of all is the *American Institute of Architects' Guide to New York City*—462 feisty pages packed with astonishing stuff, ancient and up-to-date, about the whole town, above and beneath the ground. It costs $6.95.

If you have not been boning up on your maps, you are going to have to let your driver choose the way. Don't try to coach him. And don't be fearful that he's taking you out of the way if he goes through Central Park. All visitors "know" they're being conned if they go through *any* park. But in New York City this doesn't always hold true. The Park route from 57th and Sixth Avenue to 72nd and Broadway, for instance, is about as quick as any other. Besides, it's greener, cleaner, and you can see the sweet Bethesda Angel fountain, night or day. If there *are* optional routes and you prefer one, tell your driver how to go. But if you let him choose, don't question his choice afterwards. You had your chance.

A word about rates and tips. The rates are 60 cents as soon as the clock starts, then 10 cents for every seventy-two seconds, or for about every four streets. (Streets, not avenues. The distance between avenues varies.) The tip for all good rides should be 20 per cent, 25 per cent for a ride that involves spe-

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H. E. F. Donohue, the author of two books, is at work on a journal about his experiences as a New York taxi driver.

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cial services such as waiting or speeding at your urging. For a bad trip, tip 10 per cent. No tip means you're as bad as your driver. Ten per cent will sufficiently register your complaint that the ride has been a bummer.

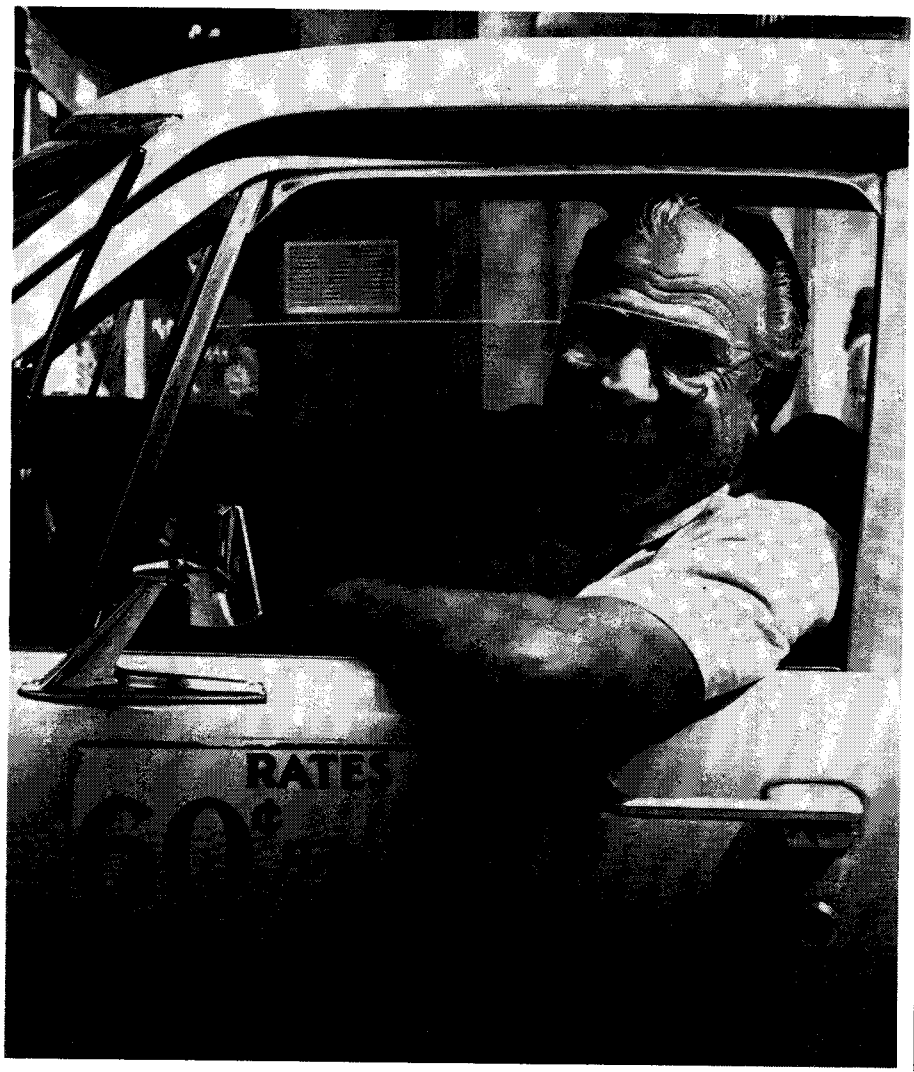
A bad trip is a dangerous ride after you've asked your driver to take it easy. If there are other cabs in sight, tell him to pull over to the curb, pay him, and get out. If no other cabs are about, finish the ride silently. In either case, take down his medallion number. It will be on top of the cab, lighting up, as he hurtles away. Note, too, the date, time, and place—and report the details in a registered letter to the Taxi and Limousine Commission.

The worst trip is one in which your driver takes you out of your way and then is defiant about it. Hence the need for maps. Taking the Triborough Bridge to La Guardia Airport, for example, is sensible if you begin above 70th Street. Otherwise the lower level of the 59th Street (or Queensborough) Bridge is cheaper and often faster. That rickety old tinkertoy of a bridge is sometimes even better than the Queens Midtown Tunnel at East 37th Street. Should you choose any tollway, pay the toll for the driver at the time, instead of considering it part of the tip later. He'll relax.

If a driver tries to con you, criticize his technique. Laugh with him about it, not at him. Conmen are convinced people *want* to be conned. But if you are $2 away from the East Side Airline Terminal and he says you should stick with him instead of taking the bus out to La Guardia, believe him: The tab is about the same. And if he tells you how to walk from the Plaza Fountain to the Ziegfeld Theatre, mark one up for the good guys. If he tells you to take the kids on the Staten Island Ferry *(without* him) instead of the Statue of Liberty boat, chalk up one more person on the side of dignity and pleasure. (Remind the kids that Stoics might commit suicide, but not the Epicureans.) If he suggests you use his cab at midday or during summer twilight for one hour to see some of the sights, do it. Go up to the Cloisters or down to the South Street Seaport. Ride through Wall. Mosey through Chinatown. Walk from Seventh to Eighth Avenue along funky old 42nd Street while the cab follows you. Gaze at "the city" from Brooklyn Heights. Catch the fountain changes at Lincoln Center any time something is going on inside. Nearby a paleozoic icon by Henry Moore rises out of a square wading pool. A Hepworth (*à la monster*-Brancusi) is in front of the main United Nations building. Or take the Harlem River Drive onto the FDR and watch the currents swirl at Hell's Gate. Now and then get out and have the driver wait. Muse with Bethesda in the middle of Central Park. See Columbus chatting with Shakespeare on the Mall. Have a hot dog and coffee in the exquisite pocket park *cum* waterfall on 53rd just east of Fifth. The hour will run about $15, more or less, plus tip. And you'll avoid the interminable boat ride around the whole flipping island.

A driver may bore you. If so, tune out, meditating on your vow never to bore others again. But if he's concerned that you've been to Hoving's Met but not the Frick, josh him about the staunch frivolity of Fragonard. If he insists that you can scan almost all thirteen miles of Manhattan's length from the Queens-Brooklyn Expressway while racing over Newton Creek toward Roebling's Brooklyn Bridge—which when steam-cleaned, like Paris, is pink—ask him why most harpsichord Scarlatti can catch the city's rhythms as surely as most Gershwin. And if he says that the rising skyline of lower Manhattan—a whole new generation of gigantic monoliths—can best be seen only at dawn on the Belt hill just before you dive into the Battery Tunnel, promise you'll try it with a close friend sometime, remembering that you heard of it, freely, hopefully, from one of us sadistic members of the ubiquitous and tiresome and essential "lower classes." □

"The way a cab driver behaves depends on how the rider wants him to behave."



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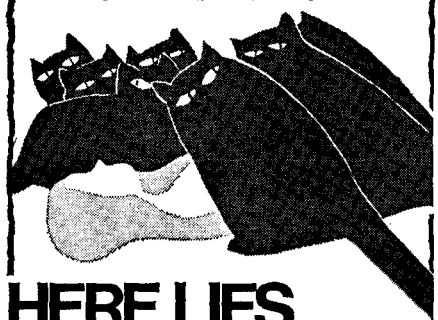

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MARTHA'S VINEYARD—Secluded LAMBERT'S COVE INN. Pines, gardens, meadows. Delicious food. Walk to beach. May-October. RFD, Vineyard Haven, Massachusetts 02568. 617-693-2298.

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UP-ISLAND ON MARTHA'S VINEYARD you're away from frantic joy-mills, free as a gull. Picturesque harbor to paint, beautiful beaches, tennis, cycling. Modern cottages (nonhousekeeping). $15 to $21 daily per person includes hearty New England breakfasts, Lobster Cookout Tuesday, bountiful Sunday Night Buffet. Special rates May 27th-June 16th and September 10th-30th. Booklet. O. R. Thompson, Owner-Manager. 617-645-2521. Menemsha Inn, Menemsha, Massachusetts 02552.

BE A VERMONT FARMER on your vacation. Feed the animals—or do nothing. Johnston Farm Inn, Lake Rescue, Ludlow, 05149. Tel. 802-228-3751.

WHALER'S INNE, Mystic, Connecticut—Inviting, homey seatown hostelry, walking distance to famed Mystic Seaport marine museum. Doubles $14-$24; 4 persons, $20-$24. Reserve by mail or phone.

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ENJOY ARIZONA'S GREAT GOLF HOLIDAY at The Wigwam, Arizona's Country Club Resort in Litchfield Park, just minutes from Phoenix. Two superlative 18-hole Robert Trent Jones courses command your respect and concentration; the private Country Club provides every possible facility. Enjoy the excellent accommodations, renowned food, personalized service. And there's tennis, swimming, riding, poolside luncheons, cocktail parties, nightly entertainment, dinner dancing. Great Golf Holiday for 7 days and 6 nights is only $199.50 per person double. Includes: comfortable twin-bedded room with private patio; all breakfasts and dinners; all greens fees; transportation to/from airport; all taxes. For color brochures and reservations contact: Reade Whitwell, Vice President, THE WIGWAM, Litchfield Park, Arizona 85340. Telephone: 602-935-3811.

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TRAVEL

CARIBBEAN REPORT—What's new in investments, industry, politics, trade, tourism and offbeat islands. Twelve monthly issues $25.00. CARIBBEAN REPORT, Suite 1202-A, 527 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

NEPAL-EVEREST trek—November 14th. $2,623.
KASHMIR-KOLAHOI trek. Tiger hunt/view only. Ex-Maharaja's guests. April 21st. $2,850. CAPERS 400 CLUB, 960 Larrabee, Los Angeles, 90069.

NEW YORK CITY, HOTEL BEDFORD, 40th Street, Just East of Park Avenue. For the discriminating guest who prefers a quiet and gracious hotel in the midst of New York's most convenient Grand Central area . . . near all shopping and entertainment. Beautifully decorated rooms and suites . . . featuring fully equipped kitchenettes . . . air conditioning and TV . . . ideal for families . . . Continental Restaurant and Cocktail Lounge. Write for brochure, 118 East 40th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016.

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THIS AD + $7.00 per person, double occupancy entitles you to real value New York. Next time try CENTURY-PARAMOUNT HOTEL, 235 West 46th Street, convenient theatres and everything; 650 rooms, with bath, TV, air conditioning. Single-$10.00. Don't delay, reserve now. This is a "sleeper" in every sense.

SHOOT THE RAPIDS of the Colorado River and jeep the back country. A quality experience in Utah's Canyonlands National Park. Free brochure. Tag-A-Long Tours, Box 1206H, Moab, Utah 84532.

AMAZON JUNGLES—"Green Hell Tour" of the Amazon. 18 days, $565 land portion. "Jungle Railroad" an unusual 19-day adventure through the virgin jungles of the Amazon. $695 land portion. Write for brochures. Amazon Explorers, Dept. SR, Professional Building, Route 9, Parlin, N.J. 08859.

AUTO BABYSITTERS—INDOOR parking. Rates LOWER than long-term outdoor airport/pier parking. Pickup/delivery. Branches throughout NYC. Savoy Garage, 827 Sterling Place, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11216. 212-493-9800.

SAN FRANCISCO on $5.00 a day. New free brochure tells how City's unique residence clubs beat the high cost of living. Rates from $130 month ($35 week) cover hotel-type services, two good meals, plus the happy, relaxed conviviality of 100 other men and women. Write for brochure and reserve now for fall. The Kenmore, 1570 Sutter, 94109. 415-PR 6-5815.

SAILING VACATION ABOARD popular sailing ship MAVERICK in the Virgin Islands. $215 all inclusive. Free folder WESTINDIAMAN CRUISES, 95 Idlebrook Lane, Box S, Matawan, N.J. 07747. Phone 201-566-6416.

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TONGA—South Pacific islands, ancient customs, friendly people. Sail, feast, snorkel with MA'AFU CRUISES, Box 132, Nuku'alofa, Tonga. From $20 daily inclusive.

DISCOVER GALAPAGOS cruises by comfortable 12-passenger schooner, delightful and leisurely. Brochure from Hanns Ebensten Travel, Inc., 55 West 42nd Street, NYC, 10036. 212-354-6634.

HOTEL TUDOR. New York at back-home prices. Singles from $12, doubles from $15. On N.Y.'s fashionable East Side. Near UN, theatres, Empire State, Radio City and famous 5th Avenue shops. Comfortable rooms with TV, phones, air conditioning. Cocktail lounge and English Pub. Write for brochure. 304 East 42nd Street, New York, 10017. 212-YU 6-8800.

NEW YEAR'S BALL—Hapsburg Palace, Vienna. Week includes hotel, meals, $159; jet fare $200. Limited to 1,500 international participants. KAISERBALL, 150 Greeves, Kane, Pennsylvania 16735.

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Kingsley Double-Crostic

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Janet Elliott Cameron

No. 2005

DEFINITIONS

A. Cut short

B. Secretary of War under Franklin Pierce (2 wds.)

C. Sharpen

D. Followed by Word F—full name of noted English actress, Dame Peggy (2 wds.)

E. Good social standing, reputation, etc.

F. See Word D (2 wds.)

G. Freak (2 wds.)

H. Mother of Hermes by Zeus

I. Pretty soon (3 wds.)

J. Incompetent (slang; 4 wds.)

K. Honor

WORDS

26 74 179 77 52 115 221 11 65 33

217 113 68 139 176 32 99 82 207 50 78 97

10 222

150 211 146 70 95

98 175 23 18 12 43 69 200 64 120 117 174

123

204 44 13 198 29 177 93 184 215 25 132 66

118 85

116 53 96 133 153 149 24 19 181 173 224 194

14

201 48 34 87 84 16 131 180 212 182 230 172

79 15 151 226

72 45 170 234 161 202 55 90 9

67 197 27 232 109 56 30 20 75 86 49 213

31 21 46 57 223 205 17 80

DEFINITIONS

L. "O'er the _____" (Francis Scott Key; 3 wds.)

M. Off limits (comp.)

N. Spiritual

O. Blackish

P. Stentorian, Illinois minority whip

Q. Planned (comp.)

R. Side of a right triangle

S. Recondite matters or items

T. One of Noel Coward's most successful comedies (2 wds.)

U. "The long mysterious _____" (Longfellow; 3 wds.)

V. Having dim or indistinct markings

W. Want

WORDS

187 157 141 195 228 22 71 119 171 76 51 190

88 110 28 61 122

47 108 134 58 163 81 233 162 121 209 73

158 191 102 227 183 126 35 5 148

106 36 237 60 6 219 156 188 145 42

192 206 138 59 159 111 143

147 89 105 63 231 135 7 164 125 152

168 225 37 8 203 100 165 1 129 140

136 38 236 130 155 104 142 210 94

4 127 92 39 124 160 189 103 137 196 144 220

169 114 107 166 218 229 128 62 214 208 3 185

40

2 199 154 186 101 41 167 216 235

112 54 83 193 91 178

DIRECTIONS

Don't let the definitions scare you. If you can guess five or six of these WORDS correctly, you should be able to solve the Double-Crostic . . . When you've guessed a WORD, fill in the dashes, and also write each letter in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When all the squares are filled in, you will have a quotation from a published work. Dark squares indicate the ends of words. If there is no dark square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . You should be able to see words and phrases begin to form in the diagram on the basis of having just a few letters. Enter the letters you can guess into the diagram and the blanks in the defined WORDS, and you'll find yourself working from WORDS to diagram and back, solving the puzzle . . . The initial letters of the defined WORDS spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation was taken. This acrostic feature can be very helpful to the solver.

1 R	2 V	3 U	4 T	5 N	6 O		7 Q	8 R		9 I	10 B	11 A	12 D	13 E	14 F	15 H	16 G	17 K
	18 D	19 F	20 J		21 K	22 L	23 D	24 F	25 E	26 A		27 J	28 L	29 E		30 J	31 K	32 B
33 A	34 G	35 N	36 O	37 R	38 S		39 T	40 U	41 V	42 O		43 D	44 E	45 I		46 K	47 M	48 G
49 J	50 B		51 L	52 A	53 F	54 W	55 I		56 J	57 K	58 M	59 P		60 O	61 L	62 U	63 Q	64 D
65 A		66 E	67 J		68 B	69 D	70 C	71 L	72 I	73 M	74 A		75 J	76 L	77 A	78 B	79 H	80 K
	81 M	82 B	83 W	84 G	85 E		86 J	87 G	88 L	89 Q	90 I	91 W	92 T	93 E	94 S	95 C	96 F	97 B
98 D		99 B	100 R	101 V	102 N	—	103 T	104 S	105 Q	106 O	107 U	108 M	109 J	110 L	111 P	112 W		113 B
114 U	115 A	116 F	117 D	118 E	119 L		120 D	121 M	122 L		123 D	124 T	125 Q	126 N		127 T	128 U	129 R
130 S		131 G	132 E	133 F		134 M	135 Q	136 S	137 T	138 P		139 B	140 R	141 L	142 S	143 P	144 T	145 O
146 C	147 Q	148 N		149 F		150 C	151 H	152 Q	153 F		154 V	155 S	156 O	157 L	158 N	159 P	160 T	
161 I	162 M		163 M	164 Q	165 R	166 U		167 V	168 R	169 U	170 I		171 L	172 G	173 F	174 D		175 D
176 B	177 E	178 W	179 A	180 G		181 F	182 G	183 N	184 E	185 U	186 V	187 L	188 O	189 T		190 L	191 N	192 P
	193 W	194 F		195 L	196 T	197 J	198 E	199 V	200 O	201 G	202 I		203 R	204 E	205 K	206 P	207 B	208 U
209 M		210 S	211 C	212 G	213 J	214 U		215 E	216 V		217 B	218 U	219 O	220 T		221 A	222 B	
223 K	224 F	225 R	226 H	227 N		228 L	229 U		230 G		231 Q	232 J	233 M	234 I		235 V	236 S	237 O

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 93 of this issue. This week's solution will be found on page 86 of this issue.

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How we clean the "gunk" out of water

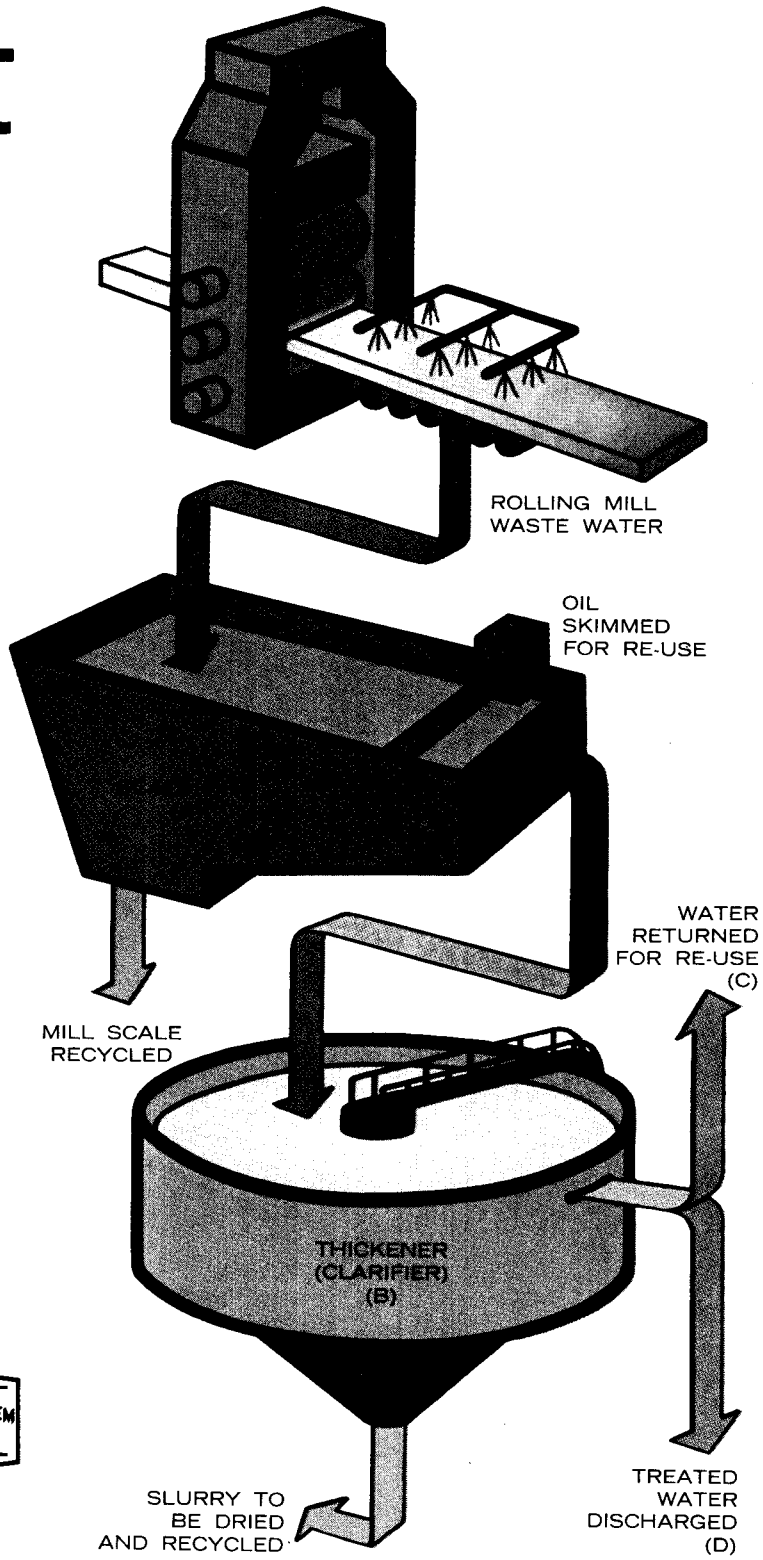
In our diverse operations we must cope with many kinds of potential pollutants. At a typical steel mill, for example, we generate in the manufacturing process a lot of "gunk" in our waste water—such as ammonia, phenol, coal tar, mill scale, waste acid, waste oil, sediment, and sewage.

To help prevent liquid wastes from causing water pollution, we've spent many millions of dollars for specialized control equipment. The treatment of these wastes requires extensive "plumbing" systems. And a system designed for one plant may not solve the problem of a similar operation at a different location.

At a typical rolling mill, oil and large particles of mill scale are removed from the waste water in scale pits (A). The water is then pumped to a secondary treatment unit called a thickener or clarifier (B) where smaller particles settle out. Chemicals are sometimes used to improve the settling.

From this point waste water may be re-used (C), discharged (D), or given further treatment. Other treatment methods include holding lagoons where water is cooled and reaerated, and high-rate sand filters which remove very fine particles.

At Bethlehem we don't claim to have all the answers but we're actively working to improve the environment in the communities where we have operations.


ROLLING MILL WASTE WATER
OIL SKIMMED FOR RE-USE
WATER RETURNED FOR RE-USE (C)
MILL SCALE RECYCLED
THICKENER (CLARIFIER) (B)
SLURRY TO BE DRIED AND RECYCLED
TREATED WATER DISCHARGED (D)

BETHLEHEM STEEL

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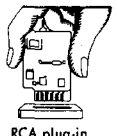
The XL-100s. 100% Solid State.

XL-100 model GR-802, "Royalton" (25" diagonal). Simulated tv reception

Chassis tubes are a major cause of TV repairs. So RCA presents more than 50 models without a single chassis tube.


RCA plug-in AccuCircuit.

Tubes get hot and weaken with age. RCA XL-100s don't have chassis tube problems because they don't have chassis tubes. XL-100s are 100% solid state. Most set functions are controlled by RCA's 12 plug-in AccuCircuits. They're solid state—designed to keep cool, last longer, and be easy to service. Solid state color is the most advanced you can get. And RCA builds more, sells more, offers more models than anyone in America. All backed with...

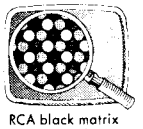
A stronger guarantee because...

1. You get a full year on parts (picture tube—2 years) and labor. Most other color TV models are not 100% solid state—and give you only 90 days on labor.

2. You choose any serviceman you want. Most other warranties limit you to an authorized list.

3. RCA encourages your serviceman to do his best work by paying him at his going rate. Most others set a maximum payment.

100% brighter picture.


RCA black matrix picture tube.

XL-100s are 100% brighter than our comparable sets of 3 years ago. Every console and table model has RCA's black matrix picture tube. You get the kind of sharp, vivid color you'd expect from the people who pioneered color TV.

Simple automatic tuning.

RCA XL-100s have a fiddle-free tuning system—with a flexibility feature most other sets don't have. RCA's AccuMatic color monitor makes it simple to custom tune color to your individual preference... and keep it that way.

Your XL-100 guarantee.

Here are the basic provisions: If anything goes wrong with your new XL-100 within a year from the day you buy it—and it's our fault—we'll pay to have it fixed. This includes regular labor charges plus parts (new or, at our option, rebuilt). Use any service shop in which you have confidence—no need to pick from an authorized list. If your set is a portable, you take it in for service. For larger sets, a serviceman will come to your home. Present the warranty registration your dealer provided when you bought your set, and RCA will pay the repair bill. If the picture tube becomes defective during the first two years, we will exchange it for a rebuilt tube. (We pay for installation during the first year—you pay for it in the second year.) RCA's "Purchaser Satisfaction" warranty covers every set defect. It doesn't cover installation, foreign use, antenna systems or adjustment of customer controls.

Color you can count on.

RCA XL-100 100% SOLID STATE

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